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A SELECT COLLECTION

OF

OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY ROBERT DODSLEY
IN THE YEAR 1744.

FOURTH EDITION,

NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, REVISED AND ENLARGED
WITH THE NOTES OF ALL THE COMMENTATORS,
AND NEW NOTES

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

VOLUME THE TENTH

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND,
AND 185 FLEET STREET.
1875.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

For a notice of the Edition, see the next page.

INTRODUCTION.

CYRIL TOURNEUR is known only as an author, none of the dramatic biographers giving any account of him. Winstanley quotes the following distich from a contemporary poet, by which it appears that he was not held in much estimation for his writings—

> "His fame unto that pitch was only rais'd,
> As not to be despis'd, nor over-prais'd."

He was the author of—

[(1) The Transformed Metamorphosis, a Poem. 8°, London, 1600.[1]]

(2.) The Revengers Tragœdie. As it hath beene sundry times Acted by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. At London. Printed by G. Eld, and are to be sold at his house in Fleete-lane at the signe of the Printers-Presse. 1607, 4°. Again (a new date only) 1608, 4°.[2]

(3.) "The Atheists Tragedie: Or The honest Mans Reuenge. As in diuers places it hath often beene Acted. Written by Cyril Tourneur. At London Printed for

[1] [See Hazlitt's "Handbook," 1867, *art.* Tourneur, in Appendix.]

[2] "The Revenger's Tragedy" was entered on the Stationers' Books, with "A Trick to Catch the Old One," on the 7th October 1607.

John Stepneth and Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at their shop, at the West end of Paules. 1611,"[1] 4°. Again, 1612, 4°.

(4.) A Traji-Comedy, called The Nobleman, never printed, and which Oldys says was destroyed by ignorance.[2]

(5.) A Funerall Poeme. Vpon the Death of the most Worthie and Trve Sovldier: Sir Francis Vere, Knight, Captaine of Portsmouth, L. Gouernour of his Maiesties Cautionarie Towne of Briell in Holland, &c., 4°, 1609.

(6.) A Griefe on the Death of Prince Henrie. Expressed in a broken Elegie, according to the nature of such a sorrow, 4°, 1613.[3]

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[1] There are some good passages in this play, but upon the whole it is considerably inferior to "The Revenger's Tragedy." The plot is unnatural, and the manner in which the catastrophe is brought about ludicrous.—*Collier.*

[2] It is very probable that Tourneur was concerned in other dramatic productions, which are either anonymous, or have been lost. He is mentioned in the following terms by Robert Daborne in a letter to P. Henslowe, dated 5th June 1613: "I have not only laboured my own play, which shall be ready before they (the company) come over, but given Cyrill Tourneur an act of the 'Arraignment of London' to write, y^t^ we may have that likewise ready for them."—*Collier.*

[3] [This is part of a volume entitled, "Three Elegies on the most Lamented Death of Prince Henrie," 1613. The others are by John Webster and T. Heywood.] After the title comes a prose dedication, "To my noble Maister George Carie," and four lines "To the Reader." At the end of the "Griefe" are verses "On the representation of the Prince at his funeralle," and "On the succession," each in eight lines.—*Gilchrist.*

[A MS. note in one of the former editions says: "This is a most splendid work. The character of *Vendice* surpasses anything else of the kind. The power with which it is conceived and conducted is appalling. The quaint way that accompanies it adds to its fearful effect. The whole is perfectly tremendous."]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ [1]

DUKE.

DUCHESS.

VENDICE, *disguised as Piato,* } *Brothers to Castiza.*
HIPPOLITO, *also called Carlo,* }

LUSURIOSO, *the Duke's Son.*

SPURIO, *a Bastard.*

AMBITIOSO, *The Duchess's eldest Son.*

SUPERVACUO, *second Son to the Duchess*

A third Son to the Duchess.

ANTONIO.

PIERO.

DONDOLO

JUDGES.

CASTIZA,

GRATIANA, *Mother of Catiza.*

The Scene, Italy.

---

[1] [Not in the old copy.]

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

ACTUS I., SCÆNA 1.[1]

Enter VENDICE. *The* DUKE, DUCHESS, LUSURIOSO *the Duke's son*, SPURIO *the bastard, with a train, pass over the stage with torchlight.*

VEN.[2] Duke! royal lecher! go, grey-hair'd adultery!
And thou his son, as impious steep'd as he:
And thou his bastard, true begot in evil:
And thou his duchess, that will do with devil:
Four exc'llent characters! O, that marrowless age
Should stuff the hollow bones with damn'd desires!
And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry duke,

---

[1] ["There is some confusion in the arrangement of this scene. From the duke, &c., passing over the stage, it should be some open part of the duke's palace; but from the reflections on the *skull*, &c., it would appear to be Vendice's private study. But perhaps it was intended to represent *two* scenes, one *above* the other, as was frequently done at the period of this play."—*MS. note in one of the former edits.*]

[2] With a skull in his hand. That he has the skull of his mistress is evident from the whole of the scene. He makes use of it afterwards in act iii.—*Collier.*

A parch'd and juiceless luxur.[1] O God! one,
That has scarce blood enough to live upon;
And he to riot it, like a son and heir!
O, the thought of that
Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.
Thou sallow picture of my poison'd love,
[*Views the skull in his hand.*
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
O, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father [in] fifty years told,
To have consum'd, and yet his suit been cold.
But, O accursed palace!
Thee, when thou wert apparell'd in thy flesh,
The old duke poison'd,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsied[2] lust; for old men lustful
Do show like young men angry: eager, violent,
Outbid, [be]like, their limited performances.
O, 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
"Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous."
Vengeance, thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
Thou show'st thyself tenant to tragedy;

[1] Luxury was the ancient appropriate term for incontinence. Hence this wanton old duke was called a *luxur*. See Mr Collins's note on "Troilus and Cressida," edit. 1778, ix. 166.—*Steevens*.

[2] [Old copy, *palsy*.]

O, keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determin'd. Hum! whoe'er knew
Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due,
Sh' has kept touch hitherto: be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks!
To have their costly three-pil'd flesh worn off
As bare as this; for banquets, ease, and laughter
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay,
But wise men little are more great than they.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

HIP. Still sighing o'er death's vizard?
VEN. Brother, welcome!
What comfort bring'st thou? how go things at court?
HIP. In silk and silver, brother: never braver.
VEN. Puh!
Thou play'st upon my meaning. Prythee, say,
Has that bald madman, opportunity,
Yet thought upon's? speak, are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.
HIP. It may prove happiness.
VEN. What is't may prove?
Give me to taste.
HIP. Give me your hearing, then.
You know my place at court?
VEN. Ay, the duke's chamber!
But 'tis a marvel thou'rt not turn'd out yet!
HIP. Faith, I've been shov'd at; but 'twas still my hap
To hold by th' duchess' skirt: you guess at that:
Whom such a coat keeps up, can ne'er fall flat.
But to the purpose—
Last evening, predecessor unto this,
The duke's son warily inquir'd for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began

By policy to open and unhusk me
About the fame [1] and common rumour:
But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts
Up in their built houses; yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger.
But the whole aim and scope of his intent
Ended in this: conjuring me in private
To seek some strange-digested fellow forth,
Of ill-contented nature; either disgrac'd
In former times, or by new grooms displac'd,
Since his step-mother's nuptials; such a blood,
A man that were for evil only good—
To give you the true word, some base-coin'd pander.

VEN. I reach you; for I know his heat is such,
Were there as many concubines as ladies,
He would not be contain'd; he must fly out.
I wonder how ill-featur'd, vile-proportion'd,
That one should be, if she were made for woman
Whom, at the insurrection of his lust,
He would refuse for once. Heart! I think none.
Next to a skull, though more unsound than one,
Each face he meets he strongly doats upon.

HIP. Brother, y' have truly spoke him.
He knows not you, but I will swear you know him.

VEN. And therefore I'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then, a man o' th' time;
For to be honest is not to be i' th' world.
Brother, I'll be that strange-composed fellow.

HIP. And I'll prefer you, brother.

VEN. Go to, then:
The smallest advantage fattens wronged men:
It may point out occasion, if I meet her,
I'll hold her by the foretop fast enough;
Or, like the French Mole,[2] heave up hair and all.

---

[1] [Old copy, *time*.]

[2] This is not a name of the *Lues Venerea*, but a comparison only of it to a *mole*, on account of the effects it sometimes produces in occasioning the loss of hair.—*Pegge*.

I have a habit that will fit it quaintly.
Here comes our mother.
HIP. And sister.
VEN. We must coin:
Women are apt, you know, to take false money;
But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures,
Only excuse excepted, that they'll swallow,
Because their sex is easy in belief.

Enter GRATIANA *and* CASTIZA.

GRA. What news from court, son Carlo?
HIP. Faith, mother,
'Tis whisper'd there the duchess' youngest son
Has play'd a rape on Lord Antonio's wife.
GRA. On that religious lady!
CAS. Royal blood! monster, he deserves to die,
If Italy had no more hopes but he.
VEN. Sister, y'have sentenc'd most direct and true,
The law's a woman, and would she were you.
Mother, I must take leave of you.
GRA. Leave! for what?
VEN. I intend speedy travel.
HIP. That he does, madam.
GRA. Speedy indeed!
VEN. For since my worthy father's funeral,
My life's unnatural[1] to me, even compell'd;
As if I liv'd now, when I should be dead.
GRA. Indeed, he was a worthy gentleman,
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.
VEN. The duke did much deject him.
GRA. Much?
VEN. Too much:
And though disgrace oft smother'd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I think he died
Of discontent, the noble man's consumption.

[1] [Old copy, *unnaturally—e'en.*]

GRA. Most sure he did.
VEN. Did he? 'lack! you know all:
You were his midnight secretary.
GRA. No,
He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.
VEN. I' faith, then, father, thou wast wise indeed;
"Wives are but made to go to bed and feed."
Come, mother, sister: you'll bring me onward,[1]
brother?
HIP. I will.
VEN. I'll quickly turn into another.
[*Aside.* *Exeunt.*

Enter the old DUKE, LUSURIOSO *his son, the* DUCHESS: *the Bastard, the Duchess's two sons* AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO; *the third, her youngest, brought out with Officers for the rape. Two* JUDGES.

DUKE. Duchess, it is your youngest son, we're sorry,
His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
And stain'd our honours;
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state;
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot us in our tombs:
For that which would seem treason in our lives
Is laughter, when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim
With loud words and broad pens our closest shame?
JUDGE. Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years,
Full of confirmed gravity; for what is it to have
A flattering false insculption[2] on a tomb,

[1] A phrase in common use, signifying to accompany one.
[2] Hitherto [formerly] misprinted *inscription: insculption* is the word in the old quartos.—*Collier.*

And in men's hearts reproach? the bowell'd corpse
May be sear'd in, but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their sear-cloths break.

DUKE. They do; we're sorry for't: it is our fate
To live in fear, and die to live in hate.
I leave him to your sentence; doom him, lords—
The fact is great—whilst I sit by and sigh.

DUCH. My gracious lord, I pray be merciful:
Although his trespass far exceed his years,
Think him to be your own, as I am yours;
Call him not son-in-law: the law, I fear,
Will fall too soon upon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pity.

LUS. Good my lord,
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
Upon the judges' palate; for offences,
Gilt o'er with mercy, show like fairest women,
Good only for their beauties, which wash'd off,
No sin is uglier.[1]

AMB. I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild; let not relentless law
Look with an iron forehead on our brother.

SPU. He yields small comfort yet [or] hope he shall die;
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turn'd into a corse! [*Aside.*

DUCH. No pity yet? must I rise fruitless then?
A wonder in a woman! are my knees
Of such low metal, that without respect——

1ST JUDGE. Let the offender stand forth:
'Tis the duke's pleasure, that impartial doom
Shall take fast hold of his unclean attempt.
A rape! why 'tis the very core of lust—
Double adultery.

---

[1] [Out of place in the mouth of housewives.—*MS. note in one of the former edits.*]

JUN. So, sir.
2D JUDGE. And which was worse,
Committed on the Lord Antonio's wife,
That general honest lady. Confess, my lord,
What mov'd you to't?
JUN. Why, flesh and blood, my lord;
What should move men unto a woman else?
LUS. O, do not jest thy doom! trust not an axe
Or sword too far: the law is a wise serpent,
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
Though marriage only has made thee my brother,
I love thee so far, play not with thy death.
JUN. I thank you, troth; good admonitions, faith,
If I'd the grace now to make use of them.
1ST JUDGE. That lady's name has spread such a fair wing
Over all Italy, that if our tongues
Were sparing toward the fact, judgment itself
Would be condemn'd, and suffer in men's thoughts.
JUN. Well then, 'tis done; and it would please me well,
Were it to do again: sure, she's a goddess,
For I'd no power to see her, and to live.
It falls out true in this, for I must die;
Her beauty was ordain'd to be my scaffold.
And yet, methinks, I might be easier 'sess'd:
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest.
1ST JUDGE. This be the sentence——
DUCH. O, keep't upon your tongue; let it not slip;
Death too soon steals out of a lawyer's lip.
Be not so cruel-wise!
1ST JUDGE. Your grace must pardon us;
'Tis but the justice of the law.
DUCH. The law
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.
SPU. Now, now he dies! rid 'em away. [*Aside.*
DUCH. O, what it is to have an old cool duke,
To be as slack in tongue as in performance! [*Aside.*

1ST JUDGE. Confirm'd, this be the doom irrevocable.
DUCH. O!
1ST JUDGE. To-morrow early——
DUCH. Pray be abed, my lord.
1ST JUDGE. Your grace much wrongs yourself.
AMB. No, 'tis that tongue:
Your too much right does do us too much wrong.
1ST JUDGE. Let that offender——
DUCH. Live, and be in health.
1ST JUDGE. Be on a scaffold——
DUKE. Hold, hold, my lord!
SPU. Pox on't,
What makes my dad speak now?
DUKE. We will defer the judgment till next sitting:
In the meantime, let him be kept close prisoner.
Guard, bear him hence.
AMB. Brother, this makes for thee;
Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free. [*Aside.*
JUN. Brother, I will expect it from you both:
And in that hope I rest. [*Aside.*
SUP. Farewell, be merry. [*Exit with a guard.*
SPU. Delay'd! deferr'd! nay then, if judgment have cold blood,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.
DUKE. About it, then, my lords, with your best powers:
More serious business calls upon our hours.
[*Exeunt, manet* DUCHESS.
DUCH. Was't ever known step-duchess was so mild
And calm as I? some now would plot his death
With easy doctors, those loose-living men,
And make his wither'd grace fall to his grave,
And keep church better.
Some second wife would do this, and despatch
Her double-loathed lord at meat or sleep.

Indeed, 'tis true, an old man's twice a child;
Mine cannot speak; one of his single words
Would quite have freed my youngest dearest son
From death or durance, and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whose prickles should bow under him; but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock-faith shall be forgot:
I'll kill him in his forehead; hate, there feed;
That wound is deepest, though it never bleed.
And here comes he whom my heart points unto,
His bastard son, but my love's true-begot;
Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,
Swell'd up with jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kind.
That jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,
Mocking his master's chillness and vain fear.
H' has spied me now!

Enter SPURIO.[1]

SPU. Madam, your grace so private?
My duty on your hand.
DUCH. Upon my hand, sir! troth, I think you'd fear
To kiss my hand too, if my lip stood there.
SPU. Witness I would not, madam. [*Kisses her.*
DUCH. 'Tis a wonder,
For ceremony has made many fools![2]
It is as easy way unto a duchess,
As to a hatted dame,[3] if her love answer:

---

[1] The entrances and *exits* of the various characters are very defectively noticed in the old copies, and Mr Reed accurately supplied most of them.—*Collier.*

[2] Tourneur has urged this doctrine at greater length in the second act of his "Atheist's Tragedy," 1612.—*Gilchrist.*

[3] She means from the highest to the lowest of her sex. At this time women of the inferior order wore *hats*. See Hollar's "Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus," 1640.

But that by timorous humours,[1] pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves. What, have you thought of me?

SPU. Madam, I ever think of you in duty,
Regard, and——

DUCH. Puh! upon my love, I mean.

SPU. I would 'twere love; but 'tis a fouler name
Than lust: you are my father's wife—your grace may guess now
What I could call it.

DUCH. Why, th' art his son but falsely;
'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

SPU. I' faith, 'tis true: I'm an uncertain man
Of more uncertain woman. Maybe, his groom
O' th' stable begot me; you know I know not;
He could ride a horse well, a shrewd suspicion, marry!—
He was wondrous tall: he had his length, i' faith;
For peeping over half-shut holyday windows,
Men would desire him light, when he was afoot.
He made a goodly show under a pent-house;
And when he rid, his hat would check the signs,
And clatter barbers' basons.

DUCH. Nay, set you a-horseback once,
You'll ne'er light off.[2]

SPU. Indeed, I am a beggar.

DUCH. That's the more sign thou'rt great.—
But to our love:
Let it stand firm both in thy thought and mind,

---

[1] [Old copy, *honors.*]

[2] "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride a gallop. *Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.*—Claudian. *Il n'est orgueil qui de pauvre enrichi.*—Fr. There is no pride to the enriched beggar's. *Il villan nobilitado non conosce il parentado.*—Ital. The villain ennobled will not own his kindred or parentage."—[Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 331.]

That the duke was thy father, as no doubt
He bid fair for't—thy injury is the more;
For had he cut thee a right diamond,
Thou had'st been next set in the dukedom's ring,
When his worn self, like age's easy slave,
Had dropp'd out of the collet[1] into th' grave.
What wrong can equal this? canst thou be tame,
And think upon't?

SPU. No, mad, and think upon't.

DUCH. Who would not be reveng'd of such a father,
E'en in the worst way? I would thank that sin,
That could most injure him, and be in league with it.
O, what a grief 'tis that a man should live
But once i' th' world, and then to live a bastard!
The curse o' the womb, the thief of nature,
Begot against the seventh commandment,
Half-damn'd in the conception by the justice
Of that unbribed, everlasting law.

SPU. O, I'd a hot-back'd devil to my father.

DUCH. Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?
Who but an eunuch would not sin? his bed,
By one false minute disinherited.

SPU. Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapp'd in!
I'll be reveng'd for all: now, hate, begin;
I'll call foul incest but a venial sin.

DUCH. Cold still! in vain then must a duchess woo?

SPU. Madam, I blush to say what I will do.

DUCH. Thence flew sweet comfort. Earnest, and farewell. [*Kisses him.*]

SPU. O, one incestuous kiss picks open hell.

[1] That part of a ring in which the stone is set.—Johnson's "Dictionary."

DUCH. Faith now, old duke, my vengeance shall reach high,
I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry. [*Exit.*
SPU. Duke, thou didst do me wrong; and, by thy act
Adultery is my nature.
Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner; some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies' cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose,
Were merrily dispos'd to fall again.
In such a whisp'ring and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bawds kept sentinel at stair-head,
Was I stol'n softly. O damnation meet![1]
The sin of feasts, drunken adultery!
I feel it swell me; my revenge is just!
I was begot in impudent wine and lust.
Step-mother, I consent to thy desires;
I love thy mischief well; but I hate thee
And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion,
Death and disgrace may be their epitaphs.
As for my brother, the duke's only son,
Whose birth is more beholding to report
Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown
(Women must not be trusted with their own),
I'll loose my days upon him, hate-all-I;
Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy:
For indeed a bastard by nature should make cuckolds,
Because he is the son of a cuckold-maker. [*Exit.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO. VENDICE *in disguise, to attend* L. LUSURIOSO, *the duke's son.*

VEN. What, brother, am I far enough from myself?

[1] [Old copy, *met.*]

HIP. As if another man had been sent whole
Into the world, and none wist how he came.
VEN. It will confirm me bold—the child o' th' court;
Let blushes dwell i' th' country. Impudence!
Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses,
To whom the costly perfum'd people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
Mine eyes to steady sapphires. Turn my visage;
And, if I must needs glow, let me blush inward,
That this immodest season may not spy
That scholar in my cheeks, fool bashfulness;
That maid in the old time, whose flush of grace
Would never suffer her to get good clothes.
Our maids are wiser, and are less asham'd;
Save Grace the bawd, I seldom hear grace nam'd!
HIP. Nay, brother, you reach out o' th' verge now——
'Sfoot, the duke's son! settle your looks.
VEN. Pray, let me not be doubted.
HIP. My lord——

Enter LUSURIOSO.

LUS. Hippolito—be absent, leave us!
HIP. My lord, after long search, wary inquiries,
And politic siftings, I made choice of yon fellow,
Whom I guess rare for many deep employments:
This our age swims within him; and if Time
Had so much hair, I should take him for Time,
He is so near kin to this present minute.
LUS. 'Tis enough;
We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks;
Gold, though it be dumb, does utter the best thanks. [*Gives him money.*
HIP. Your plenteous honour! an excellent fellow, my lord.

LUS. So, give us leave—[*Exit* HIPPOLITO.] welcome, be not far off; we must be better acquainted: pish, be bold with us—thy hand.

VEN. With all my heart, i' faith: how dost, sweet musk-cat?

When shall we lie together?

LUS. Wondrous knave,
Gather him into boldness! 'sfoot, the slave's
Already as familiar as an ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure. Friend, I can
Forget myself in private; but elsewhere
I pray do you remember me.

VEN. O, very well, sir—I conster myself saucy.

LUS. What hast been?
Of what profession?

VEN. A bone-setter.

LUS. A bone-setter!

VEN. A bawd, my lord—
One that sets bones together.

LUS. Notable bluntness!
Fit, fit for me; e'en train'd up to my hand:
Thou hast been scrivener to much knavery, then?

VEN. Fool to abundance, sir: I have been witness
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins;
And not so little
I have seen patrimonies wash'd a-pieces,
Fruit-fields turn'd into bastards,
And in a world of acres
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to
As would well gravel[1] a petition.

LUS. Fine villain! troth, I like him wondrously:
He's e'en shap'd for my purpose. [*Aside.*] Then thou know'st
I' th' world strange lust?

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[1] *i.e.* Sand it, to prevent it from blotting, while the ink was wet.—*Steevens.*

VEN. O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation! which begets so many drunkards:
Some fathers dread not (gone to bed in wine) to slide from the mother,
And cling the daughter-in-law;[1]
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces:
Brothers with brothers' wives. O hour of incest!
Any kin now, next to the rim o' th' sister,[2]
Is man's meat in these days; and in the morning,
When they are up and dress'd, and their mask on,
Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye,
That sees through flesh and all? Well, if anything be damn'd,
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve
Will never 'scape;
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betray'd to sin.

LUS. In troth, it is true; but let this talk glide.
It is our blood to err, though hell gape wide.[3]
Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.
Now, sir, wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtle,
And deeply fathom'd into all estates,
I would embrace thee for a near employment;
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggars crouch to thee.

VEN. My lord.
Secret! I ne'er had that disease o' th' mother,
I praise my father: why are men made close,
But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
Tell but some women a secret over night,

[1] *i.e.*, compress, embrace her. See Mr Steevens's note on "Macbeth," act v. sc. 5.

[2] That is, no degree of relationship is sufficient to restrain the appetite of lust, scarce that of sister; they even approach to the *rim* or *verge* of what is the most prohibited.

[3] The quarto reads, *lowde*.

Your doctor may find it in the urinal i' th' morning.
But, my lord——
LUS. So thou'rt confirm'd in me,
And thus I enter thee. [*Gives him money.*
VEN. This Indian devil
Will quickly enter any man but a usurer;
He prevents that by entering the devil first.
LUS. Attend me. I am past my depth in lust,
And I must swim or drown. All my desires
Are levell'd at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have convey'd by messenger
Many wax'd lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man; all which and more
She (foolish chaste) sent back, the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.
VEN. Possible!
'Tis a rare Phœnix, whoe'er she be.
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth, my lord, I'd be reveng'd, and marry her.
LUS. Pish! the dowry of her blood and of her fortunes
Are both too mean—good enough to be bad withal.
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage as good;[1] yet rather keep a friend.
Give me my bed by stealth—there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night!
VEN. A very fine religion!
LUS. Therefore, thus
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart;
Because I see thee well-experienc'd
In this luxurious day, wherein we breathe.
Go thou, and with a smooth, enchanting tongue
Bewitch her ears, and cosen her of all grace:
Enter upon the portico[2] of her soul—

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[1] The quarto reads, *is good.*—*Steevens.*
[2] [Old copy, *portion.*]

Her honour, which she calls her chastity,
And bring it into expense ; for honesty
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep
Which, ne'er so little broke, does never keep.

VEN. You have gi'n 't the tang, i' faith, my lord :
Make known the lady to me, and my brain
Shall swell with strange invention : I will move it,
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
Without a word to save me—but I'll work——

LUS. We thank thee, and will raise thee—
Receive her name; it is the only daughter to
Madam Gratiana, the late widow.

VEN. O my sister, my sister ! [*Aside.*

LUS. Why dost walk aside ?

VEN. My lord, I was thinking how I might begin :
As thus, O lady—or twenty hundred devices—
Her very bodkin will put a man in.

LUS. Ay, or the wagging of her hair.

VEN. No, that shall put you in, my lord.

LUS. Shall't ? why, content. Dost know the daughter, then ?

VEN. O, excellent well by sight.

LUS. That was her brother,
That did prefer thee to us.

VEN. My lord, I think so ;
I knew I had seen him somewhere——

LUS. And therefore, prythee, let thy heart to him
Be (as a virgin) close.

VEN. O my good lord.

LUS. We may laugh at that simple age within him.

VEN. Ha, ha, ha !

LUS. Himself being made the subtle instrument,
To wind up a good fellow.

VEN. That's I, my lord.

LUS. That's thou,
To entice and work his sister.

VEN. A pure novice!
LUS. 'Twas finely manag'd.
VEN. Gallantly carried!
A pretty perfum'd villain!
LUS. I've bethought me,
If she prove chaste still and immovable,
Venture upon the mother; and with gifts,
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.
VEN. O, fie, fie! that's the wrong end, my lord.
'Tis mere impossible that a mother, by any gifts,
should become a bawd to her own daughter!
LUS. Nay, then, I see thou'rt but a puisne
In the subtle mystery of a woman.
Why, 'tis held now no dainty dish: the name
Is so in league with age, that nowadays
It does eclipse three quarters of a mother.
VEN. Does it so, my lord?
Let me alone, then, to eclipse the fourth.
LUS. Why, well-said—come, I'll furnish thee; but first
Swear to be true in all.
VEN. True!
LUS. Nay, but swear.
VEN. Swear?—I hope your honour little doubts my faith.
LUS. Yet, for my humour's sake, 'cause I love swearing——
VEN. 'Cause you love swearing, 'slud, I will.
LUS. Why, enough!
Ere long look to be made of better stuff.
VEN. That will do well indeed, my lord.
LUS. Attend me. [*Exit.*
VEN. O!
Now let me burst. I've eaten noble poison;
We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains!
Wilt not be angry, when thou hear'st on't, think'st thou?

I' faith, thou shalt: swear me to foul my sister!
Sword, I durst make a promise of him to thee;
Thou shalt disheir him; it shall be thine honour.
And yet, now angry froth is down in me,
It would not prove the meanest policy,
In this disguise, to try the faith of both.
Another might have had the selfsame office;
Some slave that would have wrought effectually,
Ay, and perhaps o'erwrought 'em; therefore I,
Being thought-travell'd, will apply myself
Unto the selfsame form, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
So touch 'em;—though I durst almost for good
Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood.[1]
[*Exit.*

Enter the discontented LORD ANTONIO, *whose wife the Duchess's youngest son ravished: he discovering the body of her dead to certain Lords and* HIPPOLITO.

ANT. Draw nearer, lords, and be sad witnesses
Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,
Being falsely undermin'd. Violent rape
Has play'd a glorious act: behold, my lords,
A sight that strikes man out of me.
PIERO. That virtuous lady!
ANT. President for wives!
HIP. The blush of many women, whose chaste presence
Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks, and make
Pale wanton sinners have good colours——
ANT. Dead!
Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.

[1] *Upon their good* is the misreading of one old copy. —*Collier.*

PIERO. O, grief of many!
ANT. I mark'd not this before—
A prayer-book, the pillow to her cheek:
This was her rich confection; and another
Plac'd in her right hand, with a leaf tuck'd up,
Pointing to these words—
Melius virtute mori, quam per dedecus vivere:
True and effectual it is indeed.
HIP. My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows,
Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,
As to ourselves, we may relieve your wrongs:
We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue;
Curæ leves loquuntur, majores stupent.
ANT. You deal with truth, my lord,
Lend me but your attentions, and I'll cut
Long grief into short words. Last revelling night,
When torch-light made an artificial noon
About the court, some courtiers in the masque,
Putting on better faces than their own,
Being full of fraud and flattery—amongst whom
The duchess' youngest son (that moth to honour)
Fill'd up a room, and with long lust to eat
Into my warren,[1] amongst all the ladies
Singled out that dear form, who ever liv'd
As cold in lust as she is now in death,
(Which that step-duchess monster knew too well)
And therefore in the height of all the revels,
When music was heard loudest, courtiers busiest,
And ladies great with laughter—O vicious minute!
Unfit but for relation to be spoke of:
Then with a face more impudent than his vizard,
He harri'd[2] her amidst a throng of panders,

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[1] [Old copy, *wearing.*]
[2] To *harry*, Mr Steevens observes, is to use roughly. See note to "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii. sc. 3. See also Fuller's "Church History," lib. x. p. 19.—*Gilchrist.*

That live upon damnation of both kinds,
And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust.
O death to think on't! She, her honour forc'd,
Deem'd it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poison, than to live with shame.

HIP. A wondrous lady! of rare fire compact;
Sh' has made her name an empress by that act.

PIERO. My lord, what judgment follows the offender?

ANT. Faith, none, my lord; it cools, and is deferr'd.

PIERO. Delay the doom for rape!

ANT. O, you must note who 'tis should die,
The duchess' son! she'll look to be a saver:
"Judgment, in this age, is near kin to favour."

HIP. Nay, then, step forth, thou bribeless officer:
[*Draws.*
I'll bind you all in steel, to bind you surely;
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade;
Strengthen my vow that if, at the next sitting,
Judgment speak all in gold, and spare the blood
Of such a serpent e'en before their seats
To let his soul out, which long since was found
Guilty in heaven——

ALL. We swear it, and will act it.

ANT. Kind gentlemen, I thank you in mine heart.[1]

HIP. 'Twere pity
The ruins of so fair a monument
Should not be dipp'd in the defacer's blood.

PIERO. Her funeral shall be wealthy; for her name
Merits a tomb of pearl. My Lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your lady from your eyes;
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with revenge.

[1] [Old copy, *irc.*]

ANT. That is my comfort, gentlemen, and I joy
In this one happiness above the rest,
Which will be call'd a miracle at last
That, being an old man, I'd a wife so chaste.
[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II., SCÆNA 1.

Enter CASTIZA, *the sister.*

CAS. How hardly shall that maiden be beset,
Whose only fortunes are her constant thoughts!
That has no other child's part but her honour,
That keeps her low and empty in estate;
Maids and their honours are like poor beginners;
Were not sin rich, there would be fewer sinners;
Why had not virtue a revenue? Well,
I know the cause, 'twould have impoverish'd hell.

Enter DONDOLO.

How now, Dondolo?

DON. Madonna, there is one as they say, a thing of flesh and blood—a man, I take him by his beard, that would very desirously mouth to mouth with you.

CAS. What's that?

DON. Show his teeth in your company.

CAS. I understand thee not.

DON. Why, speak with you, madonna.

CAS. Why, say so, madman, and cut off a great deal of dirty way; had it not been better spoke in ordinary words, that one would speak with me?

DON. Ha, ha! that's as ordinary as two shillings. I would strive a little to show myself in my place;

a gentleman-usher scorns to use the phrase and fancy of a serving-man.

CAS. Yours be your own, sir; go, direct him hither; [*Exit* DONDOLO.]

I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately travell'd, whom my soul affects.
Here he comes.

Enter VENDICE, *her brother, disguised.*

VEN. Lady, the best of wishes to your sex.
Fair skins and new gowns.

CAS. O, they shall thank you, sir.
Whence this?

VEN. Mighty—O, from a dear and worthy friend;

CAS. From whom?

VEN. The duke's son!

CAS. Receive that. [*A box o' the ear to her brother.*

I swore I would put anger in my hand,
And pass the virgin limits of my sex,[1]
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek,
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't;
Tell him my honour shall have a rich name,
When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewell; commend me to him in my hate. [*Exit.*

VEN. It is the sweetest box,
That e'er my nose came nigh;
The finest drawn-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still henceforward take the wall of this.
O, I'm above my tongue: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honourable shown;

[1] [Edits., *myself.* Gilchrist's correction.]

Many are call'd their [1] honour, that have none;
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, though I know
A syren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mass, fitly here she comes! thanks, my disguise—
Madam, good afternoon.

Enter GRATIANA.

GRA. Y' are welcome, sir.

VEN. The next [2] of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.

GRA. I think myself much honour'd that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.

VEN. So may you, lady:
One that is like to be our sudden duke;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all; do but think on him.
How bless'd were they, now that could pleasure him—
E'en with anything almost?

GRA. Ay, save their honour.

VEN. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in't—ne'er be seen in't, mark you;
I'd wink, and let it go.

GRA. Marry, but I would not.

VEN. Marry, but I would, I hope; I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now, which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis this wheel [3] comes about;

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[1] [Old copy, *by their*.]
[2] [*i. e.*, Next heir.]
[3] [Query, wheel of fortune. Perhaps we should read *weal*.]

That man that must be all this, perhaps ere
morning,
(For his white father does but mould away),
Has long desir'd your daughter.
GRA. Desir'd?
VEN. Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter:
Therefore be wise. I speak as more a friend
To you than him: madam, I know you're poor,
And, 'lack the day!
There are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despis'd.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter—Chastity.
GRA. O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to such a most unnatural task.
VEN. No, but a thousand angels can.
[If] men have no power, angels must work you to't:
The world descends into such baseborn evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still, I perceive—still fools.[1]
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others' daughters
Spring with the dew o' the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast;
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
You took great pains for her, once when it was;
Let her requite it now, though it be but some.
You brought her forth: she may well bring you
home.

[1] [Edits., *fool.*]

GRA. O heavens! this o'ercomes me!
VEN. Not, I hope, already? [*Aside.*
GRA. It is too strong for me; men know that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us;
He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate,[1]
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.
[*Aside.*]
VEN. I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge.
I fear me she's unmother'd; yet I'll venture.
"That woman is all male, whom none can enter."
[*Aside.*
What think you now, lady? speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said:
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head.
Did it not, madam? but I'll swear it does
In many places: tut, this age fears no man.
"'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common."
GRA. Ay, that's the comfort on't.
VEN. The comfort on't!
I keep the best for last—can these persuade you
To forget heaven—and—— [*Gives her money.*]
GRA. Ay, these are they——
VEN. O!
GRA. That enchant our sex. These are
The means that govern our affections—that woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you:
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do.
VEN. O sovereign[2] heaven, with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eyeballs inward, not to see myself.
[*Aside.*[3]

[1] See note on p. 40.
[2] [Old copy, *suffering.*]
[3] [A MS. note in one of the former edits. refers us to the closet scene in "Hamlet."]

GRA. Look you, sir.
VEN. Hollo.
GRA. Let this thank your pains.
VEN. O, you're a kind madam.
GRA. I'll see how I can move.
VEN. Your words will sting.
GRA. If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.
VEN. Spoke truer than you meant it.
GRA. Daughter Castiza.

Enter CASTIZA.

CAS. Madam.
VEN. O, she's yonder;
Meet her: troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.
CAS. Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd man
In presence of you?
GRA. Why?
CAS. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.
GRA. Dishonourable act!—good honourable fool,
That wouldst be honest, 'cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray, by whom? poor people, ignorant people;
The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters' actions? O, if thou knew'st
What 'twere to lose it, thou would never keep it!
But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,

Whilst others clip the sun,[1] they clasp the shades.
Virginity is paradise lock'd up.
You cannot come by yourselves without fee;
And 'twas decreed, that man should keep the key!
Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
CAS. I cry you mercy! lady, I mistook you!
Pray did you see my mother? which way went she?[2]
Pray God, I have not lost her.
VEN. Prettily put by! [*Aside.*
GRA. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
Do you not know me now?
CAS. Why, are you she?
The world's so chang'd one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.
VEN. Most right, i' faith. [*Aside.*
GRA. I owe your cheek my hand
For that presumption now; but I'll forget it.
Come, you shall leave those childish 'haviours,
And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you;
What, will you be a girl?
If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.
CAS. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one;
But methinks now it does not show so well
Out of your mouth—better in his!
VEN. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less. [*Aside.*
I wonder, lady, your own mother's words
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?

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[1] *i.e.*, Embrace it. So again in this play—

"Here in this lodge they meet for damned *clips*."

i.e., cursed embraces.—*Steevens.*

[2] [Copies, *you*. This emendation was suggested by a MS. note in one of the former edits.]

'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is
So foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself? No,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
A maid that has small portion now intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends;
How bless'd are you! you have happiness alone;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with jewels, and petitionary people
Start at your presence.

GRA. O, if I were young, I should be ravish'd.

CAS. Ay, to lose your honour!

VEN. 'Slid, how can you lose your honour
To deal with my lord's grace?
He'll add more honour to it by his title;
Your mother will tell you how.

GRA. That I will.

VEN. O, think upon the pleasure of the palace!
Secured ease and state! the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now
Quicken when they are eaten!
Banquets abroad by torchlight! music! sports!
Bareheaded vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own hats, but let horns[1] wear 'em!
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry——

CAS. Ay, to the devil.

VEN. Ay, to the devil! [*Aside.*] To the duke, by my faith.

GRA. Ay, to the duke: daughter, you'd scorn to think o' the devil, and you were there once.

VEN. True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart, i' faith. [*Aside.*

[1] Alluding to the custom of hanging *hats* in ancient halls upon *stags' horns.*—*Steevens.*

Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself
Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,[1]
Fair meadows cut into green foreparts? O,
It was the greatest blessing ever happen'd to women:
When farmers' sons agreed to mete their gain,[2]
To wash their hands, and come up gentlemen!
The commonwealth has flourish'd ever since:
Lands that were mete[3] by the rod, that labour's spar'd:
Tailors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard.
Fair trees, those comely foretops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chastity; she lies a-cold.
Nay, shall I come nearer to you? mark but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer profession? that's accounted best that's best followed; least in trade, least in fashion; and that's not honesty, believe it; and do but note the love and dejected price of it—

Lose but a pearl, we search, and cannot brook it:
But that,[4] *once gone, who is so mad to look it?*

GRA. Troth, he says true.

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[1] So in Lodge's "Wit's Miserie," p. 24: "What think you to a tender faire young, nay a weakling of womankind *to wear whole Lordships and Manor-houses on her backe without sweating?*" See also note to "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage," [ix. 490.]

[2] [Old copy, *and met again.* The word *mete* occurs again a little lower down. The meaning may be that they calculated their savings.]

[3] *i.e.*, Measured. Petruchio, in "The Taming of the Shrew," calls the tailor's measuring-yard his *mete*-yard.—*Steevens.*

[4] *i.e.*, Honesty.—*Gilchrist.*

CAS. False! I defy you both:
I have endur'd you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.[1]
GRA. Where?
CAS. Do you not see her? she's too inward,[2] then:
Slave, perish in thy office! you heavens, please
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me: yet I've outgone you. [*Exit.*
VEN. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudites!
GRA. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way. I will sway mine own:
Women with women can work best alone. [*Exit.*
VEN. Indeed, I'll tell him so.
O, more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward;
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world? Why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon't? O,
Were't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation.
Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen without fire in't.
But 'twas decreed, before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man.
[*Exit.*

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[1] ["What splendid power of passion and imagery there is in this!"—*MS. note in one of the former edits.*]

[2] *i.e.*, Intimate. See note to "The Spanish Tragedy," [v. 168]

Enter LUSURIOSO, *with* HIPPOLITO.

LUS. I much applaud
Thy judgment; thou art well-read in thy fellows,[1]
And 'tis the deepest art to study man.
I know this, which I never learnt in schools,
The world's divided into knaves and fools.
HIP. Knave in your face—my lord behind your back. [*Aside.*
LUS. And I much thank thee, that thou hast preferr'd
A fellow of discourse, well-mingled,
And whose brain time hath season'd.
HIP. True, my lord,
We shall find season once, I hope. O villain!
To make such an unnatural slave of me—but——
[*Aside.*
LUS. Mass, here he comes.
HIP. And now shall I have free leave to depart.
[*Aside.*
LUS. Your absence, leave us.
HIP. Are not my thoughts true? [*Aside.*
I must remove; but, brother, you may stay.
Heart! we are both made bawds a new-found way!
[*Exit.*

Enter VENDICE.

LUS. Now we're an even number, a third man's dangerous,
Especially her brother;—say, be free,
Have I a pleasure toward——
VEN. O my lord!
LUS. Ravish me in thine answer; art thou rare?
Hast thou beguil'd her of salvation,
And rubb'd hell o'er with honey? Is she a woman?

[1] [Old copy, *a fellow.*]

VEN. In all but in desire.
LUS. Then she's in nothing—I bate [1] in courage now.
VEN. The words I brought
Might well have made indifferent honest naught.
A right good woman in these days is chang'd
Into white money with less labour far:
Many a maid has turn'd to Mahomet
With easier working: I durst undertake,
Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life,
With half those words to flat a Puritan's wife.
But she is close and good;—yet 'tis a doubt
By this time. O, the mother, the mother!
LUS. I never thought their sex had been a wonder,
Until this minute. What fruit from the mother?
VEN. Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,
Or shame the woman that receiv'd me first.
I will be true: thou liv'st not to proclaim.
Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame.
[*Aside.*
My lord.
LUS. Who's that?
VEN. Here's none but I, my lord.
LUS. What should thy haste utter?
VEN. Comfort.
LUS. Welcome.
VEN. The maid being dull, having no mind to travel
Into unknown lands, what did I [2] straight,
But set spurs to the mother; golden spurs
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice.
LUS. Is't possible that in this
The mother should be damn'd before the daughter?

---

[1] I decline, or lessen in courage. So Falstaff says: "Do I not *bate?* Do I not dwindle?" &c.
[2] [Edits., *did me I.*]

VEN. O, that's good manners, my lord; the mother for her age must go foremost, you know.

LUS. Thou'st spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort?

VEN. In a fine place, my lord,—the unnatural mother
Did with her tongue so hard beset her honour,
That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder;
Yet still the maid, like an unlighted taper,
Was cold and chaste, save that her mother's breath
Did blow fire on her cheeks. The girl departed;
But the good ancient madam, half mad, threw me
These promising words, which I took deeply note of:
My lord shall be most welcome——

LUS. Faith, I thank her.

VEN. When his pleasure conducts him this way——

LUS. That shall be soon, i' faith.

VEN. I will sway mine own——

LUS. She does the wiser: I commend her for't.

VEN. Women with women can work best alone.

LUS. By this light, and so they can; give 'em their due, men are not comparable to 'em.

VEN. No, that's true; for you shall have one woman knit more in an hour, than any man can ravel again in seven-and-twenty years.

LUS. Now my desires are happy; I'll make 'em freemen now.
Thou art a precious fellow; faith, I love thee;
Be wise and make it thy revenue; beg, beg;
What office couldst thou be ambitious for?

VEN. Office, my lord! marry, if I might have my wish, I would have one that was never begged yet.

LUS. Nay, then, thou canst have none.

VEN. Yes, my lord, I could pick out another office yet; nay, and keep a horse and drab upon't.

LUS. Prythee, good bluntness, tell me.

VEN. Why, I would desire but this, my lord—to have all the fees behind the arras, and all the farthingales that fall plump about twelve o'clock at night upon the rushes.

LUS. Thou'rt a mad, apprehensive[1] knave; dost think to make any great purchase of that?

VEN. O, 'tis an unknown thing, my lord; I wonder 't has been missed so long.

LUS. Well, this night I'll visit her, and 'tis till then
A year in my desires—farewell, attend:
Trust me with thy preferment.

VEN. My lov'd lord!
O, shall I kill him o' th' wrong side now? no!
Sword, thou wast never a backbiter yet.
I'll pierce him to his face; he shall die looking upon me.
Thy veins are swell'd with lust, this shall unfill 'em.
Great men were gods, if beggars could not kill 'em.
Forgive me, heaven, to call my mother wicked!
O, lessen not my days upon the earth,[2]
I cannot honour her. By this, I fear me,
Her tongue has turn'd my sister into use.
I was a villain not to be forsworn
To this our lecherous hope, the duke's son;
For lawyers, merchants, some divines, and all,
Count beneficial perjury a sin small.
It shall go hard yet, but I'll guard her honour,
And keep the ports sure.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

HIP. Brother, how goes the world? I would know news of you.
But I have news to tell you.

---

[1] *i.e.*, Quick to understand. See Mr Steevens's note on "The Second Part of King Henry IV.," act iv. sc. 3.

[2] Alluding to the promise in the Fifth Commandment.

VEN. What, in the name of knavery?
HIP. Knavery, faith;
This vicious old duke's worthily abused,
The pen of his bastard writes him cuckold?
VEN. His bastard?
HIP. Pray, believe it; he and the duchess
By night meet in their linen;[1] they have been seen
By stair-foot panders.
VEN. O, sin foul and deep!
Great faults are wink'd at, when the duke's asleep.
See, see, here comes the Spurio.
HIP. Monstrous luxur!
VEN. Unbrac'd! two of his valiant bawds with him!
O, there's a wicked whisper; hell's in his ear.
Stay, let's observe his passage—

Enter SPURIO *and Servants.*

SPU. O, but are you sure on't?
SER. My lord, most sure on't; for 'twas spoke by one,
That is most inward with the duke's son's lust,
That he intends within this hour to steal
Unto Hippolito's sister, whose chaste life
The mother has corrupted for his use.
SPU. Sweet word! sweet occasion! faith, then, brother,
I'll disinherit you in as short time,
As I was when I was begot in haste.
I'll damn you at your pleasure: precious deed!
After your lust, O, 'twill be fine to bleed.
Come, let our passing out be soft and wary.
[*Exeunt.*
VEN. Mark! there, there, that step! now to the duchess—

[1] [In their night-clothes.]

This their second meeting writes the duke cuckold
With new additions—his horns newly reviv'd.
Night! thou that look'st like funeral heralds' fees,
Torn down betimes i' th' morning, thou hang'st fitly
To grace those sins that have no grace at all.
Now 'tis full sea abed over the world:
There's juggling of all sides; some that were maids
E'en at sunset, are now perhaps i' th' toll-book.[1]
This woman in immodest thin apparel
Lets in her friend by water; here a dame
Cunning nails leather hinges to a door,
To avoid proclamation,
Now cuckolds are coining, apace, apace, apace, apace!
And careful sisters spin that thread i' th' night,
That does maintain them and their bawds i' th' day.

HIP. You flow well, brother.

VEN. Pish![2] I'm shallow yet;
Too sparing and too modest; shall I tell thee?
If every trick were told that's dealt by night,
There are few here that would not blush outright.

HIP. I am of that belief too. Who's this comes?

VEN.[3] The duke's son up so late? Brother, fall back,

[1] Alluding to the custom of entering horses sold at fairs in a book called the "Toll-book." See note to "All's Well that Ends Well," edit. 1766, of Shakespeare, iv. 141. —*Steevens.*

[2] [Edits., *Push.*]

[3] Mr Reed assigned these two lines to Hippolito, a decided error, both by the sense and according to the old copy, which gives them to Vendice. He makes his brother stand back, while he addresses Lusurioso: *My good lord;* and Lusurioso naturally observes: *Piato! why, the man I wished for,* &c.—*Collier.*

And you shall learn some mischief. My good lord!

Enter LUSURIOSO.

LUS. Piato! why, the man I wished for! Come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To taste of that young lady.
VEN. Heart and hell.
HIP. Damn'd villain! [*Aside.*
VEN. I have no way now to cross it, but to kill him. [*Aside.*
LUS. Come, only thou and I.
VEN. My lord! my lord!
LUS. Why dost thou start us?
VEN. I'd almost forgot—the bastard!
LUS. What of him?
VEN. This night, this hour, this minute, now——
LUS. What? what?
VEN. Shadows the duchess——
LUS. Horrible word!
VEN. And (like strong poison) eats
Into the duke your father's forehead.
LUS. O!
VEN. He makes horn-royal.
LUS. Most ignoble slave!
VEN. This is the fruit of two beds.
LUS. I am mad.
VEN. That passage he trod warily.
LUS. He did.
VEN. And hush'd his villains every step he took.
LUS. His villains? I'll confound them.
VEN. Take 'em finely—finely, now.
LUS. The duchess' chamber-door shall not control me. [*Exeunt.*
HIP. Good, happy, swift: there's gunpowder i' th' court,

Wildfire at midnight. In this heedless fury
He may show violence to cross himself.
I'll follow the event.

Re-enter LUSURIOSO *and* VENDICE.

LUS. Where is that villain?
VEN. Softly, my lord, and you may take 'em twisted.
LUS. I care not how.
VEN. O! 'twill be glorious
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heap'd. Be soft, my lord.
LUS. Away! my spleen is not so lazy: thus and thus
I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword
Shut 'em again for ever. Villain! strumpet!
DUKE. You upper guard, defend us!
DUCH. Treason! treason!
DUKE. O, take me not in sleep!
I have great sins; I must have days,
Nay, months, dear son, with penitential heaves
To lift 'em out, and not to die unclear.
O, thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.
LUS. I am amaz'd to death.
DUKE. Nay, villain, traitor,
Worse than the foulest epithet; now I'll gripe thee
E'en with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the loyal [1] guard.

Enter NOBLES *and* [*Duchess's*] *Sons.*

1ST NOBLE. How comes the quiet of your grace disturb'd?

[1] [Edits., *lawyer's.*]

DUKE. This boy, that should be myself after me,
Would be myself before me ; and in heat
Of that ambition bloodily rush'd in,
Intending to depose me in my bed.
2D NOBLE. Duty and natural loyalty forfend !
DUCH. He call'd his father villain, and me strumpet,
A word that I abhor to file [1] my lips with.
AMB. That was not so well-done, brother.
LUS. I am abus'd——I know there's no excuse can do me good. [*Aside.*]
VEN. 'Tis now good policy to be from sight ;
His vicious purpose to our sister's honour
I cross'd beyond our thought. [*Aside.*]
HIP. You little dreamt his father slept here.
VEN. O, 'twas far beyond me :
But since it fell so—without frightful words,
Would he had kill'd him, 'twould have eas'd our swords.
DUKE. Be comforted, our duchess, he shall die.
[*Dissemble a fright.*[2]
LUS. Where's this slave-pander now? out of mine eye,
Guilty of this abuse.

Enter SPURIO *with his villains.*

SPU. Y' are villains, fablers ! [3]
You have knaves' chins and harlots' tongues ; you lie ;
And I will damn you with one meal a day.
1ST SER. O good my lord !

---

[1] [Defile.] See note to "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage," [ix. 511.]
[2] The quarto reads, *flight*.
[3] [Liars.]

SPU. 'Sblood, you shall never sup.
2D SER. O, I beseech you, sir!
SPU. To let my sword catch cold so long, and miss him!
1ST SER. Troth, my lord, 'twas his intent to meet there.
SPU. 'Heart! he's yonder.
Ha, what news here? is the day out o' th' socket,
That it is noon at midnight? the court up!
How comes the guard so saucy with his elbows?
LUS. The bastard here?
Nay, then the truth of my intent shall out;
My lord and father, hear me.
DUKE. Bear him hence.
LUS. I can with loyalty excuse.
DUKE. Excuse? to prison with the villain!
Death shall not long lag after him.
SPU. Good, i' faith: then 'tis not much amiss.
LUS. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues;
I pray, persuade for me.
AMB. It is our duties; make yourself sure of us.
SUP. We'll sweat in pleading.
LUS. And I may live to thank you. [*Exit.*
AMB. No, thy death shall thank me better.
SPU. He's gone; I'll after him,
And know his trespass; seem to bear a part
In all his ills, but with a puritan heart. [*Exit.*
AMB. Now, brother, let our hate and love be woven
So subtlely together, that in speaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death:
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.
SUP. Set on, I'll not be far behind you, brother.
DUKE. Is't possible a son should be disobedient as far as the sword? It is the highest: he can go no farther.

AMB. My gracious lord, take pity——
DUKE. Pity, boys!
AMB. Nay, we'd be loth to move your grace too much;
We know the trespass is unpardonable,
Black, wicked, and unnatural.
SUP. In a son? O, monstrous!
AMB. Yet, my lord,
A duke's soft hand strokes the rough head of law,
And makes it lie [more] smooth.
DUKE. But my hand shall ne'er do't.
AMB. That, as you please, my lord.
SUP. We must needs confess.
Some fathers would have entered into hate
So deadly-pointed, that before his eyes
He would ha' seen the execution sound[1]
Without corrupted favour.
AMB. But, my lord,
Your grace may live the wonder of all times,
In pard'ning that offence, which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon.
DUKE. How's this?
AMB. Forgive him, good my lord; he's your own son:
And I must needs say, 'twas the viler done.
SUP. He's the next heir: yet this true reason gathers,
None can possess that dispossess their fathers.
Be merciful!——
DUKE. Here's no step-mother's wit;
I'll try them both upon their love and hate.
[*Aside.*]
AMB. Be merciful—although——
DUKE. You have prevailed.
My wrath, like flaming wax, hath spent itself;

[1] [See at p. 53 the passage, *our office shall be sound.* In both places the word means, constant, true.]

I know 'twas but some peevish moon [1] in him ;
Go, let him be releas'd.
SUP. 'Sfoot, how now, brother ?
AMB. Your grace doth please to speak beside your spleen ;
I would it were so happy.
DUKE. Why, go, release him.
SUP. O my good lord ! I know the fault's too weighty
And full of general loathing : too inhuman,
Rather by all men's voices worthy death.
DUKE. 'Tis true too ; here, then, receive this signet.
Doom shall pass ;
Direct it to the judges ; he shall die
Ere many days. Make haste.
AMB. All speed that may be.
We could have wish'd his burden not so sore :
We knew your grace did but delay before. [*Exeunt.*
DUKE. Here's envy [2] with a poor thin cover o'er't ;
Like scarlet hid in lawn, easily spied through.
This their ambition by the mother's side
Is dangerous, and for safety must be purg'd.
I will prevent their envies ; sure it was
But some mistaken fury in our son,
Which these aspiring boys would climb upon :
He shall be releas'd suddenly.

Enter NOBLES.

1ST NOBLE. Good morning to your grace.
DUKE. Welcome, my lords.

---

[1] Some sudden fit of frenzy. Cotgrave translates "*Avoir un quartier de la* lune *en la teste,*" to be half frantic, or have a spice of lunacy.
[2] [Hatred.]

2D NOBLE. Our knees shall take
Away the office of our feet for ever,
Unless your grace bestow a father's eye
Upon the clouded fortunes of your son,
And in compassionate virtue grant him that,
Which makes e'en mean men happy—liberty.

DUKE. How seriously their loves and honours woo
For that which I am about to pray them do!
Arise,[1] my lords; your knees sign his release.
We freely pardon him.

1ST NOBLE. We owe your grace much thanks, and he much duty. [*Exeunt.*

DUKE. It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
I may forgive a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery,
And in my old days am a youth in lust.
Many a beauty have I turn'd to poison
In the denial, covetous of all.
Age hot is like a monster to be seen;
My hairs are white, and yet my sins are green.

ACTUS III., SCÆNA 1.

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

SUP. Brother, let my opinion sway you once;
I speak it for the best, to have him die;
Surest and soonest, if the signet come
Unto the judge's hand, why then his doom
Will be deferr'd till sittings and court-days,
Juries, and farther. Faiths are bought and sold;
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

[1] The 4° reads, *Which arise*, &c.—*Collier.*

AMB. In troth, 'tis true too.
SUP. Then let's set by the judges,
And fall to the officers; 'tis but mistaking
The duke our father's meaning; and where he nam'd
Ere many days—'tis but forgetting that,
And have him die i' th' morning.
AMB. Excellent!
Then am I heir! duke in a minute!
SUP. [*Aside.*] Nay,
And he were once puff'd out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder.
AMB. Bless'd occasion!
He being pack'd, we'll have some trick and wile
To wind our younger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the rape. The lady's dead,
And people's thoughts will soon be buried.
SUP. We may with safety do't, and live and feed;
The duchess' sons are too proud to bleed.
AMB. We are, i' faith, to say true—come let's not linger:
I'll to the officers; go you before,
And set an edge upon the executioner.
SUP. Let me alone to grind him. [*Exit.*
AMB. Farewell!
I am next now; I rise just in that place,
Where thou'rt out off; upon thy neck, kind brother;
The falling of one head lifts up another. [*Exit.*

Enter, with the NOBLES, LUSURIOSO *from prison.*

LUS. My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this, O, this delivery——
1ST NOBLE. But our duties, my lord, unto the hopes that grow in you.

LUS. If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you.
O liberty, thou sweet and heavenly dame!
But hell for prison is too mild a name. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO, *with* OFFICERS.

AMB. Officers, here's the duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the duke's son; we are sorry
That we are so unnaturally employ'd
In such an unkind office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.
SUP. But, you know,
The duke's command must be obey'd.
1ST OFFICER. It must and shall, my lord. This morning, then—
So suddenly?
AMB. Ay, alas! poor, good soul!
He must breakfast betimes; the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.
2D OFFICER. Already?
SUP. Already, i' faith. O sir, destruction hies,
And that is least imprudent,[1] soonest dies.
1ST OFFICER. Troth, you say true. My lord, we take our leaves:
Our office shall be sound; we'll not delay
The third part of a minute.
AMB. Therein you show
Yourselves good men and upright officers.
Pray, let him die as private as he may;
Do him that favour; for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,

[1] [Edits., *impudent*. *The least imprudent* is equivalent to the most farsighted or wary.]

And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far kind?

1ST OFFICER. It shall be done, my lord.

AMB. Why, we do thank you; if we live to be—
You shall have a better office.

2D OFFICER. Your good lordship——

SUP. Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

1ST OFFICER. We'll weep, and do your commendations. [*Exeunt.*

AMB. Fine fools in office!

SUP. Things fall out so fit!

AMB. So, happily come, brother! ere next clock,
His head will be made serve a bigger block.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

Enter in prison JUNIOR BROTHER *and* KEEPER.

JUN. Keeper!

KEEPER. My lord.

JUN. No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?

KEEPER. My lord, a messenger came newly in,
And brought this from 'em.

JUN. Nothing but paper-comforts?
I look'd for my delivery before this,
Had they been worth their oaths.—Prythee, be from us. [*Exit* KEEPER.
Now what say you, forsooth? speak out, I pray.
[*Reads the letter.*] *Brother, be of good cheer;*
'Slud, it begins like a whore with good cheer.
Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.
Not five-and-thirty years, like a bankrupt—I think so.
We have thought upon a device to get thee out by a trick.

---

[1] *i.e.*, Hat.

By a trick! pox o' your trick, an' it be so long a playing.

And so rest comforted, be merry, and expect it suddenly!

Be merry! hang *merry*, draw and quarter *merry*, I'll be mad. Is't not strange that a man should lie-in a whole month for a woman? Well, we shall see how sudden our brothers will be in their promise. I must expect still a trick: I shall not be long a prisoner. How now, what news?

Enter KEEPER.

KEEPER. Bad news, my lord; I am discharged of you.

JUN. Slave! call'st thou that bad news? I thank you, brothers.

KEEPER. My lord, 'twill prove so. Here come the officers,

Into whose hands I must commit you.

JUN. Ha, officers! what? why?

Enter OFFICERS.

1ST OFFICER. You must pardon us, my lord:

Our office must be sound: here is our warrant,

The signet from the duke; you must straight suffer.

JUN. Suffer! I'll suffer you to begone; I'll suffer you

To come no more; what would you have me suffer?

2D OFFICER. My lord, those words were better chang'd to prayers.

The time's but brief with you: prepare to die.

JUN. Sure, 'tis not so!

3D OFFICER. It is too true, my lord.

JUN. I tell you 'tis not; for the duke my father

Deferr'd me till next sitting; and I look,
E'en every minute, threescore times an hour,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.
1ST OFFICER. A trick, my lord! if you expect such comfort,
Your hope's as fruitless as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the unhappy messengers,
That brought this powerful token for your death.
JUN. My brothers? no, no.
2D OFFICER. 'Tis most true, my lord.
JUN. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death!
How strange this shows!
3D OFFICER. There's no delaying time.
JUN. Desire 'em hither: call 'em up—my brothers!
They shall deny it to your faces.
1ST OFFICER. My lord,
They're far enough by this; at least at court;
And this most strict command they left behind 'em.
When grief swam in their eyes, they show'd like brothers,
Brimful of heavy sorrow—but the duke
Must have his pleasure.
JUN. His pleasure!
1ST OFFICER. These were the last words, which my memory bears,
Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.
JUN. Pox dry their tears! what should I do with tears?
I hate 'em worse than any citizen's son
Can hate salt water. Here came a letter now,
New-bleeding from their pens, scarce stinted[1] yet.
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it:

[1] Stopped. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr Steevens's note on "Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 3.

Look, you officious whoresons, words of comfort,
Not long a prisoner.

1ST OFFICER. It says true in that, sir; for you must suffer presently.

JUN. A villainous Duns upon the letter,[1] knavish exposition!

Look you then here, sir: *we'll get thee out by a trick*, says he.

2D OFFICER. That may hold too, sir; for you know a trick is commonly four cards, which was meant by us four officers.

JUN. Worse and worse dealing.

1ST OFFICER. The hour beckons us.

The headsman waits: lift up your eyes to heaven.

JUN. I thank you, faith; good pretty wholesome counsel!

I should look up to heaven, as you said,
Whilst he behind me cosens me of my head.
Ay, that's the trick.

3D OFFICER. You delay too long, my lord.

JUN. Stay, good authority's bastards; since I must,
Through brothers' perjury, die, O, let me venom
Their souls with curses.

3D OFFICER. Come, 'tis no time to curse.

---

[1] Alluding, I think, to *Duns Scotus*, who commented upon "The Master of the Sentences."—*Pegge.*

Duns Scotus was an English Franciscan Friar who, differing from Thomas Aquinas, occasioned a famous scholastic division, known by the titles of Thomists and Scotists. He died at Paris in 1308. Erasmus, who had a very low opinion of this writer, in his "Praise of Folie," 1549, sig. N 3, says: "Lykewise not longe agone I was present at the sermon of an other famous doctour being almost 80 yeres old, and thereto so doctour lyke, as if *Duns* were new arisen in him, who entending to disclose the mistery of the name of Iesu, with great subtiltie shewed, how evin in the *verie letters was muche pithe included, and might be gathered thereof.*"

JUN. Must I bleed then without respect of sign? well——
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves,
I die for that which every woman loves. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO.[1]

VEN. O, sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!
HIP. Why, what's the matter, brother?
VEN. O, 'tis able to make a man spring up and knock his forehead
Against yon silver ceiling.
HIP. Prythee, tell me;
Why may not I partake with you? you vow'd once
To give me share to every tragic thought.[2]
VEN. By th' mass, I think I did too;
Then I'll divide it to thee. The old duke,
Thinking my outward shape and inward heart
Are cut out of one piece (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands o' th' outside), hires me by price
To greet him with a lady
In some fit place, veil'd from the eyes o' th' court,
Some darken'd, blushless angle,[3] that is guilty
Of his forefathers' lust and great folks' riots;
To which I easily (to maintain my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meet her here in this unsunned lodge,

---

[1] ["A splendid scene."—*MS. note.*]

[2] ["This, I think, is very fine, where we . . . . . words that precede it . . . . . ."—*MS. note (partly illegible) in one of the former edits.*]

[3] It stood in the last edition [1780]: *Some darken'd blushless angel,*" &c., which renders the passage utter nonsense.—*Collier.*

Wherein 'tis night at noon: and here the rather
Because, unto the torturing of his soul,
The bastard and the duchess have appointed
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle;
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes,
Before we kill the rest of him.

HIP. 'Twill, i' faith! Most dreadfully digested!
I see not how you could have miss'd me, brother.

VEN. True; but the violence of my joy forgot it.

HIP. Ay, but where's that lady now?

VEN. O! at that word
I'm lost again; you cannot find me yet:
I'm in a throng of happy apprehensions.
He's suited for a lady; I have took care
For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye—
You shall be witness, brother:
Be ready; stand with your hat off. [*Exit.*

HIP. Troth, I wonder what lady it should be!
Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
To have a lady stoop to a duke, that stoops unto his men.
'Tis common to be common through the world:
And there's more private common shadowing vices,
Than those who are known both by their names and prices.
'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare
To the duke's concubine; and here she comes.

Enter VENDICE, *with the skull of his love dressed up in tires.*

VEN. Madam, his grace will not be absent long.[1]
Secret! ne'er doubt us, madam; 'twill be worth
Three velvet gowns to your ladyship. Known!
Few ladies respect that disgrace: a poor thin shell!

[1] ["He imagines her speaking, and answers her."—*MS. note in one of the former edits.*]

'Tis the best grace you have to do it well.
I'll save your hand that labour: I'll unmask you!
HIP. Why, brother, brother!
VEN. Art thou beguil'd now? tut, a lady can,
As thus all hid, beguile a wiser man.
Have I not fitted the old surfeiter
With a quaint piece of beauty? Age and bare bone
Are e'er allied in action. Here's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God:
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour, let the wind go whistle:
Spout, rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All's one with us; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other god but wind and wet?
HIP. Brother, you've spoke that right:
Is this the form that (living) shone so bright?
VEN. The very same.
And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doating on her beauty, though her death
Shall be reveng'd after no common action.
Does the silkworm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips;
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?
Surely we are all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not: we mistake those;
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.

HIP. Faith, and in clothes too we, give us our due.

VEN. Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this, and grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
For her superfluous outside—all for this?
Who now bids twenty pounds a night? prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? All are hush'd.
Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure, 'twould fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antic amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself. See, ladies, with false forms
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.
Now to my tragic business. Look you, brother,
I have not fashion'd this only for show
And useless property; no, it shall bear a part
E'en in its own revenge. This very skull,
Whose mistress the duke poison'd with this drug,
The mortal curse of the earth shall be reveng'd
In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death.
As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel:
What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.

HIP. Brother, I do applaud thy constant vengeance—
The quaintness of thy malice—above thought.

VEN. So, 'tis laid on [*He poisons the lips of the skull*]: now come and welcome, duke,
I have her for thee. I protest it, brother,
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sin,[1]

[1] [Sinner.]

As some old gentlewoman in a periwig.
Hide thy face now for shame; thou hadst need have a mask now:
'Tis vain when beauty flows; but when it fleets,
This would become graves better than the streets.

HIP. You have my voice in that: hark, the duke's come.

VEN. Peace, let's observe what company he brings,
And how he does absent 'em; for you know
He'll wish all private. Brother, fall you back a little
With the bony lady.

HIP. That I will.

VEN. So, so; now nine years' vengeance crowd into a minute!

Enter DUKE *and* GENTLEMEN.

DUKE. You shall have leave to leave us, with this charge
Upon your lives, if we be missed by th' duchess
Or any of the nobles, to give out,
We're privately rid forth.

VEN. O happiness!

DUKE. With some few honourable gentlemen, you may say—
You may name those that are away from court.

GEN. Your will and pleasure shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

VEN. Privately rid forth!
He strives to make sure work on't. Your good grace!

DUKE. Piato, well-done, hast brought her! what lady is't?

VEN. Faith, my lord, a country lady, a little bashful at first, as most of them are; but after

the first kiss, my lord, the worst is past with them. Your grace knows now what you have to do; she has somewhat a grave look with her—but——

DUKE. I love that best; conduct her.

VEN. Have at all. [*Aside.*]

DUKE. In gravest looks the greatest faults seem less.

Give me that sin that's rob'd in holiness.

VEN. Back with the torch! brother, raise the perfumes.

DUKE. How sweet can a duke breathe! Age has no fault.

Pleasure should meet in a perfumed mist.

Lady, sweetly encountered: I came from court, I must be bold with you. O, what's this? O!

VEN. Royal villain! white devil!

DUKE. O!

VEN. Brother, place the torch here, that his affrighted eyeballs

May start into those hollows. Duke, dost know Yon dreadful vizard? View it well; 'tis the skull Of Gloriana, whom thou poisonedst last.

DUKE. O! 't has poisoned me.

VEN. Didst not know that till now?

DUKE. What are you two?

VEN. Villains all three! the very ragged bone Has been sufficiently reveng'd.

DUKE. O, Hippolito, call treason!

HIP. Yes, my lord; treason! treason! treason! [*Stamping on him.*

DUKE. Then I'm betray'd.

VEN. Alas! poor lecher: in the hands of knaves, A slavish duke is baser than his slaves.

DUKE. My teeth are eaten out.

VEN. Hadst any left?

HIP. I think but few.

VEN. Then those that did eat are eaten.

DUKE. O my tongue!

VEN. Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiss closer,
Not like a slobbering Dutchman. You have eyes still:
Look, monster, what a lady hast thou made me!
[*Discovers himself.*
My once betrothed wife.
DUKE. Is it thou, villain? nay, then——
VEN. 'Tis I, 'tis Vendice, 'tis I.
HIP. And let this comfort thee: our lord and father
Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns,
And died in sadness: be that thy hope of life.
DUKE. O!
VEN. He had his tongue, yet grief made him die speechless.
Puh! 'tis but early yet; now I'll begin
To stick thy soul with ulcers. I will make
Thy spirit grievous sore; it shall not rest,
But like some pestilent man toss in thy breast.
Mark me, duke:
Thou'rt a renowned, high and mighty cuckold.
DUKE. O!
VEN. Thy bastard—thy bastard rides a-hunting in thy brow.
DUKE. Millions of deaths!
VEN. Nay, to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for damned clips.[1]
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.
DUKE. Is there a hell besides this, villains?
VEN. Villain!
Nay, heaven is just; scorns are the hires of scorns:
I ne'er knew yet adulterer without horns.
HIP. Once, ere they die, 'tis quitted.
VEN. Hark! the music:
Their banquet is prepar'd, they're coming——

[1] See note at p. 85.

DUKE. O, kill me not with that sight!
VEN. Thou shalt not lose that sight for all thy dukedom.
DUKE. Traitors! murderers!
VEN. What! is not thy tongue eaten out yet?
Then we'll invent a silence. Brother, stifle the torch.
DUKE. Treason! murder!
VEN. Nay, faith, we'll have you hush'd. Now with thy dagger
Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession
About his heart; if he but gasp, he dies;
We dread not death to quittance injuries.
Brother, if he but wink, not brooking the foul object,
Let our two other hands tear up his lids,
And make his eyes like comets shine through blood
When the bad bleeds, then is the tragedy good.
HIP. Whist, brother! music's at our ear; they come.

Enter the BASTARD, *meeting the* DUCHESS.

SPU. Had not that kiss a taste of sin, 'twere sweet.
DUCH. Why, there's no pleasure sweet, but it is sinful.
SPU. True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given;
Best side to us is the worst side to heaven.
DUCH. Pish! come: 'tis the old duke, thy doubtful father:
The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way.
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or I'll poison him.
SPU. Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life.

So deadly do I loathe him for my birth,
That if he took me hasp'd within his bed,
I would add murder to adultery,
And with my sword give up his years to death.
DUCH. Why, now thou'rt sociable; let's in and feast:
Loud'st music sound; pleasure is banquet's guest.
[*Exeunt.*
DUKE. I cannot brook——
VEN. The brook is turn'd to blood.
HIP. Thanks to loud music.
VEN. 'Twas our friend, indeed.
'Tis state in music for a duke to bleed.
The dukedom wants a head, though yet unknown;
As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duchess's two sons, AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

AMB. Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the duke's sons now.
SUP. Ay, you may thank my policy for that.
AMB. Your policy for what?
SUP. Why, was't not my invention, brother,
To slip the judges? and in lesser compass
Did not I draw the model of his death;
Advising you to sudden officers
And e'en extemporal execution?
AMB. Heart! 'twas a thing I thought on too.
SUP. You thought on't too! 'sfoot, slander not your thoughts
With glorious untruth; I know 'twas from you.
AMB. Sir, I say, 'twas in my head.
SUP. Ay, like your brains then,
Ne'er to come out as long as you liv'd.
AMB. You'd have the honour on't, forsooth, that your wit
Led him to the scaffold.

SUP. Since it is my due,
I'll publish't, but I'll ha't in spite of you.
AMB. Methinks, y' are much too bold; you should a little
Remember us, brother, next to be honest duke.
SUP. Ay, it shall be as easy for you to be duke
As to be honest; and that's never, i' faith.
AMB. Well, cold he is by this time; and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be shar'd equally.
SUP. I am content to that.
AMB. This night our younger brother shall out of prison:
I have a trick.
SUP. A trick! prythee, what is't?
AMB. We'll get him out by a wile.
SUP. Prythee, what wile?
AMB. No, sir; you shall not know it, till it be done;
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.

Enter an OFFICER.

SUP. How now, what's he?
AMB. One of the officers.
SUP. Desired news.
AMB. How now, my friend?
OFFICER. My lords, under your pardon, I am allotted
To that desertless office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head——
SUP. Ha, ha! excellent.
AMB. All's sure our own: brother, canst weep, think'st thou?
'Twould grace our flattery much; think of some dame:
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.

SUP. I have thought;—now for yourself
AMB. Our sorrows are so fluent,
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues; words spoke in tears
Are like the murmurs of the waters—the sound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguish'd.
SUP. How died he, pray?
OFFICER. O, full of rage and spleen.
SUP. He died most valiantly, then; we're glad to hear it.
OFFICER. We could not woo him once to pray.
AMB. He show'd himself a gentleman in that:
Give him his due.
OFFICER. But, in the stead of prayer,
He drew forth oaths.
SUP. Then did he pray, dear heart,
Although you understood him not?
OFFICER. My lords,
E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,
He curs'd you both.
SUP. He curs'd us? 'las, good soul!
AMB. It was not in our powers, but the duke's pleasure.
Finely dissembled a both sides, sweet fate;
O happy opportunity! [*Aside.*

Enter LUSURIOSO.

LUS. Now, my lords.
BOTH. O!——
LUS. Why do you shun me, brothers?
You may come nearer now;
The savour of the prison has forsook me.
I thank such kind lords as yourselves, I'm free.
AMB. Alive!
SUP. In health!

AMB. Releas'd!
We were both e'en amaz'd with joy to see it.[1]
LUS. I am much to thank to you.
SUP. Faith, we spar'd no tongue unto my lord the duke.
AMB. I know your delivery, brother,
Had not been half so sudden but for us.
SUP. O, how we pleaded!
LUS. Most deserving brothers!
In my best studies I will think of it.
[*Exit* LUSURIOSO.
AMB. O death and vengeance!
SUP. Hell and torment!
AMB. Slave, cam'st thou to delude us?
OFFICER. Delude you, my lords?
SUP. Ay, villain, where's his head now?
OFFICER. Why here, my lord;
Just after his delivery, you both came
With warrant from the duke to behead your brother.
AMB. Ay, our brother, the duke's son.
OFFICER. The duke's son, my lord, had his release before you came.
AMB. Whose head's that, then?
OFFICER. His whom you left command for, your own brother's.
AMB. Our brother's? O furies!
SUP. Plagues!
AMB. Confusions!
SUP. Darkness!
AMB. Devils!
SUP. Fell it out so accursedly?
AMB. So damnedly?
SUP. Villain, I'll brain thee with it.

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[1] This passage and the preceding exclamation have been restored from the old copy of 1607, having been omitted both by Dodsley and Reed.—*Collier.*

OFFICER. O my good lord!
SUP. The devil overtake thee!
AMB. O fatal!
SUP. O prodigious to our bloods!
AMB. Did we dissemble?
SUP. Did we make our tears women for thee?
AMB. Laugh and rejoice for thee?
SUP. Bring warrant for thy death?
AMB. Mock off thy head?
SUP. You had a trick: you had a wile, forsooth.
AMB. A murrain meet 'em; there's none of these wiles that ever come to good: I see now, there's nothing sure in mortality, but mortality.
Well, no more words: shalt be revenged, i' faith.
Come, throw off clouds; now, brother, think of vengeance,
And deeper-settled hate; sirrah, sit fast,
We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 1.

Enter LUSURIOSO, *with* HIPPOLITO.

LUS. Hippolito!
HIP. My lord,
Has your good lordship aught to command me in?
LUS. I prythee, leave us.
HIP. How's this? come, and leave us!
LUS. Hippolito!
HIP. Your honour, I stand ready for any duteous employment.
LUS. Heart! what mak'st thou here?
HIP. A pretty lordly humour!
He bids me be present to depart; something
Has stung his honour.

LUS. Be nearer; draw nearer:
Ye're not so good, methinks; I'm angry with you.
HIP. With me, my lord? I'm angry with myself for't.
LUS. You did prefer a goodly fellow to me:
'Twas wittily elected; 'twas. I thought
H' had been a villain, and he proves a knave—
To me a knave.
HIP. I chose him for the best, my lord:
'Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him
Breed discontent in you.
LUS. Neglect! 'twas will. Judge of it.
Firmly to tell of an incredible act,
Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,
'Twixt my step-mother and the bastard; of
Incestuous sweets between 'em.
HIP. Fie, my lord!
LUS. I, in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a desperate arm; and in that fury
Committed treason on the lawful bed,
And with my sword e'en ras'd my father's bosom,
For which I was within a stroke of death.
HIP. Alack! I'm sorry. 'Sfoot, just upon the stroke,
Jars in my brother; 'twill be villainous music.

Enter VENDICE.

VEN. My honour'd lord.
LUS. Away! prythee, forsake us: hereafter we'll not know thee.
VEN. Not know me, my lord! your lordship cannot choose.
LUS. Begone, I say: thou art a false knave.
VEN. Why, the easier to be known, my lord.
LUS. Pish! I shall prove too bitter, with a word

Make thee a perpetual prisoner,
And lay this iron age upon thee.
VEN. Mum!
For there's a doom would make a woman dumb.
Missing the bastard—next him—the wind's come about:
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay, mine to go out. [*Aside. Exit.*]
LUS. H' has greatly mov'd me.
HIP. Much to blame, i' faith.
LUS. But I'll recover, to his ruin. 'Twas told me lately,
I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother.
HIP. Who, I? yes, my good lord, I have a brother.
LUS. How chance the court ne'er saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his hours?
HIP. Faith, to curse fates
Who, as he thinks, ordain'd him to be poor—
Keeps at home, full of want and discontent.
LUS. There's hope in him; for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould a villain of. [*Aside.*
Hippolito, wish him repair to us:
If there be aught in him to please our blood,
For thy sake we'll advance him, and build fair
His meanest fortunes; for it is in us
To rear up towers from cottages.
HIP. It is so, my lord: he will attend your honour;
But he's a man in whom much melancholy dwells.
LUS. Why, the better; bring him to court.
HIP. With willingness and speed:
Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed.
Brother, disguise must off;
In thine own shape now I'll prefer thee to him:
How strangely does himself work to undo him!
[*Aside. Exit.*

LUS. This fellow will come fitly; he shall kill
That other slave, that did abuse my spleen,
And made it swell to treason. I have put
Much of my heart into him; he must die.
He that knows great men's secrets, and proves slight,[1]
That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.
Ay, he shall speed him: I'll employ the brother;
Slaves are but nails to drive out one another.
He being of black condition, suitable
To want and ill-content, hope of preferment
Will grind him to an edge.[2]

Enter NOBLES.

1ST NOBLE. Good days unto your honour.
LUS. My kind lords, I do return the like.
2D NOBLE. Saw you my lord the duke?
LUS. My lord and father! is he from court?
1ST NOBLE. He's sure from court;
But where—which way his pleasure took, we know not,
Nor can we hear on't.
LUS. Here come those should tell.
Saw you my lord and father?
3D NOBLE. Not since two hours before noon, my lord,
And then he privately rode forth.
LUS. O, he's rid forth.
1ST NOBLE. 'Twas wondrous privately.
2D NOBLE. There's none i' th' court had any knowledge on't.
LUS. His grace is old and sudden: 'tis no treason

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[1] [Weak, treacherous.]
[2] *The Nobles enter* is printed in the 4°, as if it were a part of the speech of Lusurioso.—*Collier.*

To say the duke, my father, has a humour,
Or such a toy about him; what in us
Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.
3D NOBLE. 'Tis oracle, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO. VENDICE *out of his disguise.*

HIP. So, so, all's as it should be, y' are yourself.
VEN. How that great villain puts me to my shifts!
HIP. He that did lately in disguise reject thee,
Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.
VEN. 'Twill be the quainter fallacy. But, brother,
'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, think'st thou?
HIP. Nay, you must pardon me in that: I know not.
H' has some employment for you: but what 'tis,
He and his secretary (the devil) know best.
VEN. Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
What colour soe'er they be; hoping at last
To pile up all my wishes on his breast.
HIP. Faith, brother, he himself shows the way.
VEN. Now the duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay.
His death being not yet known, under his name
The people still are govern'd. Well, thou his son
Art not long-liv'd: thou shalt not joy his death;
To kill thee, then, I should most honour thee;
For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief,
Thou'st a kind child, and only died'st with grief.
HIP. You fetch about well; but let's talk in present.
How will you appear in fashion different,
As well as in apparel, to make all things possible?
If you be but once tripp'd, we fall for ever.

It is not the least policy to be double;
You must change tongue: familiar was your first.
VEN. Why, I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
Like such an instrument, that speaks merry things sadly.
HIP. That is as I meant;
I gave you out at first in discontent.
VEN. I'll tune myself, and then——
HIP. 'Sfoot, here he comes. Hast thought upon't?
VEN. Salute him; fear not me.

Enter LUSURIOSO.

LUS. Hippolito!
HIP. Your lordship——
LUS. What's he yonder?
HIP. 'Tis Vendice, my discontented brother,
Whom, 'cording to your will, I've brought to court.
LUS. Is that thy brother? Beshrew me, a good presence;
I wonder h' has been from the court so long.
Come nearer.
HIP. Brother! Lord Lusurioso, the duke's son.
LUS. Be more to us; welcome; nearer yet.
VEN. How don you? gi' [1] you good den.
[*Snatches off his hat, and makes legs to him.*
LUS. We thank thee.
How strangely such a coarse homely salute
Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire—
Nimble and desperate tongues: should we name
God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on,[2]
heaven!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?

[1] [Edits., *god.*] [2] [Edits., *on't.*]

VEN. Why, going to law.

LUS. Why, will that make a man melancholy?

VEN. Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram. I went me to law in *anno quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded out of it in *anno sexagesimo tertio*.

LUS. What, three-and-twenty years in law?

VEN. I have known those that have been five-and-fifty, and all about pullen [1] and pigs.

LUS. May it be possible such men should breathe,
To vex the terms so much?

VEN. 'Tis food to some, my lord. There are old men at the present, that are so poisoned with the affectation of law-words (having had many suits canvassed), that their common talk is nothing but Barbary Latin. They cannot so much as pray but in law, that their sins may be removed with a writ of error, and their souls fetched up to heaven with a sasarara.[2]

HIP.[3] It seems most strange to me;
Yet all the world meets round in the same bent:
Where the heart's set, there goes the tongue's consent.
How dost apply thy studies, fellow?

VEN. Study? why, to think how a great rich man lies a-dying, and a poor cobbler tolls the bell for him. How he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when he lies speechless. How he will point you readily to all the boxes; and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations; nay, when to all men's hearings he

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[1] Poultry.

[2] A vulgar corruption of *certiorari*.—*Pegge*.

[3] Mr Gilchrist would substitute *Lusurioso* for *Hippolito* here; but the change is not necessary to the sense, and is not supported by the quartos.—*Collier*.

whurls and rattles in the throat, he's busy threatening his poor tenants. And this would last me now some seven years' thinking, or thereabouts. But I have a conceit a-coming in picture upon this; I draw it myself, which, i' faith, la, I'll present to your honour; you shall not choose but like it, for your honour shall give me nothing for it.

LUS. Nay, you mistake me, then,
For I am publish'd bountiful enough.
Let's taste of your conceit.

VEN. In picture, my lord?

LUS. Ay, in picture.

VEN. Marry, this it is—*A usuring father to be boiling in hell, and his son and heir with a whore dancing over him.*

HIP. H' has par'd him to the quick. [*Aside.*

LUS. The conceit's pretty, i' faith;
But, take't upon my life, 'twill ne'er be lik'd.

VEN. No? why I'm sure the whore will be lik'd well enough.

HIP. If she were out o' the picture, he'd like her then himself. [*Aside.*

VEN. And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eyesore to no young revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth-of-gold breeches.

LUS. And thou hast put my meaning in the pockets,
And canst not draw that out? My thought was this:
To see the picture of a usuring father
Boiling in hell—our rich men would never like it.

VEN. O, true, I cry you heartily mercy.
I know the reason, for some of them had rather
Be damned in deed than damned in colours.

LUS. A parlous melancholy! h' has wit enough
To murder any man, and I'll give him means.
[*Aside.*
I think thou art ill-moneyed?

VEN. Money ! ho, ho ![1]
'T has been my want so long, 'tis now my scoff :
I've e'en forgot what colour silver's of.
LUS. It hits as I could wish. [*Aside.*]
VEN. I get good clothes
Of those that dread my humour ; and for table-room
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me.
LUS. Somewhat to set thee up withal.
[*Gives him money.*]
VEN. O mine eyes !
LUS. How now, man ?
VEN. Almost struck blind ;
This bright unusual shine to me seems proud ;
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud.
LUS. I think I shall affect[2] his melancholy.
How are they now ?[3]
VEN. The better for your asking.
LUS. You shall be better yet, if you but fasten
Truly on my intent. Now y' are both present,
I will unbrace such a close private villain
Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,
Who hath disgrac'd you much, and injur'd us.
HIP. Disgrac'd us, my lord ?
LUS. Ay, Hippolito.
I kept it here till now, that both your angers
Might meet him at once.
VEN. I'm covetous
To know the villain.
LUS. You know him : that slave-pander

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[1] ["Mark the transition from prose to verse."—*MS. note in former edit.*]
[2] [Like.]
[3] *How art thou now ?* the inquiry has stood in previous editions, but *How are they now ?* is the correct reading restored from the old copy. The words have reference to Vendice's eyes.—*Collier.*

Piato, whom we threaten'd last
With irons in perpetual 'prisonment.
VEN. All this is I. [*Aside.*
HIP. Is't he, my lord?
LUS. I'll tell you, you first preferr'd him to me.
VEN. Did you, brother? [*Aside.*
HIP. I did indeed.
LUS. And the ungrateful villain,
To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me—
Being, as you see, a likely man for pleasure—
With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister.
HIP. O villain!
VEN. He shall surely die that did it. [*Aside.*
LUS. I, far from thinking any virgin harm,
Especially knowing her to be as chaste
As that part which scarce suffers to be touch'd—
The eye—would not endure him.
VEN. Would you not, my lord?
'Twas wondrous honourably done.
LUS. But with some few[1] frowns kept him out.
VEN. Out, slave! [*Aside.*]
LUS. What did me he, but in revenge of that,
Went of his own free will to make infirm
Your sister's honour (whom I honour with my soul
For chaste respect) and not prevailing there,
(As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it)
In mere spleen, by the way, waylays your mother,
Whose honour being a coward as it seems,
Yielded by little force.
VEN. Coward indeed! [*Aside.*
LUS. He, proud of this advantage (as he thought),
Brought me this news for happy. But I, heaven forgive me for't!——
VEN. What did your honour?

[1] [Edits., *five.*]

LUS. In rage push'd him from me,
Trampled beneath his throat, spurn'd him, and bruis'd :
Indeed I was too truel, to say troth.
HIP. Most nobly manag'd !
VEN. Has not heaven an ear ? is all the lightning wasted ? [*Aside.*
LUS. If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be ?
VEN. Full mad : he shall not live
To see the moon change.
LUS. He's about the palace ;
Hippolito, entice him this way, that thy brother
May take full mark of him.
HIP. Heart ! that shall not need, my lord :
I can direct him so far.
LUS. Yet for my hate's sake,
Go, wind him this way. I'll see him bleed myself.
HIP. What now, brother ? [*Aside.*
VEN. Nay, e'en what you will—y' are put to't, brother. [*Aside.*
HIP. An impossible task, I'll swear,
To bring him hither, that's already here. [*Aside.*
[*Exit* HIPPOLITO.
LUS. Thy name ? I have forgot it.
VEN. Vendice, my lord.
LUS. 'Tis a good name that.
VEN. Ay, a revenger. [*Aside.*
LUS. It does betoken courage ; thou shouldst be valiant,
And kill thine enemies.
VEN. That's my hope, my lord.
LUS. This slave is one.
VEN. I'll doom him.
LUS. Then I'll praise thee.
Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

VEN. Indeed, I thank you.
LUS. Now, Hippolito, where's the slave-pander?
HIP. Your good lordship
Would have a loathsome sight of him, much offensive.
He's not in case now to be seen, my lord.
The worst of all the deadly sins is in him—
That beggarly damnation, drunkenness.
LUS. Then he's a double slave.
VEN. 'Twas well convey'd upon a sudden wit
LUS. What, are you both
Firmly resolv'd? I'll see him dead myself.
VEN. Or else let not us live.
LUS. You may direct your brother to take note of him.
HIP. I shall.
LUS. Rise but in this, and you shall never fall.
VEN. Your honour's vassals.
LUS. This was wisely carried. [*Aside.*
Deep policy in us makes fools of such:
Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.
[*Exit* LUSURIOSO.
VEN. O thou almighty patience! 'tis my wonder
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,
Should not be cloven as he stood;
Or with a secret wind burst open!
Is there no thunder left:[1] or is't kept up
In stock for heavier vengeance? there it goes!
HIP. Brother, we lose ourselves.
VEN. But I have found it;
'Twill hold, 'tis sure; thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.

[1] The same thought occurs in "Othello," act v. sc. 2—

"Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?"

HIP. What is't?
VEN. 'Tis sound and good; thou shalt partake it;
I'm hir'd to kill myself.
HIP. True.
VEN. Prythee, mark it;
And the old duke being dead, but not convey'd,
For he's already miss'd too, and you know,
Murder will peep out of the closest husk.
HIP. Most true.
VEN. What say you then to this device?
If we dress'd up the body of the duke?
HIP. In that disguise of yours?
VEN. Y' are quick, y' have reach'd it.
HIP. I like it wondrously.
VEN. And being in drink, as you have publish'd him.
To lean him on his elbow, as if sleep had caught him,
Which claims most interest in such sluggy men?
HIP. Good yet; but here's a doubt;
We, thought[1] by th' duke's son to kill that pander,
Shall, when he is known, be thought to kill the duke.
VEN. Neither; O thanks, it is substantial:
For that disguise being on him which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the pander, did kill the duke, and fled away in his apparel, leaving him so disguised to avoid swift pursuit.
HIP. Firmer and firmer.
VEN. Nay, doubt not, 'tis in grain: I warrant it holds colour.
HIP. Let's about it.
VEN. By the way, too, now I think on't, brother,
Let's conjure that base devil out of our mother.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] The 4 reads, *methought.—Collier.*

ACTUS V.[1]

Enter the DUCHESS, *arm in arm with* SPURIO : *he seemeth lasciviously to look on her. After them, enter* SUPERVACUO *running, with a rapier,* AMBITIOSO *stops him.*

SPU. Madam, unlock yourself;
Should it be seen, your arm would be suspected.
DUCH. Who is't that dares suspect or this or these?
May not we deal our favours where we please?
SPU. I'm confident you may. [*Exeunt.*
AMB. 'Sfoot, brother, hold.
SUP. Woult let the bastard shame us?
AMB. Hold, hold, brother! there's fitter time than now.
SUP. Now, when I see it!
AMB. 'Tis too much seen already.
SUP. Seen and known;
The nobler she's, the baser is she grown.
AMB. If she were bent lasciviously (the fault
Of mighty women, that sleep soft)—O death!
Must she needs choose such an unequal sinner,
To make all worse?—
SUP. A bastard! the duke's bastard! shame heap'd on shame!
AMB. O our disgrace!
Most women have small waists the world throughout;
But their desires are thousand miles about.

[1] In the 4° this play consists but of four acts. But as that division probably arose from the carelessness of the printer, I have made an alteration here, which appears to be a necessary one.

SUP. Come, stay not here, let's after, and prevent,
Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO, *bringing out their mother, one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with daggers in their hands.*

VEN. O thou, for whom no name is bad enough!
GRA. What mean my sons? what, will you murder me?
VEN. Wicked, unnatural parent!
HIP. Fiend of women!
GRA. O! are sons turn'd monsters? help!
VEN. In vain.
GRA. Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?
VEN. That breast
Is turn'd to quarled poison.[1]
GRA. Cut not your days for't! am not I your mother?[2]
VEN. Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.
GRA. A bawd! O name far loathsomer than hell!
HIP. It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.
GRA. I hate it.
VEN. Ah! is't possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?
GRA. Dissemble!

[1] Perhaps we should read *quarell'd poison; i.e.*, such poison as arrows are imbued with. Quarels are square arrows. So in the "Romaunt of the Rose," *v.* 1823—

"Ground *quarelis* sharpe of steele."

—*Steevens.*

[The two words are the same, *quarled* being a contracted form of *quarell'd.*]

[2] Alluding to the Fifth Commandment.—*Gilchrist.*

VEN. Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow of the worst [1] condition hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust?

GRA. Who, I?
That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent! none lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander. Good son, believe it not.

VEN. O, I'm in doubt,
Whether I am myself, or no—— [*Aside.*]
Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be sav'd, when mothers have no grace?

HIP. 'Twould make one half despair.

VEN. I was the man.
Defy me now; let's see, do't modestly.

GRA. O hell unto my soul!

VEN. In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Tried you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.

GRA. O, no,
No tongue but yours could have bewitch'd me so.

VEN. O nimble in damnation, quick in ru'n![2]
There is no devil could strike fire so soon:
I am confuted in a word.

GRA. O sons, forgive me! to myself I'll prove more true;
You that should honour me, I kneel to you.
[*Kneels and weeps.*

VEN. A mother to give aim to her own daughter![3]

HIP. True, brother; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Though many mothers do't!

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[1] [Edits., *world's.*] [2] [Edits., *tune.*]
[3] *i.e.*, Incite, encourage her.

VEN. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed;
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother, it rains. 'Twill spoil your dagger: house it.
HIP. 'Tis done.
VEN. I'faith, 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul
Have been long dry: pour down, thou blessed dew!
Rise, mother; troth, this shower has made you higher!
GRA. O you heavens! take this infectious spot out of my soul,
I'll rinse it in seven waters of mine eyes!
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep is to our sex naturally given:
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.
VEN. Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother:
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honourably love her.
HIP. Let it be.
VEN. For honest women are so seld[1] and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax! do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead!
All mothers that had any graceful hue
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you:
It would have grown to this—at your foul name,
Green-colour'd maids would have turned red with shame.
HIP. And then our sister, full of hireling[2] baseness——
VEN. There had been boiling lead again,
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth-o'-silver slut,

[1] Seldom to be met with. In Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" we have "*seld* seen flamens."—*Steevens.*
[2] [Old copy, *hire and.*]

To have her train borne up, and her soul trail i' th' dirt![1]

HIP. Great, to be miserably great; rich, to be eternally wretched.

VEN. O common madness!
Ask but the thrivingest harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honour good.
Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son
In private; why she first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousands proves a whore:
"Break ice in one place, it will crack in more."

GRA. Most certainly applied!

HIP. O brother, you forget our business.

VEN. And well-remember'd; joy's a subtle elf,
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself,
Farewell, once dry, now holy-water'd mead;
Our hearts wear feathers, that before wore lead.

GRA. I'll give you this—that one I never knew
Plead better for and 'gainst the devil than you.

VEN. You make me proud on't.

HIP. Commend us in all virtue to our sister.

VEN. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.

GRA. With my best words.

VEN. Why, that was motherly said.[2] [*Exeunt.*

GRA. I wonder now, what fury did transport me!
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.

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[1] The word *great* is added in the 4° to this line, but it belongs to Hippolito, and what he says has been hitherto misprinted.—*Collier.*

[2] ["The reality and life of this dialogue passes any scenical illusion I ever felt. I never read it but my ears tingle, and I feel a hot flush spread my cheeks, as if I were presently about to 'proclaim' some such 'malefactions' of myself as the brothers here rebuke in this unnatural parent, in words more keen and dagger-like than those which Hamlet speaks to his mother. Such power has the passion of shame, truly personated, not only to 'strike guilty creatures unto the soul,' but to 'appal' even those that are 'free.'"—*Lamb.*]

O, with what forehead can I look on her,
Whose honour I've so impiously beset?
And here she comes——

Enter CASTIZA.

CAS. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.
GRA. Content, to what?
CAS. To do as you have wish'd me;
To prostitute my breast to the duke's son;
And put myself to common usury.
GRA. I hope you will not so!
CAS. Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be sav'd in.
GRA. Truth, but it is.
CAS. Do not deceive yourself,
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.
What would you now? are ye not pleas'd yet with me?
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be.
GRA. Strike not me cold.
CAS. How often have you charg'd me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman? When you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me; that did more,
The mother's curse is heavy; where that lights,
Suns set in storm, and daughters lose their rights.[1]
GRA. Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee,
O, let my breath revive it to a flame!
Put not all out with woman's wilful follies.
I am recover'd of that foul disease,
That haunts too many mothers; kind, forgive me,

[1] [Old copy, *lights*, and in the line before, *Sons—fights*.]

Make me not sick in health! If then
My words prevail'd, when they were wickedness,
How much more now, when they are just and good?
CAS. I wonder what you mean! are not you she,
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
In three hours' reading to untwist so much
Of the black serpent as you wound about me?
GRA. 'Tis unfruitful, child,[1] [and] tedious to repeat
What's past; I'm now your present mother.
CAS. Pish! now 'tis too late.
GRA. Bethink again: thou know'st not what thou say'st.
CAS. No! deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
GRA. O, cease![2] I spoke those words, and now they poison me!
What will the deed do then?
Advancement? true; as high as shame can pitch!
For treasure! who e'er knew a harlot rich?
Or could build by the purchase of her sin
An hospital to keep her[3] bastards in?
The duke's son! O, when women are young courtiers,
They are sure to be old beggars,
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thou'dst wish thyself unborn, when thou art unchaste.
CAS. O mother, let me twine about your neck,
And kiss you, till my soul melt on your lips!
I did but this to try you.
GRA. O, speak truth!
CAS. Indeed I did but;[4] for no tongue has force
To alter me from honest.
If maidens would, men's words could have no power;
A virgin's honour is a crystal tower

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[1] [Edits., *held.*]
[2] [Edits., *see.*]
[3] [Edits., *their.*]
[4] [Edits., *not.*]

Which (being weak) is guarded with good spirits;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.

GRA. O happy child! faith, and thy birth hath sav'd me.

'Mong thousand daughters, happiest of all others:
Be[1] thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO.

VEN. So, so, he leans well; take heed you wake him not, brother.

HIP. I warrant you my life for yours.

VEN. That's a good lay, for I must kill myself. Brother, that's I, that sits for me: do you mark it? And I must stand ready here to make away myself yonder. I must sit to be killed, and stand to kill myself. I could vary it not so little as thrice over again; 't has some eight returns, like Michaelmas term.[2]

HIP. That's enou', o' conscience.

VEN. But, sirrah, does the duke's son come single?

HIP. No; there's the hell on't: his faith's too feeble to go alone. He brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzz against supper-time, and hum for his coming out.

VEN. Ah, the fly-flap of vengeance beat 'em to pieces! Here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him; show him the body of the duke his father, and how quaintly he died, like a politician, in hugger-mugger,[3] made no man acquainted with it; and

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[1] The 4° reads, *Buy.—Steevens.*

[2] Michaelmas term now has but four returns. By the Statute 16 Car. I. c. vi. it was abridged of two; and again, by 24 Geo. II. c. xlviii. of the like number.

[3] In secret. This uncouth expression occurs in "Hamlet," act iv. sc. 5, which many modern editors have altered to the more modern phrase of *in private;* but as Dr Johnson

in catastrophe slain him over his father's breast. O, I'm mad to lose such a sweet opportunity!

HIP. Nay, pish! prythee, be content! there's no remedy present; may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this?

VEN. They may, if they can paint so well.

HIP. Come now: to avoid all suspicion, let's forsake this room, and be going to meet the duke's son.

VEN. Content: I'm for any weather. Heart! step close: here he comes.

Enter LUSURIOSO.

HIP. My honour'd lord!

LUS. O me! you both present?

VEN. E'en newly, my lord, just as your lordship entered now: about this place we had notice given he should be, but in some loathsome plight or other.

HIP. Came your honour private?

LUS. Private enough for this; only a few
Attend my coming out.

HIP. Death rot those few! [*Aside.*]

LUS. Stay, yonder's the slave.

VEN. Mass, there's the slave indeed, my lord.
'Tis a good child: he calls his father slave! [*Aside.*

observes, "if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and as these alterations will often be unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. Mr Steevens, by several instances, has shown that the terms were in common use, and conveyed no low or vulgar ideas, and several others might be added: as in Ascham's "Toxophilus," 1571: "If shootinge fault at anye time, it hydes it not, it lurkes not in corners and *budder mother*."

LUS. Ay, that's the villain, the damn'd villain. Softly. Tread easy.

VEN. Puh! I warrant you, my lord, we'll stifle in our breaths.

LUS. That will do well:
Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last; 'tis policy
To have him kill'd in's sleep; for, if he wak'd,
He would betray all to them.

VEN. But, my lord——

LUS. Ha, what say'st?

VEN. Shall we kill him now he's drunk?

LUS. Ay, best of all.

VEN. Why, then he will ne'er live to be sober.

LUS. No matter, let him reel to hell.

VEN. But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire.

LUS. Thou art a mad beast.[1]

VEN. And leave none to warm your lordship's golls[2] withal; for he that dies drunk falls into hell-fire like a bucket of water—qush, qush!

LUS. Come, be ready: nake your swords:[3] think of your wrongs; this slave has injured you.

VEN. Troth, so he has, and he has paid well for't.

LUS. Meet with him now.

VEN. You'll bear us out, my lord?

LUS. Puh! am I a lord for nothing, think you? quickly now!

VEN. Sa, sa, sa, thump—there he lies.

LUS. Nimbly done.—Ha! O villains! murderers!
'Tis the old duke my father.

VEN. That's a jest.

[1] The 4° reads *breast*.—*Steevens*.

[2] Hands.

[3] *i.e.*, unsheathe them, let them be *naked* swords.—*Steevens*.

LUS. What, stiff and cold already!
O, pardon me to call you from your names:
'Tis none of your deed: that villain Piato,
Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered
And left him thus disguis'd.
HIP. And not unlikely.
VEN. O rascal! was he not asham'd
To put the duke into a greasy doublet?
LUS. He has been cold and stiff—who knows how long?
VEN. Marry, that I do. [*Aside.*
LUS. No words, I pray, of anything intended.
VEN. O my lord.
HIP. I would fain have your lordship think that we have small reason to prate.
LUS. Faith, thou say'st true; I'll forthwith send to court
For all the nobles, bastard, duchess; tell,
How here by miracle we found him dead,
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.
VEN. That will be the best way, my lord,
To clear us all; let's cast about to be clear.
LUS. Ho! Nencio, Sordido, and the rest!

Enter ALL.

1ST NOBLE. My lord.
2D NOBLE. My lord.
LUS. Be witnesses of a strange spectacle.
Choosing for private conference that sad room,
We found the duke my father geal'd in blood.
1ST NOBLE. My lord the duke! run, hie thee. Nencio,
Startle the court by signifying so much.
VEN. This much by wit a deep revenger can:
When murder's known, to be the clearest man.
We're farthest off, and with as bold an eye
Survey his body as the standers-by. [*Aside.*]

LUS. My royal father, too basely let blood
By a malevolent slave!
HIP. Hark! he calls thee slave again. [*Aside.*
VEN. He has lost: he may. [*Aside.*
LUS. O sight! look hither, see, his lips are gnawn
With poison.
VEN. How! his lips? by the mass, they be.
O villain! O rogue! O slave! O rascal!
HIP. O good deceit! he quits him with like terms.
AMB. [*Within.*] Where?
SUP. [*Within.*] Which way?

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

AMB. Over what roof hangs this prodigious comet
In deadly fire?
LUS. Behold, behold, my lords, the duke my father's murdered by a vassal that owes this habit, and here left disguised.

Enter DUCHESS *and* SPURIO.

DUCH. My lord and husband?
2D NOBLE. Reverend majesty!
1ST NOBLE. I have seen these clothes often attending on him.
VEN. That nobleman has been i' th' country, for he does not lie. [*Aside.*]
SUP. Learn of our mother; let's dissemble too:
I am glad he's vanish'd; so, I hope, are you.
AMB. Ay, you may take my word for't.
SPU. Old dad dead?
I, one of his cast sins, will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his own son;
I'll tug in the new stream, till strength be done.

LUS. Where be those two that did affirm to us,
My lord the duke was privately rid forth?
1ST NOBLE. O, pardon us, my lords; he gave that charge—
Upon our lives, if he were miss'd at court,
To answer so; he rode not anywhere;
We left him private with that fellow here.
VEN. Confirmed. [*Aside.*]
LUS. O heavens! that false charge was his death.
Impudent beggars! durst you to our face
Maintain such a false answer? Bear him straight
To execution.
1ST NOBLE. My lord!
LUS. Urge me no more.
In this the excuse may be call'd half the murder
VEN. You've sentenc'd well. [*Aside.*]
LUS. Away; see it be done.
VEN. Could you not stick? See what confession doth!
Who would not lie, when men are hang'd for truth? [*Aside.*]
HIP. Brother, how happy is our vengeance! [*Aside.*
VEN. Why, it hits past the apprehension of
Indifferent wits. [*Aside.*
LUS. My lord, let post-horses be sent
Into all places to entrap the villain.
VEN. Post-horses, ha, ha! [*Aside.*
NOBLE. My lord, we're something bold to know our duty.
Your father's accidentally departed;
The titles that were due to him meet you.
LUS. Meet me! I'm not at leisure, my good lord.
I've many griefs to despatch out o' th' way.
Welcome, sweet titles!— [*Aside.*
Talk to me, my lords,

Of sepulchres and mighty emperors' bones ;
That's thought for me.
VEN. So one may see by this
How foreign markets go ;
Courtiers have feet o' th' nines, and tongues o' th' twelves ;
They flatter dukes, and dukes flatter themselves.
[*Aside.*]
NOBLE. My lord, it is your shine must comfort us.
LUS. Alas ! I shine in tears, like the sun in April.
NOBLE. You're now my lord's grace.
LUS. My lord's grace ! I perceive you'll have it so.
NOBLE. 'Tis but your own.
LUS. Then, heavens, give me grace to be so !
VEN. He prays well for himself. [*Aside.*
NOBLE. Madam, all sorrows
Must run their circles into joys. No doubt but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
VEN. He were an ass then, i' faith. [*Aside.*
NOBLE. In the mean season,
Let us bethink the latest funeral honours
Due to the duke's cold body. And withal,
Calling to memory our new happiness
Speed [1] in his royal son : lords, gentlemen,
Prepare for revels.
VEN. Revels. [*Aside.*]
NOBLE. Time hath several falls.
Griefs lift up joys : feasts put down funerals.
LUS. Come then, my lords, my favour's to you all.
The duchess is suspected foully bent ;
I'll begin dukedom with her banishment.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, NOBLES, *and* DUCHESS.
HIP. Revels !

[1] [Edits., *spread.*]

VEN. Ay, that's the word : we are firm yet ;
Strike one strain more, and then we crown our wit. [*Exeunt* HIPPOLITO *and* VENDICE.

SPU. Well, have at the fairest mark[1]—so said the duke when he begot me ;
And if I miss his heart, or near about,
Then have at any ; a bastard scorns to be out.

SUP. Note'st thou that Spurio, brother ?

ANT. Yes, I note him to our shame.

SUP. He shall not live : his hair shall not grow much longer. In this time of revels, tricks may be set afoot. See'st thou yon new moon ? it shall outlive the new duke by much ; this hand shall dispossess him. Then we're mighty.
A mask is treason's licence, that build upon :
'Tis murder's best face, when a vizard's on. [*Exit.*

AMB. Is't so ? 'tis very good !
And do you think to be duke then, kind brother ?
I'll see fair play ; drop one, and there lies t'other.
[*Aside. Exit.*]

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO, *with* PIERO *and other Lords.*

VEN. My lords, be all of music, strike old griefs into other countries
That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,
Not daring to stab home their discontents.
Let our hid flames break out as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous dukedom, vex'd with sin ;
Wind up your souls to their full height again.

PIERO. How ?

1ST LORD. Which way ?

3D LORD. Any way : our wrongs are such,
We cannot justly be reveng'd too much.

---

[1] The 4° reads, *Well, have the fairest mark.—Collier.*

VEN. You shall have all enough. Revels are toward,
And those few nobles that have long suppress'd you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a masque,
And do affect to make a pleasant tale on't:
The masquing suits are fashioning: now comes in
That which must glad us all. We too take pattern
Of all those suits, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an undistinguish'd hair almost:
Then entering first, observing the true form,
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure
To steal our swords out handsomely;
And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
In midst of all their joys they shall sigh blood.
PIERO. Weightily, effectually!
THIRD. Before the t'other masquers come——
VEN. We're gone, all done and past.
PIERO. But how for the duke's guard?
VEN. Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down.
HIP. There are five hundred gentlemen in the action,
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.
PIERO. O, let us hug your bosoms!
VEN. Come, my lords,
Prepare for deeds: let other times have words.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

[1] [A MS. note in one of the former edits. suggests, *to other times leave words*].

In a dumb show, the procession[1] *of the young duke, with all his nobles; then sounding music. A furnished table is brought forth; then enter the duke and his nobles to the banquet. A blazing star appeareth.*

1ST NOBLE. Many harmonious hours and choicest pleasures
Fill up the royal number of your years!
LUS. My lords, we're pleas'd to thank you, though we know
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.
1ST NOBLE. That shine makes us all happy.
3D NOBLE. His grace frowns.
2D NOBLE. Yet we must say he smiles.
1ST NOBLE. I think we must.
LUS. That foul incontinent duchess we have banish'd;
The bastard shall not live. After these revels,
I'll begin strange ones: he and the step-sons
Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies;
We must not frown so soon, else't had been now.
[*Aside.*]
1ST NOBLE. My gracious lord, please you prepare for pleasure.
The masque is not far off.
LUS. We are for pleasure.
Beshrew thee, what art thou? [thou] mad'st me start!
Thou hast committed treason. A blazing star!
1ST NOBLE. A blazing star! O, where, my lord?
LUS. Spy out.

---

[1] [Old copy, *possessing.*]

2D NOBLE. See, see, my lords, a wondrous dreadful one!

LUS. I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing, flaring star. Am not I duke?
It should not quake me now. Had it appear'd
Before, I might then have justly fear'd;
But yet they say, whom art and learning weds,
When stars wear locks, they threaten great men's heads:
Is it so? you are read, my lords.

1ST NOBLE. May it please your grace,
It shows great anger.

LUS. That does not please our grace.

2D NOBLE. Yet here's the comfort, my lord: many times,
When it seems most near, it threatens farthest off.

LUS. Faith, and I think so too.

1ST NOBLE. Beside, my lord,
You're gracefully establish'd with the loves
Of all your subjects; and for natural death,
I hope it will be threescore years a-coming.

LUS. Do you? [1] no more but threescore years?

1ST NOBLE. Fourscore, I hope, my lord.

2D NOBLE. And fivescore, I.

3D NOBLE. But 'tis my hope, my lord, you shall ne'er die.

LUS. Give me thy hand; these others I rebuke:
He that hopes so is fittest for a duke:
Thou shalt sit next me; take your places, lords;
We're ready now for sports; let 'em set on:
You thing! we shall forget you quite anon!

3D NOBLE. I hear 'em coming, my lord.

---

[1] [Old copy, *True.*]

Enter the masque of Revengers, the two brothers, and two Lords more.

[*The Revengers' dance: at the end steal out their swords, and these four kill the four at the table, in their chairs. It thunders.*

VEN. Mark, thunder!
Dost know thy cue, thou big-voic'd crier?
Dukes' groans are thunder's watchwords.
HIP. So, my lords, you have enough.
VEN. Come, let's away, no lingering.
HIP. Follow! go! [*Exeunt.*
VEN. No power is angry when the lustful die;
When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy.
[*Exit* VENDICE.
LUS. O, O!

Enter the other masque of intended murderers, stepsons, Bastard, and a fourth man, coming in dancing. The duke recovers a little in voice, and groans, calls, A guard! treason! *at which they all start out of their measure, and, turning towards the table, they find them all to be murdered.*

SPU. Whose groan was that?
LUS. Treason! a guard!
AMB. How now? all murder'd!
SUP. Murder'd!
4TH NOBLE. And those his nobles?
AMB. Here's a labour sav'd;
I thought to have sped him. 'Sblood, how came this?
SPU. Then I proclaim myself; now I am duke.
AMB. Thou duke! brother, thou liest.
SPU. Slave! so dost thou.
4TH NOBLE. Base villain! hast thou slain my lord and master?

Enter the first men.

VEN. Pistols! treason! murder! Help! guard my lord the duke!
HIP. Lay hold upon these traitors.
LUS. O!
VEN. Alas! the duke is murder'd.
HIP. And the nobles.
VEN. Surgeons! surgeons! Heart! does he breathe so long? [*Aside.*
ANT. A piteous tragedy! able to make[1]
An old man's eyes bloodshot.
LUS. O!
VEN. Look to my lord the duke. A vengeance throttle him! [*Aside.*
Confess, thou murd'rous and unhallow'd man,
Didst thou kill all these?
4TH NOBLE. None but the bastard, I.
VEN. How came the duke slain, then?
4TH NOBLE. We found him so.
LUS. O villain!
VEN. Hark!
LUS. Those in the masque did murder us.
VEN. La you now, sir—
O marble impudence! will you confess now?
4TH NOBLE. 'Sblood, 'tis all false.
ANT. Away with that foul monster,
Dipp'd in a prince's blood.
4TH NOBLE. Heart! 'tis a lie.
ANT. Let him have bitter execution.
VEN. New marrow! no, it cannot be express'd.[2]
How fares my lord the duke?
LUS. Farewell to all;
He that climbs highest has the greatest fall.
My tongue is out of office.

---

[1] The 4° reads, *wake.*
[2] The 4° reads, *I cannot be express'd.—Collier.*

VEN. Air, gentlemen, air.
Now thou'lt not prate on't, 'twas Vendice murder'd thee. [*Whispers in his ear.*]
LUS. O!
VEN. Murder'd thy father. [*Whispers.*]
LUS. O! [*Dies.*
VEN. And I am he: tell nobody—so, so, the duke's departed.
ANT. It was a deadly hand that wounded him.
The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway
After his death, were so made all away.
VEN. My lord was unlikely——
HIP. Now the hope
Of Italy lies in your reverend years.
VEN. Your hair will make the silver age again,
When there were fewer, but more honest men.
ANT. The burthen's weighty, and will press age down;
May I so rule, that heaven may keep the crown!
VEN. The rape of your good lady has been quitted
With death on death.
ANT. Just is the law above.
But of all things it put me most to wonder
How the old duke came murder'd!
VEN. O my lord!
ANT. It was the strangeliest carried: I not heard of the like.
HIP. 'Twas all done for the best, my lord.
VEN. All for your grace's good. We may be bold to speak it now,
'Twas somewhat witty carried, though we say it—
'Twas we two murder'd him.
ANT. You two?
VEN. None else, i' faith, my lord. Nay, 'twas well-manag'd.

ANT. Lay hands upon those villains!
VEN. How! on us?
ANT. Bear 'em to speedy execution.
VEN. Heart! was't not for your good, my lord?
ANT. My good! Away with 'em: such an old man as he!
You, that would murder him, would murder me.
VEN. Is't come about?
HIP. 'Sfoot, brother, you begun.
VEN. May not we set as well as the duke's son?[1]
Thou hast no conscience, are we not reveng'd?
Is there one enemy left alive amongst those?
'Tis time to die, when we ourselves our foes:[2]
When murderers shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em:
If none disclose 'em, they themselves reveal 'em!
This murder might have slept in tongueless brass
But for ourselves, and the world died an ass.
Now I remember too, here was Piato
Brought forth a knavish sentence once;
No doubt (said he), but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
'Tis well he died; he was a witch.
And now, my lord, since we are in for ever,
This work was ours, which else might have been slipp'd!
And if we list, we could have nobles clipp'd,
And go for less than beggars; but we hate
To bleed so cowardly: we have enough,
I' faith, we're well, our mother turn'd, our sister true,
We die after a nest of dukes. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

[1] [Edits., *so.*]
[2] ["Mark this—it was his intention from the first to die when his revenge had been consummated."—*MS. note in former edition.*]

ANT. How subtlely was that murder clos'd ![1]
Bear up
Those tragic bodies : 'tis a heavy season ;
Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treason ! [*Exit.*

[1] *Clos'd* for *disclos'd.—Gilchrist.*

FINIS.

THE DUMB KNIGHT.

EDITIONS.

The dumbe Knight. A historicall Comedy, acted sundry times by the children of his Maiesties Reuels. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Iohn Bache, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-head Palace, neere to the Royall Exchange. 1608. 4°.[1]

The Dumbe Knight. An Historicall Comedy, acted sundry times by the children of his Majesties Revells. London, Printed by A. M. for William Sheares, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Chancery Lane, near Seriants Inne. 1633. 4°.

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[1] This edition had a different title-page to some of the copies, but in all other respects they were similar : it was as follows—

"The dumbe Knight. A pleasant Comedy, acted sundry times by the children of his Maiesties Reuels. Written by Iaruis Markham." [Imprint the same as above.]—*Collier.*

[MR COLLIER'S PREFACE.][1]

LEWES MACHIN was assisted, as he states, in writing this play, by one "whose worth hath been often approved," and it is singular that until very recently the name of his coadjutor should have remained unknown, when in the Garrick Collection, always accessible in the British Museum, is a copy of "The Dumb Knight," edition of 1608, with the name of his "partner in the wrong" on the title-page, viz., Jervis or Gervase Markham. Another copy, with the same distinction, was sold in Mr Rhodes' collection. Why it was afterwards altered cannot now be ascertained; perhaps Markham wished to avoid the consequences of the "strange constructions" on the play to which Machin in his epistle refers, and therefore withdrew his name. Nevertheless the address of Machin "to the understanding reader" is prefixed to the copies with and without the name of his assistant.

Although Markham was a voluminous writer, little or nothing is known regarding the events of his life.

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[1] [To the play, as printed in the last edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays."]

A curious anecdote of a Gervase Markham is quoted by Sir E. Brydges, in his edition of Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum," p. 279; but in all probability it is not the same individual, as that person was high sheriff of Nottinghamshire in 1625, and was robbed of £5000. Gervase Markham the poet and book-maker never could have possessed any such sum. He is said to have been the son of Robert Markham of Cotham; but this is very questionable. When and where he was born, and died, yet remains to be discovered. He began his career of authorship late in the reign of Elizabeth, viz., in 159[3, when his "Thyrsis and Daphne," a piece no longer known, was revised for the press. In the same year he produced "A Discourse of Horsemanship;" and] in 1595 he published "The Most Honourable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinvile (Grenville), Knight." By this work he seems to have acquired much reputation.[1] Though called a *tragedy*, it is only a narrative and elegiac poem in the octave rhyme.

Ritson also assigns to Markham a translation of Solomon's Song, in the same year, but it has only the initials L. M. on the title-page. In 1597, he printed a translation from the French, called "Devoreux, Vertues Tears for the Loss of the Most Christian King Henry

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[1] Charles Fitzgeoffry, writing a similar poem on Sir Francis Drake, in 1596, thus mentions Markham's work—

> "Well hath this poet royalis'd his facts
> And curiousile describ'd his tragedie;
> Quaintile he hath eternised his acts
> In lasting characters of memorie,
> Even co-eternal with eternitie:
> So that the world envies his happie state,
> That he should live when it is ruinate."

III." In 1608 appeared a translation of Ariosto's "Satires," with his name on the title-page, but the work was subsequently claimed by Robert Tofte. The blame belonged, perhaps, to some knavish bookseller who, having obtained the MS., availed himself of Markham's popularity. [Barnaby Rich's "Alarm to England," was reprinted in 1625 under the title of "Vox Militis," with a poem by Markham prefixed, and without any mention of the true writer.] He continued to write various works, some on agriculture and farriery, [during the reign of James I.[1]] His only other dramatic performance was a tragedy called "Herod and Antipater," which was printed in 1622, and in the composition of which he was joined by W. Sampson.

Of Lewis Machin merely the name has come down to us in connection with Markham and William Barkstead. The latter in 1607 printed "Mirrha, the Mother of Adonis," and at the end of it were placed "three Eglogs" by Lewis Machin. The first of "Menalcas and Daphnis," and the two others of "Apollo and Hyacinth." It is impossible now to ascertain what share he had in "The Dumb Knight," which appears to have been a successful play, although its merits are by no means conspicuous. It is mentioned in the following terms in Shirley's "Example," 1637, sig. A 4 :—

"VAINMAN. You will give me leave to answer you,
If you should ask me anything?

[1] A person of the name of Robert Markham wrote and printed in 1628 "A description of that ever-to-be-famed knight Sir John "Burgh." Whether he was in any way related to Gervase Markham is not known.

"JACINTHA. Not a syllable,
Though I desir'd to know what o'clock 'tis ;
There's your obedience : at six months' end
I may reward your silence.

"PUMICE-STONE. She'll make him the Dumb Knight.

"JACINTHA. I will not engage you to be a mute so long."

"The Dumb Knight" was entered on the stationers' books on the 6th October 1608, in which year it was first printed. It was reprinted in 1633, perhaps on its revival at one of the theatres, which led Shirley to allude to it in 1637. The edition of 1633 is a copy of that of 1608, with all the original errors, and the addition of some others. It sometimes happens that an obscure reading is explained or a misprint corrected in later copies, even if the mistakes generally are multiplied; but this is not the case with "The Dumb Knight." Mr Reed seems to have used the edition of 1633, and therefore included most of the errors of both of the old copies. He also introduced several conjectural alterations of his own, and in a manner not easily justified, since he gave no intimation of the liberty he had taken with the author. The play has now been carefully collated, and the more important variations pointed out in the notes.[1]

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[1] [Yet many errors and misprints remained in the former edition, of which some were readily set right, while others seem to bid defiance to a revising hand. It is not even easy, in every case, to detect where the corruption lies.]

TO THE UNDERSTANDING READER.

RUMOUR, that Hydra-headed monster, with more tongues than eyes, by help of his intelligencer Envy, hath made strange constructions on this Dumb Knight, which then could not answer for himself; but now this publication doth untie his tongue, to answer the objections of all sharp critical censures, which heretofore have undeservedly passed upon him. And for my part, I protest the wrongs I have received by some (whose worths I will not traduce), with a mild neglect I have laughed at their follies; for I think myself happy, because I have been envied, since the best now in grace have been subject to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselves, and think it great praise to them to detract praise from others that deserve it; yet having a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath been often approved, I count the wrong but half a wrong, because he knows best how to answer for himself; but I now in his absence make this apology, both for him and me. Thus leaving you and the book together, I ever rest yours,

LEWIS MACHIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men

King of Cyprus.

Philocles, *his favourite, the Dumb Knight.*

Duke of Epire.

Alphonso.

Florio.

Prate, *an Orator* [*lawyer*].

Mechant, Velours, Drap, } *Clients to Prate.*

Precedent, *Clerk to Prate.*

Cælio, *Marshal for the Queen.*

Chip *and* Shavings, *Carpenters.*

Heralds, Watchmen, Gentleman-Usher, Physician, Executioner, &c.

Women.

Queen of Sicily.

Mariana, *her Companion, and Sister to the Duke of Epire.*

Lollia, *Wife to the Orator.*

Collaquintida, *a Bawd.*

Attendants, &c.

Scene, Sicily.

THE DUMB KNIGHT.[1]

ACTUS I., SCÆNA 1.[2]

Enter the KING OF CYPRUS, PHILOCLES, FLORIO, *and Attendants in arms.* [*Music.*

ENOUGH; these loud sounds deaf my passions:
How long shall love make me a slave to hope,
And mix my calm desires with tyranny?
O Philocles! this[3] heresy I hold,
Thought and affection cannot be controll'd.

PHIL. Yet may't be bent and suppled with extremes,
Sith few foresee[4] the end of violence.
What makes the skilful leech[5] to use the fire,
Or war her engines, or states policy,

[1] Langbaine observes that several incidents in this play are borrowed from novels, as the story of Mariana swearing Philocles to be dumb, from Bandello's Novels; Alfonso cuckolding Prate the orator, and the latter appearing before the council, from the same book. The English reader may see the same story in "The Complaisant Companion," 8°, 1674.

[2] The word *music* is here inserted in the 4°, 1608, and is repeated at the commencement of each act.

[3] *'Tis heresy I hold*—edit. of 1608.

[4] [Old copies, *fare see.*]

[5] An old word used by Chaucer, Spenser, Fairfax, and other writers, signifying a physician.

But to recover things most desperate?
Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave,
Never to faint doth purchase what we crave.
CYP. True, my Philocles, yet my recreant soul,
Slav'd to her beauty, would renounce all war,
And yield her right to love, did not thy spirit,
Mix'd with my longing, fortify these arms.
But I am now resolv'd, and this sad hour
Shall give an end to my distemperature.
Summon a parley.

Enter aloft the QUEEN OF SICILY, MARIANA,[1] *the* DUKE OF EPIRE, ALPHONSO, *and Attendants.*

QUEEN. What says our tyrant suitor, our disease in love,
That makes our thoughts a slave unto his sword:
What says my lord?
CYP. Madam, attend me, this is my latest summons:
The many suns my sorrows have beheld,
And my sad nights of longings, all through hope
T' enjoy the joy of earth (your own dear self),
Are grown so infinite in length and weight,
That like to wearied Atlas I enforce
These wars, as Hercules, to bear my load:
Briefly, I must enjoy you, or else lose
The breath of life which to prevent, behold
My sword must be my Cupid, and with feather'd steel
Force pity from your breast. Your city's walls,
Chidden with my cannons, have set ope a path,

[1] The entrance of Mariana with the queen, &c., is not mentioned, though her *exit* is noticed: by the dialogue, which follows their departure from the walls, it is evident that she ought to be named, though hitherto omitted.—*Collier.*

And boldly bid me enter: all your men of war,
Feebled with famine and a weary siege,
Take danger from mine actions: only yourself,
Strong in your will, oppose even destiny,
And like the giants' war offend the heavens.
Which to prevent, do but descend and give
Peace to my love-suit, and as o'ercome thereby
I'll yield myself your prisoner, and be drawn
A thrall in your triumphant victory.
If otherwise, behold these fatal swords
Shall ne'er be sheath'd till we be conquerors:
And, not respecting innocence nor sex,
The cries of infants, nor the prayers of age,
All things shall perish, till within my arms
I fold yourself, my thrall and conqueror

QUEEN. Thou may'st be master of my body's tomb;
But for my soul and mind they are as free
As their creation, and with angel's wings
Can soar beyond thy reach: trust me, King of Cyprus,
Those coals the Roman Portia did devour
Are not burnt out, nor have th' Egyptian worms [1]
Yet lost their stings; steel holds his temper still,
And these are ransoms from captivity.
But art thou noble? hast thou one royal thought?

CYP. Approve me by your question.

QUEEN. Then briefly thus:
To shun the great effusion of their bloods,
Who feel no touch in mine affections,
Dare you to single combat, two to two,
Refer your right in love?

[1] Dr Johnson observes that worm is the Teutonic word for serpent; and Dr Percy, that in the northern counties the same word is still used in that sense. See their several notes, and also Mr Tollet's to "Antony and Cleopatra," act v. sc. 2.

CYP. Who are your combatants? we love equality.

QUEEN. This is the first, the Epire duke, a man
Sprung from the line of famous Scanderbeg.
The next Alphonso, sprung from noble blood;
Who, laden with rich Lusitanian prize,
Hath rode through Syracuse twice in pomp.

CYP. Their likings to the motion?

EPIRE. They are like wrath,
Never unarm'd to beat weak injury.

ALPH. Nay more, we are the sons of destiny:
Virtue's our guide, our aim is dignity.

PHIL. 'Sfoot, king, shalt not forsake 'em: this I see,
Love, fight, and death are rul'd by destiny.

CYP. My spirit speaks thy motion,
Madam, although advantage might evade,
And give my love more hope, yet my bent will,
Bow'd to your pleasure, doth embrace your law.
We do accept the combat, and ourself
Will with that duke try fortunes; this my friend,
The more [1] part of myself, my dearest Philocles,
One of an angel's temper, shall with that lord
Try best and worst. The place? the time? the sword?

EPIRE. They are your rights, we claim as challengers.

CYP. And we would lose that 'vantage; but since fame
Makes virtue dullard,[2] we embrace our rights:
The place before these walls, the hour next sun,
The pole-axe and the hand-axe for the fight.

QUEEN. It is enough;
My hostage is my person and my love,

---

[1] [Greater, better.]

[2] [Former edits., *dulat*, which can surely have no meaning.]

CYP. And mine my hope, my faith, and royalty.
EPIRE. They are of poise sufficient, and one light
Shall at one instant give us day and night.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, MARIANA, EPIRE, ALPHONSO, *&c.*
CYP. She's gone, my Philocles: and as she goes, even so
The sun forsakes the heavens to kiss the sea;
Day in her beauty leaves us, and methinks
Her absence doth exile all happiness.
Tell me, my Philocles, nay, prythee,
Tell me true, even from that love
Which to us both should blend one sympathy,
Discharge an open breast: dost thou not think
She is the mirror of her beauteous sex,
Unparallel'd and uncompanioned?
PHIL. Envy will say she's rare; then truth must vow
She is beyond compare, sith in her looks
Each motion hath a speaking majesty;
She is herself compared with herself:
For, but herself, she hath no companion.[1]
But when I think of beauty, wit and grace,
The elements of native[2] delicacy,
Those all-eye-pleasing harmonies of sight,

[1] If Theobald had been as well read in our ancient dramatic writers as he pretended to be, he would have produced this passage in justification of the celebrated line in "The Double Falshood"—

"None but himself can be his parallel"

It is certain, if authorities would sanctify absurdity, he might have made a better defence against Mr Pope than that which he published. He might also have quoted the following line from Massinger's "Duke of Milan," act iv. sc. 3—

"And, but herself, admits no parallel."

[2] [Former edits., *active*.]

Which do enchant men's fancies, and stir up
The life-blood of dull earth—O, then methinks
Fair Mariana hath an equal place,
And if not outshine, shows[1] more beautiful.

CYP. More than my queen?

PHIL. More in the gloss of beauty; less in worth,
In wisdom and great thoughts: the one I find
Was made for wonder, the other for admire.

CYP. Thine equal praises make my fancies rich:
And I am pleas'd with thy comparisons;
Things of like nature live in best concent,
Beauty with subjects, majesty with kings.
Then let those two ideas lively move
Spirit beyond all spirit in our breasts,
That in the end of our great victory
We may attain both love and majesty.

PHIL. Although my first creation and my birth,
My thoughts and other tempers of my soul,
Took all their noble beings from the sword,
And made me only for the use of wars;
Yet in this combat, something (methinks) appears,
Greater than the greatest glory, and doth raise
My mind beyond herself:
'Sfoot, methinks Cæsar's Pharsalia,
Nor Scipio's Carthage, nor Emilius' acts,
Were worthy chairs of triumph: they o'er men's
Poor mangled bodies, and fire-wasted climes,
Made their triumphant passage; but we two
Must conquer thoughts and love more than the gods can do.

CYP. True, and therein
Consists the glorious garland of our praise—
But we neglect th' affairs of preparation.
Florio, be it your charge
To see th' erection of the squared lists,

[1] Former edits., *it shows.*

Fit ground for either army, and what else
Belongs unto such royal eminence.
FLO. How near will your majesty have[1] the lists extend
Unto the city walls?
CYP. So as the dullest eye
May see the heedfull'st passage in the fight.
FLO. What square or circuit?
CYP. Threescore pace each way.
FLO. Your majesty shall have your will perform'd.
PHIL. Do, and you do us grace. And now, thou sun,
That art the eye of heaven, whose pure sight
Shall be our guide and Jove's great chronicler,
Look from thy sphere!
No guilt of pride, of malice, or of blood,
Puts on our armour; only pure naked love
Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions move.
CYP. Enough, my Philocles, thine orisons are heard.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOLLIA, *the wife of Prate the Orator.*[2]

LOL. Now fie upon't, who would be an orator's wife, and not a gentlewoman, if she could choose! A lady is the most sweet lascivious life, congies and kisses—the tire, O the tire, made castle upon castle, jewel upon jewel, knot upon knot; crowns, garlands, gardings,[3] and what not? the hood, the

[1] [Edits., *Majesty's hand.* The emendation was suggested by Collier.]
[2] There seems no reason for omitting these explanatory matters, which save a reference to the *Dramatis Personæ.* —*Collier.*
[3] [Former edits., *gardens.*]

rebato,[1] the French fall,[2] the loose-bodied gown, the pin in the hair; no clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change; when we poor souls must come and go for every man's pleasure: and what's a lady more than another body? we have legs and hands, and rolling eyes, hanging lips, sleek brows, cherry cheeks, and other things as ladies have—but the fashion carries it away.

Enter Mistress COLLAQUINTIDA.

COL. Why how now, Mistress Prate? i' th' old disease still? will it never be better? cannot a woman find one kind man amongst twenty? O the days that I have seen, when the law of a woman's wit could have put her husband's purse to execution!

LOL. O Mistress Collaquintida, mine is even the unnaturallest man to his wife——

COL. Faith, for the most part, all scholars are so, for they take so upon them to know all things, that indeed they know nothing; and besides, they are with study and ease grown so unwieldy, that a woman shall ne'er want a sore stomach that's troubled with them.

LOL. And yet they must have the government of all.

COL. True, and great reason they have for it: but a wise man will put it in a woman's hand: what! she'll save what he spends.

LOL. You have a pretty ruff, how deep is it?

COL. Nay this is but shallow; marry, I have a ruff is a quarter deep, measured by the yard?

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[1] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band, or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat.*

[2] [Allusively to the enormously high headdress worn by ladies.]

LOL. Indeed! by the yard?

COL. By the standard, I assure you: you have a pretty set too! how big is the steel you set with?

LOL. As big as is[1] reasonable sufficient:—pity of my life, I have forgot myself; if my husband should rise from his study, and miss me, we should have such a coil.

COL. A coil, why what coil? if he were my husband, and did but thwart me, I would ring him so many alarums, sound him so many brass trumpets, beat him so many drums to his confusion, and thunder him such a peal of great-shot, that I would turn his brain in the pan, and make him mad with an eternal silence.

LOL. O Mistress Collaquintida, but my husband's anger is the worst-favouredst, without all conscience, of any man's in all Sicily; he is even as peevish as a sick monkey, and as waspish as an ill-pleas'd bride the second morning.

COL. Let your wrath be reciprocal, and pay him at his own weapon—but to the purpose for which I came. The party you wot of commends him to you in this diamond; he that met the party you know, and said the party's party was a party of a partly pretty understanding.

LOL. O, the Lord Alphonso.

COL. The very same, believe it: he loves you, and swears he so loves you, that if you do not credit him, you are worse than an infidel.

LOL. Indeed, Mistress Collaquintida, he hath the right garb for apparel, the true touch with the tongue in the kiss, and he dances well but falls heavily: but my husband, woman, my husband!—if we could put out his cat's eyes, there were something to be said; but they are ever peeping and prying, that they are able to pierce through a

[Old copy, *a*.]

millstone: besides, I may say to you, he is a little jealous too; and see where he comes! We shall have a coil now.

Enter PRATE *the Orator.*

COL. Begin you to pout first; for that's a woman's prevention.

PRATE. What, Lollia, I say, where are you? my house looks you, my men lack you, I seek you, and a whole quest of inquiry cannot find you; fie, fie, fie! idleness is the whip of thrift: a good housewife should ever be occupied.

LOL. Indeed I have much joy to be occupied in anybody's company.

PRATE. Why, what's the matter?

LOL. Why, orators' wives shortly will be known like images on water-stairs, ever in one weather-beaten suit, as if none wore hoods but monks and ladies: nor feathers, but fore-horses and waiting gentlewomen; nor chains, but prisoners and lords' officers; nor periwigs, but players and hot-brains—but the weakest must to the wall still.[1]

PRATE. Go to, you shall have what you will.

LOL. Nay, nay, 'twas my hard fortune to be your wife; time was I might have done otherwise. But it matters not: you esteem me, as you do yourself, and think all things costly enough that cover shame, and that a pair of silken fore-sleeves

[1] This proverb is also quoted in "The Bloody Banquet," by T. D., 1639, which Mr Malone [wrongly] gives to R. Davenport—

CLOWN. O, always *the weakest goes to the wall.*

There was a play first printed in 1600, under the title of "The Weakest goeth to the Wall," the plot of which is taken with much servility from B. Rich's "Farewell to the Militarie Profession," 1581 and 1606, which book also furnished Shakespeare with the plot of his "Twelfth Night."—*Collier.*

to a satin breastplate is a garment good enough for a capitol; but is Master Wrangle, Master Tangle, or Master Trolbear, of that opinion? in faith, sir, no.

There's never a gallant in our state
That goes more rich in gaudy bravery:
And yet (I hope) for quality of speech,
Audacious words, or quirks or quiddities,
You are not held their much inferior.
Fie, fie! I am ashamed to see your baseness.

COL. Indeed, Master Prate, she tells you truly; I wonder that you, being a proper man and an orator, will not go brave,[1] according to the custom of the country.

PRATE. Go to, neighbour; he that will rise to the top of a high ladder must go up, not leap up: but be patient, wench, and thou shalt shortly see me gallant it with the best, and for thyself, my Lollia—

Not Lollia Paulina, nor those blazing stars,
Which make the world the apes of Italy,
Shall match thyself in sun-bright splendency.

LOL. Nay, verily, for myself I care not, 'tis you that are my pride; if you would go like yourself, I were appeased.

PRATE. Believe it, wench, so I will:—but to the purpose for which I came. The end of this great war is now brought to a combat, two to two, the Duke of Epire and Alphonso for our queen, against the king and Prince Philocles: now, wench, if thou wilt go see the fight, I will send and provide thee of a good standing.

LOL. Indeed, for you have ne'er a good one of your own. [*Aside.*

PRATE. What! Precedent, I say!

PRE. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

---

[1] Fine.

PRATE. Why, when, I say? the villain's belly is like a bottomless pit—ever filling, and yet empty; at your leisure, sir.

Enter PRECEDENT, PRATE'S *man, eating.*

PRE. I can make no more haste than my teeth will give me leave.

PRATE. Well, sir, get you without the town to the place of the combat, and provide me for my wife some good standing to see the conflict.

PRE. How, master, how! must I provide a good standing for you for my mistress? truly, master, I think a marrow-bone pie, candied eringoes, preserved dates, marmalade of cantharides, were much better harbingers; cock-sparrow stewed, doves' brains, or swans' pizzles, are very provocative; roasted potatoes[1] or boiled skirrets[2] are your only lofty dishes; methinks these should fit you better than I can do.

PRATE. What's this, what's this? I say, provide me a standing for my wife upon a scaffold.

PRE. And truly, master, I think a private chamber were better.

PRATE. I grant you—if there were a chamber convenient.

PRE. Willing minds will make shift in a simple hole; close windows, strong locks, hard bed, and sure posts, are your only ornaments.

PRATE. I think the knave be mad; sirrah, you chop-logic blockhead, you that have your brain-pan made of dry leather, and your wit ever wet-

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[1] See Mr Collins's note to "Troilus and Cressida," for Dyce's "Shakespeare Glossary," art. *Potato.*]

[2] "Skirret, Sisarum, quasi skirwort, *i.e.*, sisar-wort. Tiberii Aug. deliciæ: credo potius a Belg. *suycker-wortel*, idem signante. . . ."—*Skinner.* Compare Hofman and C. Plinii "Nat. Hist." lib. xix. c. 5.

shod, pack about your business, or I'll pack your pen and inkhorn about your ears.

PRE. Well, sir, I may go or so, but would my mistress take a standing of my preferment, I would so mount her, she should love strange things the better all her life after. [*Aside.*

PRATE. Why, when, sir? [*Exit* PRECEDENT.
And come, sweet wife; and, neighbour,
Let us have your company too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door a Herald, and FLORIO, *marshal for the King, with officers bearing the lists; at the other door a Herald, and* CÆLIO, *marshal for the Queen.*

CÆ. Holla! what are you?

FLO. High marshal for the king. Your character?

CÆ. I likewise for the queen; where lies your equal ground?

FLO. Here underneath these walls, and there and there
Ground for the battles.

CÆ. Place there the queen's seat,
And there and there chairs for the combatants.

FLO. Place here the lists; fix every joint as strong,
As 'twere a wall; for on this foot of earth
This day shall stand two famous monuments;
The one a throne of glory bright as gold,
Burnish'd with angels' lustre, and with stars
Pluck'd from the crown of conquest, in which shall sit
Men made half-gods through famous victory:
The other a rich tomb of memorable fame,
Built by the curious thoughts of noble minds,
In which shall sleep these valiant souls in peace,
Whom fortune's hand shall only overthrow.

Heaven, in thy palm this day the balance hings,[1]
Which makes kings gods, or men more great than kings.
CÆ. So, now let the heralds give the champions sign
Of ready preparations. [*Exeunt Heralds.*

The cornets sound; and enter at one end of the stage a Herald, two Pages, one with pole-axes, the other with hand-axes, the DUKE OF EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO, *like combatants; the* QUEEN *and* MARIANA; PRATE, LOLLIA, COLLAQUINTIDA, *and* PRECEDENT *aloft.*

FLO. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?
EPIRE. I am the Duke of Epire, and the mine,[2]
Which doth attract my spirit to run this marshal[3] course
Is the fair guard of a distressed queen, would wed
To hate and inequality, and brutish force;
Which to withstand I boldly enter thus,
And will defail,[4] or else prove recreant.
FLO. And what are you, or your intendiments?
ALPH. I am Alphonso, marshal of this realm,
Who of like-temper'd thoughts and like desires
Have grounded this my sanctimonious zeal,
And will approve the duke's assertions,
Or in this field lie slain and recreant.
FLO. Enter and prosper, as your cause deserves.

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[1] [An old form of] *hangs*. See the Glossary to Douglas's "Virgil," voce *Hingare* [or Halliwell's "Dict." in *v.*]

[2] The magnet, for in Kent they call the ironstone *mine*, quasi *mineral.*—*Pegge.*

[3] [Martial.]

[4] *i.e.*, Prove defective, fail in my strength: *defailler*, Fr. —*Steevens.*

The cornets sound; and enter at the other end of the stage a Herald, two Pages with [hand-]axes and pole-axes; then the KING OF CYPRUS *and* PHILOCLES, *like combatants, and their array.*[1]

CÆ. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?

CYP. I am the King of Cyprus who, led on
By the divine instinct of heavenly love,
Come with my sword to beg that royal maid,
And to approve by gift of heaven and fate
She is alone to me appropriate:
Which to maintain, I challenge entrance here,
Where I will live a king or recreant.

CÆ. And what are you or your intendiments?

PHIL. I am less than my thoughts, more than myself,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate;
By name my nature only is obscur'd,
And yet the world baptiz'd me Philocles;
My entrance here is proof of holy zeal,
And to maintain that, no severe disdain,
False shape of chastity, nor woman's will,
Neglective petulance or uncertain hope,
Foul-visor'd coyness, nor seducing fame,
Should rob the royal temper of true love
From the desired aim of his desires,
Which my best blood shall witness, or this field
Entomb my body, made a recreant.

CÆ. Enter and prosper, as your cause deserves.
[*Draws two swords.*

FLO. Princes, lay your hands on these swords' points.
Here you shall swear[2] by hope, by heaven, by Jove,

[1] [Edits., *army;* but the king would scarcely bring an army to such an encounter, even a stage-army.]

[2] When the combat was demanded and allowed, it was the custom for each party to take an oath to the following purport, viz., "that they had not brought into the lists

And by the right you challenge in true fame,
That here you stand not arm'd with any guile,
Malignant hate, or usurpation
Of philters, charms, or night-spells; characters,
Or other black infernal vantages;
But even with thoughts as pure
As your pure valours or the sun's pure beams,
T' approve the right of your [1] affection;
And howsoe'er your fortunes rise or fall,
To break no faith in your conditions.
So help you Jove!

ALL. We swear!

QUEEN. How often do my maiden thoughts correct
And chide my froward will for this extreme
Pursuit of blood! believe me, fain I would
Recall mine oath's vow, did not my shame
Hold fast my cruelty, by which is taught
Those gems are prized best are dearest bought,
Sleep, my love's softness then, waken my flame,
Which guards a vestal sanctity! Princes, behold,
Upon those weapons sits my god of love,
And in their powers my love's security.[2]
If them you conquer, we are all your slaves:
If they triumph, we'll mourn upon your graves.

MAR. Now, by my maiden modesty, I wish
Good fortune to that Philocles: my mind
Presages virtue in his eaglet's eyes.
'Sfoot, he looks like a sparrow-hawk or a wanton fire,

---

other armour or weapon than was allowed, neither any engine, instrument, *herbe*, *charm*, or *enchantment*, and that neither of them should put affiance or trust in anything other than God and their own valours, as God and the holy Evangelists should help them."—Segar's "Honour Military, &c.," p. 134.

See also Mr Steevens's note on "Macbeth," act v. sc. 7.

[1] [Old copy, *pure*.]

[2] [Former edits., *severity*.]

A flash of lightning or a glimpse of day :
His eye steals to my heart, and lets it see
More than it would : peace ! blab no secrecy ;
He must have blows.

FLO. Sound cornets, princes, respect your guards.

[*Here they fight, and* PHILOCLES *overthrows* ALPHONSO, *and* EPIRE *overthrows* CYPRUS.

PHIL. I crave the queen's conditions, or this blow
Sends this afflicted soul to heaven or hell.
Speak, madam, will you yield, or shall he die ?

EPIRE. Neither, bold prince ; if thou but touch a hair,
The king's breath shall redeem it : madam, your love
Is safe in angels' guarding ; let no fear
Shake hands with doubtfulness : you are as safe
As in a tower of diamonds.

PHIL. O, 'tis but glass,
And cannot bear this axe's massiness.
Duke, thy brave words, that second thy brave deeds,
Fill me with emulation : only we two
Stand equal victors ; then if thou hast that tie
And bond of well-knit valour, which unites
Virtue and fame together, let us restore
Our captives unto freedom, and we two
In single combat try out the mastery.
Where whoso falls, each other shall subscribe
To every clause in each condition.

EPIRE. Thou art the index of mine ample thought,
And I am pleas'd with thine election.
Speak, madam, if ever I deserved grace,
Grace me with your consent.

QUEEN. 'Tis all my will.
Thy noble hand erect and perfect me.

PHIL. What says his majesty?
My stars are writ in heaven: nor death nor fate
Are slaves to fear, to hope, or human state.
CYP. I neither fear thy fortune nor my ruin;
But hold them all beyond all prophecy.
Thou hast my free consent, and on thy power
Lies my life's date or my death's hour.
EPIRE. Then rise and live with safety.
PHIL. Alphonso, here my hand,
Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
And now, thou glorious issue of Jove's brain,[1]
That burnt the Telamonian ravisher,
Look from thy sphere, and if my heart contain
An impure thought of lust, send thy monsters forth
And make me more than earthly miserable.

[*Here the cornets sound, they fight, and* PHILOCLES *overcomes the* DUKE. *The* QUEEN *descends.*[2]

PHIL. Yield, recreant,[3] or die!
EPIRE. Thine axe hath not the power to wound my thought,
And yields a word my tongue could never sound.
I say thou'rt worthy, valiant, for my death:
Let the queen speak it—'tis an easy breath.
QUEEN. Not for the world's large circuit; hold, gentle prince,
Thus I do pay his ransom: low as the ground,
I tender my unspotted virgin love
To thy great will's commandment: let not my care,
My woman tyranny, or too strict guard,
In bloody purchase take away those sweets
Till now have govern'd your amaz'd desires;

[1] *i.e.*, Minerva, who killed Ajax Oïleus with a thunderbolt for ravishing Cassandra in her temple.—*Steevens.*
[2] [Both the edits., *defends.*]
[3] [Edits., *recant.*]

For trust me, king, I will redeem my blame
With as much love as Philocles hath fame.
CYP. Thus comes a calm unto a sea-wreck'd soul,
Ease to the pained, food unto the starv'd,
As you to me, my best creation.
Trust me, my queen ; my love's large chronicle
Thou never shalt o'erread, because each day
It shall beget new matter of amaze,
And live to do thee grace eternally.
Next whom my Philocles, my bounteous friend.
Author of life, and sovereign of my love,
My heart shall be thy throne, thy breast the shrine,
Where I will sit to study gratefulness.
To you, and you, my lords, my best of thoughts,
Whose loves have show'd a duteous carefulness ;
To all, free thanks and graces. This unity
Of love and kingdoms is a glorious sight.
Mount up the royal champion, music and cornets sound :
Let shouts and cries make heaven and earth rebound. [*Exeunt.*
EPIRE. How like the sun's great bastard o'er the world
Rides this man-mounted engine, this proud prince,
And with his breath singes our continents.
Sit fast, proud Phaeton, or [1] by heaven I'll kick
And plunge thee in the sea ; if thou'lt needs ride,
Thou shouldst have made thy seat upon a slave,
And not upon mine honour's firmament.
Thou hast not heard the god of wisdom's tale,
Nor can thy youth curb greatness, till my hate
Confound thy life with villain policy.
I am resolv'd, since virtue hath disdain'd
To clothe me in her riches, henceforth to prove
A villain fatal, black and ominous.

[1] [Old copy, *for.*]

Thy virtue is the ground of my dislike;
And my disgrace, the edge of envy's sword,
Which like a razor shall unplume thy crest,
And rob thee of thy native excellence.
When great thoughts give their homage to disgrace,
There's no respect of deeds, time, thoughts, or place.

ACTUS II., SCÆNA 1.

Enter PRATE, LOLLIA, COLLAQUINTIDA, *and* PRECEDENT.

PRATE. Come, wife, methought our party stood stifly to it.

PRE. Indeed they were stiff, whilst they stood; but when they were down, they were like men of a low world. A man might have wound their worst anger about his finger.

LOL. Go to, sirrah, you must have your fool's bolt in everybody's quiver.

PRE. Indeed, mistress, if my master should break his arrow with foul shooting or so, I would be glad if mine might supply the hole.[1]

PRATE. I find you kind, sir.

PRE. True, sir, according to my kind, and to pleasure my kind mistress.

PRATE. Go to, sirrah, I will not have your kindness to intermeddle with her kind; she is meat for your master.

PRE. And your man, sir, may lick your foul trencher.

COL. Ay, but not eat of his mutton.

PRE. Yet I may dip my bread in the wool, Mistress Collaquintida.

[1] [Edits., *whole.*]

PRATE. Go to, sirrah, you will be obscene, and then I shall knock you. But to the combat. Methought our side were the most proper men.

LOL. True, and therefore they had the worse fortune: but see, here's the Lord Florio.

Enter FLORIO.

FLO. Master Orator, it is the king and queen's majesties' pleasure that you presently repair unto the court, touching the drawing out of certain articles for the benefit of both the kingdoms.

PRATE. My lord, I will instantly attend their majesties.

FLO. Do, for they expect you seriously.

[*Exit* FLORIO.

PRATE. Wife, you can have my service no longer. Sirrah Precedent, attend you upon your mistress home; and, wife, I would have you to hold your journey directly homeward, and not to imitate princes in their progress; step not out of your way to visit a new gossip, to see a new garden-house, to smell the perfumes of court jerkins, or to handle other tools than may be fit for your modesty. I would not have you to step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with monsters or motions,[1] but holding your way directly homeward, show yourself still to be a rare housewife.

LOL. I' faith, i' faith, your black outside will have a yellow lining.[2]

PRATE. Content thee, wife, it is but my love that gives thee good counsel. But here comes one of my clients.

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[1] *i.e.*, Puppet-shows. [2] [Alluding to his jealousy.]

Enter DRAP, *a country gentleman.*

DRAP. Sir, master orator, I am bold to trouble you about my suit.

PRATE. Sir, master country gentleman, I am now for present business of the king's.

DRAP. You may the better remember me.

PRATE. Heyday! I shall mix your business with the king's?

DRAP. No, but you may let his majesty know my necessity.

PRATE. Sir, sir, you must not confine me to your seasons. I tell you, I will select[1] mine own leisures.

Enter VELOURS, *a citizen.*

VEL. Master orator, is it your pleasure I attend you about my despatches?

PRATE. Sir, it is my pleasure you despatch yourself from mine encumbrance; I tell you, I am for instant business of the king's.

VEL. Sir, I have borne my attendance long.

PRATE. Bear it till your bones ache, I tell you; I cannot bear it now, I am for new business.

DRAP *and* VEL. Yet the old should be despatched; it was first paid for.

PRATE. If you be gentlemen, do not make me mad.

DRAP *and* VEL. Sir, our suits are of great weight.

PRATE. If you be Christians, do not make me an atheist. I shall profane if you vex me thus.

Enter the LORD MECHANT.

What, more vexation? My lord, my lord, save your breath for your broth; I am not now at leisure to attend you.

[1] [Old copy, *collect.*]

MECH. A word, good master orator.

PRATE. Not a word, I beseech your lordship. I am for the king's business; you must attend me at my chamber. [*Exit* PRATE.

MECH., DRAP, *and* VEL. And everywhere else: we will not leave you. [*Exeunt.*

PRE. Now (methinks) my master is like a horse-leech, and these suitors so many sick of the gout, that come to have him suck their blood. O, 'tis a mad world!

LOL. Go to, sirrah, you will never leave your crabtree similes; but, pity of me, whom have we here?

Enter ALPHONSO.

O, 'tis the Lord Alphonso.

ALPH. Mistress, God save: nay, your lip, am I[1] a stranger, and how doth Mistress Collaquintida? O, you are an excellent seasoner of city stomachs.

COL. Faith, my lord, I have done my best to make somebody relish your sweetmeats. But harkee you, my lord, I have struck the stroke, I have done the deed; there wants nothing but time, place, and her consent.

ALPH. Call you that nothing?

COL. A trifle, a trifle; upon her, my lord; she may seem a little rough at the first, but if you stand stiffly to her, she'll fall. A word with you, Master Precedent. [*They whisper.*

ALPH. Mistress Prate, I am a soldier, and can better act my love than speak it. My suit you know by your neighbour, my love you shall prove by my merit; to both which my tokens have been petty witnesses; and my body shall seal and deliver upon thee such a brave confirmation, that

[1] [Edits., *I am.* He kisses her.]

not all the orators in Sicily shall be able to cancel the deed.

LOL. Truly, my lord, methinks you, being witty, should be honest.

ALPH. Nay, wench, if I were a fool, there's no question but I would be honest; but to the purpose; say, wench, shall I enjoy, shall I possess?

LOL. To enjoy my love, is not to possess my body.

ALPH. Tut, wench, they be words of one signification, and cannot be separated.

LOL. Nay, then, I should wrong my husband.

ALPH. 'Sfoot, thou shouldst but do for him as he does for the whole world. Why, an orator were a needless name, if it were not to defend wrong; then, wench, do as he doth, write by a precedent.

LOL. O, my lord, I have a husband,
A man whose waking jealousy survives,
And like a lion, sleeps with open eyes;
That not a minute of mine hours are free
From the intelligence of his secret spies.
I am a very covert [1] Danae,
Thorough whose roof suspicion will not let
Gold showers have passage, nor can I deceive
His Argus eyes with any policy:
And yet I swear I love you.

ALPH. Dearest [2] affection! if thou lov'st me, as thou say'st thou dost,
Thou canst invent some means for our delight.
The rather sith it ever hath been said
That walls of brass withstand not willing minds:
And women, when they're prone, make love admir'd

[1] The edition of 1608 reads *toward*, which may be right. The edition of 1633 reads *coward;* but probably *covert* is the correct word.—*Collier.*

[2] [Edits., *death of*, which is assuredly nonsense.]

For quaint endeavours: come, instruct thy wit,
And find some scale to our high height of bliss.

LOL. Then briefly thus, my lord.
To-morrow doth the senate sit to judge
Causes both criminal and of the state;
Where of necessity my husband's place
Must be fill'd by himself, because his tongue
Must gild his clients' causes. Now if you please
All that self-hour, when he is turmoiled
About those serious trifles, to vouchsafe
To visit me, his absence and my care
Shall give us liberty of more delight.
You know my meaning, and I am asham'd
My love should thus betray my modesty;
But make the use according to your fancy.

ALPH. What hour assures his absence?

LOL. Eight is the latest time.

ALPH. This kiss [shall] leave[1] my faith with thee: farewell.
Thou hast given me double glory from thy breath,
Nothing shall lose me time but certain death.

[*Exit* ALPHONSO.

PRE. Truly, Mistress Collaquintida, you are an excellent piece of sweet gall.

LOL. Well, sir, will you lead the way homeward?

PRE. To your bed-chamber, mistress, or your privy lodging? [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILOCLES *alone.*

PHIL. Night clad in black mourns for the loss of day,
And hides the silver spangles of the air,
That not a spark is left to light the world;

[1] The metre, and sense also, would be improved could any warrant be found for reading, *This kiss shall leave*, &c. —*Collier.*

Whilst quiet sleep, the nourisher of life,
Takes full possession of mortality.
All creatures take their rest in soft repose,
Save malcontents and we accursed lovers,
Whose thoughts perturbed make us passion's slaves,
And rob us of the juice of happiness.
Dear Mariana, shap'd in an angel's mould,
Thou thrall'st my senses, and inflam'st my blood:
Love's power by wisdom cannot be withstood.
But see, the morning-star breaks from the east,
To tell the world her great eye [1] is awak'd,
To take his journey to the western vales:
And now the court begins to rise with him.

[*Here pass over the stage a physician, a gentleman-usher, and a waiting-maid.*

There goes the physician, the waiting-maid,
And a fine, straight-legg'd gentleman-usher.
The preface to a kirtle all puff-paste;
One that writes sonnets in his lady's praise,
And hides her crimes with flattering poesy.

Enter MARIANA.

But peace! amazement! see the day of life,
Nature's best work, the world's chief paragon!
Madam, one word.

MAR. Ay; so now, farewell.

PHIL. You do mistake me.

MAR. That yourself can tell.

You ask'd me one word, which I gave, said *ay;*
A word of least use in a virgin's breath,[2]
Urge not my patience then with fond reply.

PHIL. Dear lady, lend an ear unto my voice,
Since each were made for other's happiness:

---

[1] [The sun, the eye of the world.]

[2] [In reference to the saying that maidens always say *nay*.]

My tongue's not oil'd with courtly flatterings,
Nor can I paint my passions to the life;
But by that power which shap'd this heavenly form,
I am your bondslave forc'd by love's command,
Then let soft pity with such beauty dwell,
Madam, I love you.

MAR. As I am a virgin, so do I.

PHIL. But, madam, whom?

MAR. Myself no lady better.

PHIL. But will you love me?

MAR. No, by my chastity.

PHIL. I hope you do but jest.

MAR. Nay, I'll keep mine oath,
Men shall abandon pride and jealousy
Ere I'll be bound to their captivity:
They shall live continent, and leave to range,
But men (like to the moon) each month must change;
Yet we must seek that nought their sight displeases,
And mix our wedlock sweets with loath'd diseases;
When we consume ourselves and our best beauty,
All our reward is—why, 'twas but our duty.

PHIL. Judge not so hard of all for some offenders;
For you are subject to the selfsame crimes,
Of men and women always have been had
Some good of each——

MAR. But for the most part bad:
Therefore I'll have none at all, but die a perfect maid.

PHIL. That humour like a flower soon will fade;
Once did mine own thoughts sing to that delight,
Till love and you reform'd my barbarousness:
Therefore, dear lady, pity my wounded heart.

MAR. A surgeon here for this love-wounded man!
How deep's your ulcer'd orifice, I pray you tell?
PHIL. Quite thorough my heart.
MAR. 'Tis strange, and look so well!
Yet ladies' eyes have power to murder men,
And with one smile to make them whole again.
Achilles' lance to a hair; but do you love me, prince?
PHIL. Dearer than my soul.
MAR. Would I could love you!
PHIL. Madam, so you may.
MAR. As yet I cannot: therefore let me go.
PHIL. O, do not leave me, grant me but one request,
And here I vow by that divinest power,
The salt-sea's glorious issue, whose bright sphere
Rules my sick heart, and knows my chaste intent,
That if you please to impose on me that task
Which neither man nor monster can achieve,
Which even angels have a dread to touch,
Deeds which outstretch all possibility,
'Sfoot, more than can be thought—and I'll effect,
Or else I'll perish in th' accomplishment.
MAR. Let your request fit virgin-modesty,
And you obey your vow, I am content
To give your thoughts contented happiness.
PHIL. 'Tis but a kiss I ask, a minute's joy.
MAR. Now Cupid help thee; is thy grief for this?
Keep thy strong vow, and freely take a kiss.
[*He kisses her.*
PHIL. I have obtain'd my heaven, and in this touch
I feel the breath of all deliciousness:
Then freely give the sentence of my work,
Muster up all the engines of your wit,
Teach Juno rules beyond maliciousness;
Whate'er it be, I'll die but I'll perform it.

MAR. Thou shalt not kill thyself, nor fight
with monsters,
Nor bring the great Turk's beard[1] to show thy
zeal:
Thy life thou shalt not hazard for my love,
Nor will I tie thee to an endless task:
But even with ease and gentle-tangled knots,
Thou shalt entwine thy clue of miseries.
PHIL. Let it have passage, madam: give me my
doom.
MAR. Then, Philocles, knit silence to my words,
And mark thy doom; for thus my stricter will
Loads grief upon thy vainer levity.
Hence, for the space and compass of one year,
Thou shalt abjure the liberty of speech;
Thou shalt not speak for fully twelvemonth's
space,
For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
But live, like air, with silent emptiness.
Break thou this vow, I'll hold thee for a villain:
And all the world shall know thy perjury.
PHIL. Be heaven and earth a witness of my
vow
And mine eternal silence!—I am dumb.
MAR. Why so, now shall I not be troubled with
vain chat
Or idle prate of idle wantonness:
For love I cannot, therefore 'tis in vain;
Would all my suitors' tongues I thus could rein!
Then should I live free from feign'd sighs and
groans,
With, *O, take pity, 'tis your servant moans,*
And such harsh stuff, that frets me to the heart;
And sonnets made of Cupid's burning dart,
Of Venus' lip, and Juno's majesty;

---

[1] *Bird* in the first edit., showing how the word was then pronounced.—*Collier.*

Then were I freed from fools and foolery.
In May the cuckoo sings: then she'll come hither,
Her voice and yours will rarely tune together.
[*Exit* MARIANA.

Enter FLORIO.

FLO. Prince Philocles, the king would speak with you. [*Speaks louder and louder.*
Prince Philocles, the king would speak with you.
Prince Philocles, the king would speak with you.
[PHILOCLES *strikes* FLORIO, *and fells him.*
FLO. The pox rot off your fingers for this blow!
It is coronation-day thorough all my skull,
There's such a fatal ringing in my brain:
H' has won the set, has laid five fingers on:
But 'twas a knavish part of him to play so.
Hear me, ye gods: for this my open wrong,
Make short his fingers, as you have his tongue
[*Exit* FLORIO.

Enter MECHANT *alone.*

MECH. 'Tis not man's fortune, envy, or neglect,
Which makes him miserable; but 'tis mean fate,
Even sole predestination, a firm gift
Fix'd to his birth, before the world was made.
For were it otherwise, then within our lives
We should find some distractions, various[1] change,
And other toys of much uncertainty:
But my mishaps are fix'd so to my blood,
They have no sire but my creation:
The queen, out of suspicion that my love
First set an edge upon the king's desires,
And made him woo her with a victor's sword,
Cast me from favour, seizes all my lands,

[1] [Edits., *errors.*]

And turns my naked fortunes to the cold.
The king, made proud with purchase of his wish,
Neglects my sufferance for him, and o'erlooks
The low tide of my fortunes; lest my woes
Should speak my wrongs to his ingratitude:
The whilst those lords, whose supple hams have bow'd
To do me formal reverence, now despise
And slight me in their meanest compliments.
O, 'tis a torment more than hell yet knows,
To be an honest flatterer, or to live
A saint in limbo, which that I may prevent,
I'll be nor best nor worst, but all indifferent,
But here comes a nobleman; I must turn petitioner.

Enter FLORIO.

My lord, may I not see the king?

FLO. You may not.

His majesty is now down-press'd with seriousness;
As for your suit, it is with Prate the orator,
I heard his highness give him a special charge
For your despatch with favour.

MECH. O, but he doth neglect,
And slights me like his weak orations:
And by your lordship's leave I do not think
His wisdom worthy of the conference.

FLO. Nay, if you will correct the king's coin, you are not for my conference, farewell.

[*Exit* FLORIO.

MECH. Why, and fare you well! 'sfoot, this is more than strange,
That, being griev'd, I may not say I'm pain'd.

Enter ALPHONSO.

But here comes another: mine honourable lord,
May I not have some conference with the king?

ALPH. You may not; business of greater weight
Imports both him and us: nay, pray you cease;
As for your suit, 'tis with the orator.
MECH. Yet, methinks, 'twere meet——
ALPH. That you would rather trouble him than me.
MECH. It's strange.
ALPH. It's strange, indeed, to see you wrong your ease.
I am not now for idle conferences. Adieu.
[*Exit* ALPHONSO.
MECH. Why this is court-grace[1] to men in misery,
And thus these tail-less lions with their roar
Affright the simple herd: O, I could now
Turn rebel 'gainst their pride.

Enter EPIRE.

But here comes the duke:
My gracious lord, vouchsafe to hear my griefs.
EPIRE. For God's love, cease your trouble, we are all
Troubled with griefs of stranger qualities.
MECH. Words are no heavy burthen.
EPIRE. No, had I no other weight;
But we are all press'd down with other poise:
As for your suit, it is referr'd to Prate:
And he must give you fair despatch with favour;
Which if he slight for envy or for bribe,
Repair to me, and I will not forget
To give you ease, and chide his negligence;
Mean space, I pray you leave me, for we all
Are troubled now with greatest miracles.[2]

[1] [A play on the double meaning of the word.]
[2] [The speaker refers, as we shall presently see, to the newly-feigned dumbness of Philocles.]

MECH. Your grace doth do me comfort, and I will
Study with service to deserve your favours,
And so I take my leave. [*Exit* MECHANT.

Enter two DOCTORS.

EPIRE. Your own contentments follow you.
Now, gentlemen,
What news within? can this dumb wonder speak?
Have you cut off those lets that tied his speech,
And made your fames to sound through Sicily?
1ST DOC. All hopeful means that man or art can find
Have we made trial of, but 'tis in vain:
For still, my lord, the cure's invincible.
2D DOC. Those organs nature gave to move the tongue,
He fully doth possess as well as we:
Which makes us think his sudden apoplexy
Is either will, vow, or a miracle.
EPIRE. I should think strangely, had we not stranger things
On earth; but wonders[1] now are most familiar:
But here comes his majesty. Now we shall see
If this dumb beast can speak before the king.

Cornets, and enter CYPRUS, QUEEN, PHILOCLES, MARIANA, *and attendants.*

CYP. My best of friends, my dearest Philocles,
Thy griefs run in my spirit, make me sad,
And dull my sense with thine affliction.

---

[1] [Edits. read—

"I should think strangely, had we strange things on earth. But wonders now," &c.]

My soul with thine doth sympathise in woe,
And passion governs him that should rule all,
[PHILOCLES *does not reply.*]
What say you, doctors, is there no hope of help?

1ST DOC. No hope, my lord; the cure is desperate.

CYP. Then I am king of grief; for in his words
Found I more music than in choirs of angels.
It was as silver, as the chime of spheres,
The breath of lutes, or love's deliciousness:
Next to my queen, he is my joy on earth:
Nor shall the world contain that happy good,
Which with my tears I will not woo for him.
My Lord of Epire, let it be straight proclaim'd
Through all the cities in our kingdom's verge,
That whoso will avow to cure this prince.
And bring his work to wish'd effectualness,
Shall have ten thousand crowns and our best love;
But if he fail in his great enterprise,
His daring is the loss of present life.
Since no man hitherto could do him good,
The next shall help him, or else lose his blood.

EPIRE. Your majesty shall have your will perform'd.

MAR. Not all so soon, dear brother; what, if a woman
Now should turn Æsculapius, and restore
This dumb Hippolitus? Nay, do not look strange,
I dare avow and undertake the cure.

EPIRE. You, sister! are you in your wits?

MAR. Faith, of the outside of them, brother; yet a woman's tongue,
Whose burthen still is superfluity,
May lend a man an age's complement.

CYP. Madam, I would not have you, with the lark,

Play yourself into dare-net ;[1] this great cure,
I fear, is far beyond your physic's help.
MAR. My lord, you know not how Apollo loves me ;
I have been thought as fair as Oenon was,
And dare be bold to claim this miracle.
CYP. Mariana, attend ;
Glory and ruin compass thee about.
This hand shall raise thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all styles of dignity :
This cast thee down
Lower than life's misfortune, and overwhelm
Thy beauties with thy grave. Perform—be great :
Fail, and be worse than worst calamity.
QUEEN. Stay, gentle friend, my love doth bid thee stay ;
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.
EPIRE. Sister, you shall not grasp with mischief thus ;
My blood doth challenge interest in your ill,
And I conjure you from this desperateness.
MAR. Brother, content yourself, words but augment our strife ;
I will perform, or else my pawn's my life.
CYP. Proceed, fair virgin.
MAR. Vouchsafe me privacy : now Venus be speed.
[*She walks aside with* PHILOCLES.]
Speak, gentle Philocles, thine oath's bond I untie,
And give thy vows a free enfranchisement ;
Thy well-kept league hath show'd thy strength of truth,
And doth confirm me in thy[2] virtuousness :
Thy martyrdom and sufferance is too long,

[1] The quartos, *day-net*, we should read *dare net*. Surrey, in "Henry VIII," act iii. sc. 3, says : "And *dare* us with his cap-like larks." See Blome's "Gentleman's Recreation." —*Pegge*. [See also Dyce's "Shakespeare Glossary," *v.* Dare.

[2] [Edits., *my*.]

And I restore it to new liberty.
Then speak, my Philocles, speak, gentle prince,
To her whose love respects and honours thee.
CYP. How now, what virtue from thy charms?
MAR. No hope is left!
Dear Philocles, regard my miseries,
Untie that wilful let which holds in speech,
And make me happy through thy noble pity.
I see the face of mine ill-shaped contempt,
Where like with like hath quit most injury:
Then speak, my lord: utter one angel breath
To give me joy, and save me from strange death.
What, not a word! hath this small silence brought
An utter detestation to thy speech?
Wilt thou not hear, nor speak, nor pity me?
The gentle gods move thee to more remorse.
CYP. What, wilt not be?
Fond maid, thou hast drawn affliction on thy head,
And thrall'd thyself to worse calamity:
Till morrow's sun thy incantations use,
But, then effectless, all hope's desperate:
Wert thou my bosom-love, thou di'st the death;
Best ease for madness is the loss of breath.
[*Exeunt all but* PHILOCLES *and* MARIANA.
MAR. O Philocles, I am no court's disgrace,
No city's prostitution, country's shame,
Nor one shall bring Troy's fire unto thy house:
Turn not away, hard-hearted myrmidon.
See, on my knees I'll follow thee in court,
And make the world condemn thy cruelty.
Yet if my tears may mollify thy heart,
Receive them as the flood of strangest tides;
Turn not thy face from her that doats on thee.
Love now hath made me subject to thy will,
And pale disdain hath ta'en revenge on me.
Behold, my knees[1] I'll wear upon this earth,
And fill this roof with lamentations.

[1] [Edits., *nerves*.]

What! dost thou smile? hath fury so much sway
As even to banish poor civility?
Then be thyself, and break thine itching spleen;
For I disdain thy ransom's victory.
Life, thou art weary brought: welcome my death,
Sweet, because wish'd-for, good, because my choice:]
Yet when I am dead, this of me shall be said,
A cruel prince murder'd a loving maid;
And after-ages to th' unborn shall tell
Thy hate, my love: thy envy and my hell.
Nay, do not speak, I charge thee: go, let nothing move thee,
Death is my glory, since thou wilt not love me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III., SCÆNA 1.

Enter the DUKE OF EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO.

EPIRE. Grief, which controls the motions of our thoughts,
Reigns in my blood, and makes me passion's slave.
My sister's misery torments my soul,
And breaks my gall, when I but think of her:
She was bewitch'd with spells to her misfortune,
Or else born hapless under a low'ring star,
And 'tis her fate to be thus miserable.
O Philocles, hadst thou no other scale
To mount thy heaven but by our miseries?
Must all the noble fame of our great house
Waste down her royal pillars, to make steps
For thee to climb to glory? Well, I see
Thou plott'st our shames in thy great dignity.
ALPH. Patience, great lord; methinks these ill-rais'd storms
Have not more violence than may be borne:

Come, we will both go sue unto the king,
We there will kneel and pray eternally,
And never rise till he remit his doom.
It shall be so, I will unto the king,
To beg great favour for a small offence :
But if she die for this, then, king, take heed :
Thou [1] and thy fortunes by this hand shall bleed.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHIP, SHAVING, *and others with a scaffold.*

CHIP. Come, my hearts, let's make all things ready for the execution; here's a maidenhead must be cut off without a feather-bed.

SHA. It's a sign she deals with sharp tools and a cruel headsman.

CHIP. If I had been her judge, she should have been tossed to death in a blanket.

SHA. No, I would have had her smothered in a feather-bed.

CHIP. They say she would not plead at her trial.

SHA. No, that's true, for she had a great desire to be pressed.[2]

CHIP. And I have known some of her sex have got that favour to be pressed for speaking.

SHA. Then she was unwise to hold her tongue, being a woman.

CHIP. What is her crime, that she must lose her head?

SHA. Because she lived honest, contrary to the statute.

CHIP. There is a great number of my neighbours will never suffer for that fault.

SHA. No, nor thou neither, if the truth were known; for my part I shun that danger.

---

[1] [Edits., *thee.*]

[2] Alluding to the old law for pressing prisoners who refused to plead.

CHIP. I think we are all out of danger of the law for that crime.

SHA. I know I am free, for I am a knave, if I have not forgot what wench had my maidenhead.

Enter FLORIO.

FLO. Make room there: his majesty is coming to the execution.

CHIP. Come, now all things are ready, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO.

EPIRE. Mercy is banish'd courts; the king, like flint,
Hardens his royal temper 'gainst our 'plaints,
And makes our woes most unavoidable.
What inauspicious star reign'd at her birth,
That heaven thus frowns upon her misery?
And, my good lord, now innocence must die,
As white as untrod snow or culver down.[1]
Kings' words are laws, and cannot be withstood;
Yet 'tis false greatness, which delights in blood.

ALPH. Patience, my lord; I do not think this ill
Is yet so big, as [to be] unrecoverable.
The king doth hold you in most choice respect,
And whom kings love, they study to oblige;
Then call your reason home, make not this civil war,
To suffer makes woes lesser than they are.

EPIRE. How well the sound can salve[2] the sick man's grief!

[1] *i.e.*, Dove's down.—*Steevens.*

[2] Another allusion to the book mentioned in "Eastward Hoe!" Since the note on that passage was written, I have discovered that there were two books with titles nearly

But O, how ill he can digest his pills![1]
O my good lord, you shall not lose a sister,
That is the joy and comfort of your breath;
'Tis not your blood shall issue from her wound;
But mine that runs in rivers from her tears,
And drown my face in her calamity.
Well, let her perish, since her soul is clear,
And for her death I'll make a massacre.

Enter CYPRUS, QUEEN, PHILOCLES, MARIANA *bound, a guard of halberts, and an executioner.*

CYP. Your suits are bootless: for my vows have glued
And clos'd mine ears, that they retain no sound
Of your entreaties; and even now the time
Doth run upon his latest minutes, and
Save but by speech, there's no recovery.
QUEEN. Have mercy, good my lord: O, let my tears intrude
Betwixt your vows and her calamity:
In her you take from me my best of life,
My joy, my comfort, and my playfellow.
CYP. Content you, madam, for my vow is past,
And is like fate still unrevocable:
Ascend, poor model of calamity.

similar; one of them, "The Sickman's Salve," by Thomas Becon, 8°, 1591; and the other, "The Salve for a Sick-man; or, A treatise concerning the nature, difference, and kinds of death," by William Perkins, 8°, 1595. [It does not appear at all necessary to conclude that any particular book is referred to.]

[1] Mr Reed, without any authority from the old copies, and without the slightest notice, gave the lines that follow to Alphonso, and inserted his name accordingly: they are most clearly a continuation of Epire's speech: he draws the distinction between their situations.—*Collier.*

MAR. As lightly burden'd with the weight of crimes,
As spotless infants or poor harmless lambs,
Thus I ascend my heaven. This first step lower
Mounts to this next; this thus and thus[1] hath brought
My body's frame unto its highest throne:
Here doth her office end, and hence my soul
With golden wings of thought shall mount the sky,
And reach a palace[2] of pure sanctity.
Farewell, my sovereign! Madam, within your thoughts
Make me a tomb, and love my memory.
Brother, farewell; nay, do not mourn my death,
It is not I that die to spot our house,
Or make you live in after-obloquy.
Then weep no more, but take my last adieu:
My virtues, not my faults, preserve with you.
Lastly, to you that are my last of hope—
Nay, do not hide your eyes, I love them still,
To part friends now is greatest charity.
O, be thy days as fruitful in delights,
As Eden in choice flowers: thine honours such
As all the world may strive to imitate.
Be master of thy wishes: only this,
When the sad nurse, to still the wrangling babe,
Shall sing the careful story of my death,
Give me a sigh from thy heart's purest breath:
And so farewell.

EXE. Madam, kneel here; forgive me for your death.

MAR. With all my heart, thou art but law's poor hand.

---

[1] The omission of this repetition of the words *and thus*, has hitherto spoiled the measure.—*Collier.*

[2] *Reap a palace* in both quartos.—*Collier.*

Thus to my death I bow, and yet arise;
Angels, protect my spirit in the skies.
[*He offers to strike.*

PHIL. Hold, or thine hand shall be thine own destruction!

CYP. Never did music sound with better voice!
Unbind the lady.

FLO. The fear of death hath brought her to a swoon.

CYP. Endeavour her recovery.

EPIRE. Sister, dear sister, call thy spirits back:
Sister, O sister! hearken to my woes,
Recover breath, and live with happiness.

QUEEN. She stirs; give way to air, that she may breathe:
Speak, Mariana, thy woes are cancelled.

MAR. You are not charitable unto my moans,
Thus to afflict me with a double punishment.
One death for one poor fault might well suffice:
They are most wretched who twice live and die.

PHIL. Madam, to save your life, I kill my soul,
And speckle that which was immaculate.
Black perjury, that open-ey'd disease,
Which is the plague-sore of society,
Brands me with mischief, and protests I hold
Nothing within me but unworthiness:
And all these ills are your creation.

MAR. Which to wash off, lo, here I yield myself
An humble sacrifice to love and thee:
All my best hopes, my fortunes and my love,
My faith, my service, and my loyalty,
Shall as thy slaves attend on thy commands,
And make me famous in thy[1] suffrages.

CYP. Receive her, Philocles, for it pleaseth us.

PHIL. But not me, my thrice-royal sovereign;
I'd rather wed a sooty blackamore,

[1] [Edits., *my.*]

A leper, monster, incubus, or hag:
A wretch deform'd in nature, loath'd of men,
Than her that hath bemonster'd my pure soul.
Her scorn and pride had almost lost her life;
A maid so faulted seldom proves good wife.

QUEEN. What is the reason you not love her now,
And were so passionate in love before?

PHIL. Not that I love her less, but rather more.
Run I this backward course; only my vow
Sith unperform'd craves satisfaction:
Which thus I reconcile: when this fair maid
Shall with as strong a love, as firm a zeal,
A faith as constant, and a shame as strong,
Requite my care, and show as ample proof
In mine extremes, as I have in her death,
Then will I love, enjoy, and honour her;
Till when I will not think a loving thought,
Or give the easy temper of my mind
To lovesick passion or deliciousness;
Only with those which do adore the sun,
I'll give her all respect and reverence.

MAR. I am well pleas'd, and with a doubtful foe
You have good reason thus to capitulate:
Then hang your colours forth, extend your thought,
Muster your strongest powers of strictest wit;
And when your reason's best artillery's bent,
Love not my love, if't be not excellent.

CYP. I have not seen a war breed better wit,
Or passion draw on more delightfulness:
Proceed in your contention, for we boast,
That love is best which is approved most.
But now to revels, since our tragic scene
Is turn'd to comic mirthful constancy;
Instead of mourning, we will dance and banquet,
And fill our empty veins with all delights:
For oft we find that storms and sorrows prove
The best forerunners of a happy love.

[*Exeunt all but* EPIRE.

EPIRE. He will, but he will not: loves, but cannot like.
Will and affection in this prince are like
Two buckets, which do never both ascend;
Or those star-twins which shine out in one sphere.
O Philocles, I see thy soul grows fat,
And feeds upon the glories of thy[1] fame;
But I'll forestall thine epileptic fits;
And by my plots breed thy destruction.
Revenge now rules as sovereign of my blood,
And others' ruins shall advance my good,
Which once attain'd to, I will prove ambitious,
Great men, like gods, are ne'er thought vicious.
Now, Philocles, stand fast; king, guard thy crown,
For by this brain you both shall tumble down.
[*Exit.*

Enter VELOURS *and* DRAP, PRECEDENT *sitting at his desk.*

VEL. This is his chamber; let's enter, here's his clerk.

PRE. *Fondling, said she, since I have hemm'd thee here,*
Within the circuit of this ivory pale.[2]

DRAP. I pray you, sir, help us to the speech of your master.

PRE. *I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:*
He is very busy in his study.
Feed where thou wilt, in mountain or on dale:
Stay awhile, he will come out anon.
Graze on my lips, and when those mounts are dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.
Go thy way, thou best book in the world!

---

[1] [Edits., *my.*]

[2] These lines are the 39th stanza of "Venus and Adonis," by Shakespeare.

VEL. I pray you, sir, what book do you read?

PRE. A book that never an orator's clerk in this kingdom but is beholden unto; it is called "Maids' Philosophy, or Venus and Adonis." Look you, gentlemen, I have divers other pretty books.

DRAP. You are very well-stored, sir; but I hope your master will not stay long.

PRE. No, he will come presently.

Enter MECHANT.

VEL. Whom have we here? another client, sure.
Crows flock to carcases: O, 'tis the Lord Mechant.

MECH. Save you, gentlemen; sir, is your master at any leisure?

PRE. *Here sit thee down, where never serpent hisses,*
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.[1]
His businesses yet are many, you must needs attend awhile.

MECH. We must attend; umph! even snails keep state,
When with slow thrust their horns peep forth the gate.
We must attend! 'tis custom's fault, not mine,
To make men proud, on whom great favours shine:
'Tis somewhat 'gainst my nature to attend,
But when we must, we must be patient;
A man may have admittance to the king
As soon as to these long-robes, and as cheap.
Come, gentlemen, shall we walk?
Thus are the pavement-stones before the doors
Of these great tongue-gilt orators worn smooth
With clients dancing 'fore[2] them.

[1] Two lines from the third stanza of "Venus and Adonis."
[2] [Edits., *for*. Reed's emendation.]

VEL. It's strange to see how the world waits upon them: therein they are the only men now.

MECH. O, only; they of all men in request.
Your physician is the lawyer for your health,
And moderates unruly humours best.
Others are nobody compar'd with him;
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

DRAP. True, and that's it makes these men grow so fat—
Swell with rich purchases?

MECH. Yea, with golden fees
And golden titles too; they can work miracles,
And, like creators, even of empty nothing
Erect a world of goodly livings, fair demesnes
And gallant manors, heap'd one on another.

VEL. They gain indeed excessively, and are not like us citizens,
Expos'd to hazard of the seas and traffic.

MECH. Why, here's a fellow now, this orator,
Even Prate—you would little think it, his father was
An honest proiner[1] of our country vines;
Yet he's shot to his foot-cloth.[2]

DRAP. O, he is! he proined him well, and brought him up to learning.

MECH. Faith, reasonable learning; a smattering in the Latin tongue.
A little rhetoric, with wrangling sophistry,
Were his preparatives unto his art.

VEL. After these preparatives (if you call them so)
The physic wrought well; for a few years' practice

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[1] *i.e.*, Pruner. Chaucer, in the "Merchant's Tale," says of Damian, that

"He kembeth him, he *proineth* him, and piketh."

—*Steevens.*

[2] Horse with housings.—*Steevens.*

Brought him in wondrous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O, such a sudden rise
Hath Fortune for her minions! blame him not then,
Though he look high on't.

MECH. Nay, for his pride, of weaker souls term'd state,
It hurts none but himself.

DRAP. Yet to my seeming it is very strange,
That from so base beginning men can breathe
Such soaring fames.

MECH. Strange! it's not strange a whit,
Dunghills and marish bogs dart store of vapours
And viscous exhalations against heaven,
Which borrowing lustre there (though basely bred)
Seem yet like glorious planets, fairest stars,
To the weak eyes of wond'ring ignorance,
When wise men know they are but meteors.
But here comes the orator.

Enter PRATE.

PRATE. What, Precedent, I say!
Come and attend me to the senate-house.

PRE. I am ready, sir; if you have *copia verborum*, I have *copia rerum* in a buckram bag here.

PRATE. Your lordship's pleasure?

MECH. Master orator, 'tis not unknown—my suit——

PRATE. Nay, your lordship must be brief, I'll not attend
The shallow sleight of words—your suit, your suit.

MECH. The restoration of my lands and honours.

PRATE. They are confiscate.

MECH. My lands confiscate, and my body free?

PRATE. My lord, my lord, the queen's more merciful.

MECH. Sir, you forget my place.

PRATE. Sir, you forget your faith:
'Twas known unto the queen, the state, and us,
Your malcontented spirit, your disease in duty,
Your diligent perturbance of the peace!
Your passages, occurrences, and——

MECH. Sir!

PRATE. Sir me no sirs,
Do not I know you were the chief of those,
Which rais'd the war in Sicil? and long since
Wrought in the king's laws[1] bloody business?
Did not you hold fair quarter and commerce
With all the spies of Cyprus? fie, I am asham'd
Blind impudence should make you be so bold,
To bear your face before authority.

MECH. But hear me.

PRATE. I will hear no reply;
Go home, repent, pray, and die.
Come, gentlemen, what's your businesses?

VEL. Your confirmation to his highness' grant touching our trade with Spain, in which if it please you to assist us, we have a thousand crowns which shall attend you.

PRATE. O, I have you in my memory: the suit is great, and I must squeeze forth more than a thousand crowns. [*Aside.*] Well, attend me to the senate; you shall have fair despatches.

[*Exeunt all but* MECHANT.

MECH. *I'll not attend the shallow sleight of words,*
Go home, repent, pray, and die!
Excellent precepts for an orator's chamber.
Where speech must bathe a handful deep in gold,
Till, the poor giver's conduit being dry,
The wretch goes home, doth curse, repent, and die.
It is thy counsel, orator, thy stale[2] breath,

[1] [Edits., *loves.*]

[2] [Edits., *tale.*]

Good only but to season infamy,
But [1] this reproach, this uncaressing humour
Hath taught my soul a new philosophy.
I will go home, and there repent all good
Done to thy name or thy profession;
I will go home, and there new-frame myself
More thirstily pernicious to thy state
Than war or unabated mutiny.
As for my prayers, orator, they are for thee.
Thou hast a pretty, lovely, witty wife:
O, may'st thou live both to be known and know
Thyself the greatest cuckold in our land;
And yet not dare to amend or grieve at it!
May'st thou embrace thy shame with thankful arms,
Hug thy disgrace, make thy black poison wine,
And cap and crouch to thy dishonour!
May thy remembrance live, upon my knees I pray,
All night in bellmen's mouths, with Pasquil [2] in the day! [*Retires.*

Enter ALPHONSO *unbraced.*

ALPH. Day be my speed, night shall not cloak my sin,
If I have nought to do, it's by the sun,
The light gives leave to all mine idleness.
Quick business and ope eyes seize on mine orator,
Whilst I create him horny precedents.

Enter COLLAQUINTIDA.

But here's my bed-broker. Now, my great arm-ful of good intelligence, where is my mistress?

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[1] [Old copy, *From.*]
[2] The name of an image on a post in Rome, to which defamatory libels are affixed.—*Steevens.*

COL. Fast locked in her bed, with a close ward to devour thee, my brave Paraquito :[1] but hush! no words ; there is a calm before the tempest.

ALPH. Tut, tell me of no storms ; but direct me to her bed-chamber, my noble firelock of a flesh pistol.

COL. Follow thy colours, my brave worthy, mount up thy standard : so enter and prosper.

[*She puts* ALPHONSO *into the orator's house.*

Thou hast a rich room, safe locks, sweet sheets, a choice armful, with, O, the rare, rare thought of imagination.

MECH. What's this, what's this? Doth this Lord Alphonso turn the orator to an antelope? 'Tis more than excellent,

And from the juice of this despite I suck
Delight more great than all my miseries.
Observe, dear eyes, observe. [*Aside.*]

COL. Nay, go thy way for a camel or a camelion ; thou mayest compare with all Europe, Afric, and Asia ; and one that will change tricks, though thou wert worthy to be schoolmaster either to Proteus or Aretine : what an excellent gift did God give unto man when he gave him woman ; but how much more when that woman was made fair! But O, the most of all when she had wit to use every member of her creation. Well, I'll stand to't, there's nothing but beauty, use, and old age that puts women of my rank out of request ; and yet like old bucklers, though few of your gallant cavaliers will wear us, yet many of your stale ruffians will employ us, and that's our comfort still.

MECH. Was ever heard a bawd more damnable!

[1] A parroquet, or small sort of parrot. See Altieri's "Italian Dictionary," in the English part. She gives him this name on account of his prating.—*Pegge.*

A very mountebank of wench-flesh, an empiric,
A dog-leech for the putrified sores
Of these lust-canker'd great ones. O, I could
Even mad myself with railing at their vices.
[*Aside.* PRATE *knocks at the door.*
But hark! one knocks: O, for the orator!
Heavens, I beseech thee, O, for the orator!

COL. How now, who knocks so rudely at the door?

PRATE. 'Tis I, I say: open the door: I am in haste.

MECH. 'Tis he, just heavens, 'tis he, 'fore God, the orator. [*Aside.*]

COL. Soul of my bawdy office; how are we betray'd!

Anon, anon, sir. What, Mistress Prate, I say;
Arise for shame, your husband's at the door,
I come, I come; Lord God, how dull you are
When danger's at your heels! rise quickly.

PRATE. Open the door, or I will break it ope.

COL. I come, I come: I think he's mad with haste.

What, John; what, Thomas, Robert, where's these knaves?
What, Julian, Mary, Cicely, ne'er a maid within?

LOL. For God's love, stay; I'll find the key straightway.

Enter LOLLIA, *and* ALPHONSO *in his shirt.*

O Mistress Collaquintida, what shall become of us?

COL. Nay, I'm at my wit's end, and am made
Duller than any spur-gall'd, tired jade.

ALPH. 'Sfoot, if he enter, I will break his neck.

LOL. Not for a world, dear love, step into my closet.

ALPH. Did ever slave come thus unluckily?
LOL. Nay, now's no time for passion; good lord, in. [*Exit* ALPHONSO.

Enter PRATE.

COL. Fie! I have almost broke my heart with running.
LOL. How now, dear husband, what hath mov'd this haste?
PRATE. I think I was not bless'd this morning when I rose; for through my forgetfulness I have left behind me in my study the breviates of all my causes, and now the senate is fain to dance attendance on my leisure; fie, fie, fie! [*Exit* PRATE.
LOL. Nay, if he smell nothing but papers, I care not for his dry foot-hunting,[1] nor shall I need to puff pepper in his nostrils; but see, he comes again.

Enter PRATE, *and, stumbling at his wife's bed, sees* ALPHONSO'S *rich apparel lying thereon.*

PRATE. I think the devil hath laid his horns in my way.
MECH. Yes, and if you had wit, you might conjure him out of your wife's closet. [*Aside.*]
PRATE. *Sancte Benedicite,* what have we here? Hath the golden snake cast his skin upon our bed? Go to, wife; I smell, I smell! methinks your plain rug should not agree with this rich counterpoint.

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[1] To draw *dry foot*, as Dr Gray observes, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot, for which the bloodhound is famed. See Mr Steevens's note to the "Comedy of Errors," act iv. sc. 2.

LOL. Husband, either I have fitted you now, or else I shall never fit you, whilst I breathe.
You oft have told me, that like those of your rank,
Who both adorn their credits and themselves,
Yea, even their causes with their costly clothes,
Yourself in like sort would strive to imitate;
And now my neighbour here hath brought this suit,
Which if you please to buy, 'tis better cheap
Than e'er 'twas made by full five thousand crowns.

PRATE. Say'st thou me so, wench? a kiss for that, i' faith;
'Fore God, it is a delicate fine suit,
Rich stuff, rare work, and of the newest fashion:
Nay, if the senate's business were never so hasty,
I will stay to try it on; come, help;
Good wenches, help. So, there, there, there.

[*The orator puts on* ALPHONSO'S *apparel.*

MECH. 'Sfoot, will the ox put on the lion's hide!
He will, he will, 'tis more than excellent;
So gild the tomb that holds but rottenness!
Laughter, I fear, will burst me; look how he struts.
O God, that ever man should look
Upon this maumet,[1] and not laugh at him!

[*Aside.*]

PRATE. Fit, fit, excellent fit, as though
The body it was made for wore my mould.
Wife, I will have it: we'll dispute no price.

[1] A puppet. Mr Tollet supposes it to be a corruption of Mahomet. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr Steevens's note on "The First Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 3.

Again, in Hall's "Chronicle," fol. 20, Henry IV.: "By the deviacion, and not devinacion of that *mawmet* Merlyn."

Enter VELOURS.

VEL. Master orator, the senate are set, and can despatch no causes through your absence; therefore they earnestly entreat your presence.

PRATE. I come, I come; good friend, go, say I come.
And, wife, see that
You pay for this suit, whatsoe'er it cost.
[*Exit* PRATE.

MECH. Not above making you cuckold: that's the most.

LOL. What, is he gone?

COL. He is.

Enter ALPHONSO *in his shirt.*

LOL. Why, then, come forth, poor naked lord.

ALPH. What, is he gone? May the devil and his horns both follow him!

LOL. He is gone; but yet he hath discover'd your treason.

ALPH. How?

COL. Yes, and in revenge thereof hath vowed that in this naked sort as you are you shall do penance through the city for your sin of unchastity.

ALPH. I pray thee, leave thy woman's phrase, and speak, like a man, plainly, plainly.

LOL. Then plainly thus—he is gone, and hath taken away your apparel.

ALPH. Upon what accident?

LOL. This: when your negligence had left your clothes upon my bed, he espied them, tasked me for the owner; I, in excuse, told him it was a suit brought by my gossip to be sold; he straight, like a child proud of a new coat, presently puts it on, presently is sent for to the senate, and at this present hath left you, that the world may behold your naked doings.

ALPH. I would it were washed in the blood of a centaur,[1] that when he puts it off, his skin might follow it: but how shall I get to my chamber?

LOL. Truly, I know not, except you will wear a smock's upper coat.

ALPH. What, a petticoat? you mad me with your mirth.

LOL. Then seriously thus: as he hath ta'en your clothes, you must take his; and let the world know you have had more than fiddler's fare, for you have meat, money, and cloth.

ALPH. 'Sfoot, how shall I look in this devil's suit? sure, I shall grow sick to see my shape.

LOL. Well, extremity must then be your physic; but come, you shall attire yourself in my chamber.

[*Exeunt* ALPHONSO, LOLLIA, *and* COLLAQUINTIDA.

MECH. Are these the winding turns of female shames,
Loose woman's gambols, and the tricks of sin?
And are we born to bear these suffrages?
O, he that's tied unto a brothel bed
Feels his worst hell on earth, and may presume
There is no sickness like his pestilence.
Well, what the issue of this jest will prove,
My wit but yet conceives, and aftertime
Shall perfect it and give it liberty,
In such sort that, if it true fire strike,
A world of apes shall study for the like. [*Exit.*

Enter the DUKE OF EPIRE *alone.*

EPIRE. My thoughts are troubled, joy forsakes me quite,
And all my meditations are revenge:

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[1] Alluding to the poisoned garment given by Dejanira to Hercules. See Ovid's "Metamorphoses," b. IX.

Ambition and fell murder join in one,
And aid each other to untwine a state,
And make whole millions prove unfortunate.
Now must I practise court-art, flattery,
And wisely temporise with blackest deeds:
I'll smile and stab: now weep, then laugh, then frown,
And with sly tricks of state kill all suspicion;
Devils must seem like angels, saith ambition.
The blackest thoughts I'll study to excel;
Crowns and revenge have made men dive to hell.
My plot is current, and it cannot miss,
Whilst wisdom winds me on the clue of bliss.
The king shall kill the queen; that acted right,
I soon will turn his brightest day to night.
He's simple, honest, and loves downy rest;
Then he must fall: 'tis policy in state
To hurl them down are bless'd with happy fate.
Thus each shall scourge himself with his own rod;
Who is all policy avows no God—
Who is within there, ho?

Enter FLORIO.

FLO. Did your grace call?
EPIRE. I did; where's the king?
FLO. He's in his privy chamber playing at chess.
EPIRE. Go straight, and tell him I must speak with him,
And say my business doth import great haste.
FLO. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
EPIRE. Be a bless'd Mercury: now mount thee up, my spirit,
And show thyself a politician;
Let slander rule thy tongue, envy thy heart,
And let destruction be the[1] period

[1] [Edits., *thy*.]

Of what thou speak'st ; for this my maxim is :
But rule no heaven, and but revenge no bliss.

Enter CYPRUS, FLORIO, *and Attendants.*

Here comes the king. My lord, we must be private.[1]

CYP. Remove your hearings from our conference. [*Exeunt* FLORIO, *&c.*

Now speak, my lord, speak freely, as to heaven.

EPIRE. First with my knee I kiss this prostrate earth,
And humbly beg that which my tongue shall speak,
So it proceed from love and vassalage,
May bear a pardon or forgetfulness.

CYP. You have it; rise, discharge an open breast.

EPIRE. O my dread liege, my speech will make you sad—
And kings do seldom relish their distastes—
And from that sadness such a storm will rise
As will even drown up all credulity.
O, that my loyal heart could cover sin,
Or that my tongue, inured unto grief,
Might lose its spleen, ere it distemper you !
But love and mine allegiance bid me speak.

CYP. Then speak, and do not rack me with delay.

EPIRE. Women, why were you made for man's affliction ?
The first that ever made us taste of grief,
And last of whom in torments we complain :
You devils shap'd like angels, through whose deeds
Our forked shames are made most visible !

---

[1] In the quartos of 1608 and of 1633, this line is by mistake assigned to Cyprus. The *exit* of Florio, who obviously withdraws, is also not marked.—*Collier.*

No soul of sense would wrong bright majesty,
Nor stain their blood with such impurity.
CYP. Nay, good lord, leave this allegoric speech,
And give me knowledge from a plainer phrase.
EPIRE. Then plainly thus: your bed is press'd with lust,
I know you do not credit—nay, what's more,
I know you hate me for my virtuousness:
Your queen behaves her like a courtesan:
I know you hold me for a vile impostor!
O foolish zeal, that makes me be so fond
To leave my faith unto black censuring.
O, she hath sinn'd, and done a double wrong
To you and to her[1] sacred chastity.
CYP. Duke, thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind
Slander is worse than theft or sacrilege,
Nay more, than murder or the height of treason—
A step beyond the utmost plagues in hell.
Then thou, which in that nature wrong'st a queen,
Deserv'st a scourge beyond their punishments;
Virtue should kill thee now.
EPIRE. Nay, do: my breast is bare unto thy steel.
Kill me, because I love thee and speak true.
Is this the merit of a Roman faith?
For this have I observ'd, pry'd in unto,
And search'd each secret shift of vanity?
Nay, pray you kill me; faith, I'll patient stand.
Live still a monster, hold shame in your hand.
CYP. Speak a word more! a king shall be thy death.
EPIRE. Death is a slave to him that is resolv'd,
And my soul loathes this servile flattery,
Nor will I cover such intemperate sin,
But to the world make them and that transparent,
Unless yourself will seek to right yourself.

[1] [Edits., *you, to her, and.*]

CYP. Thou hast awak'd me, and thy piercing words
Have split my sense in sunder: yet what ground
Remains whereon to ground suspicion?
A cuckold, cuckold, ha!
EPIRE. Your absence is the bawd to her desires,
For their masques, dancings, gaming, banquetting,
Strange private meetings, and all toils in love,
As wanton speeches to stir appetite,
And all enchantments that inflame desire:
When you return, then all is hush'd and still,
And she demurely walks like virtue's ghost.
Before your face she's like a puritan:
Behind your back a blushless courtesan.
CYP. O, I have drank in poison at mine ears,
Which makes my blood boil with unquenched flames.
But speak, who is it that dishonours me?
EPIRE. He that you prize a line before your life;
I know you will not credit—faith you will not.
CYP. Nay, if thou cease to speak, thou hat'st my life;
Tak'st thou delight to kill me? then forbear:
'Sfoot, I am mortal man, kill me, do. do![1]
EPIRE. Your best of friends, your dearest Philocles,
Usurps your bed, and makes you a cornute.
A creature uncreate in paradise,
And one that's only of a woman's making.
CYP. Is't possible! can I give faith to this?
EPIRE. Nay, be but patient, smooth your brow a little,
And you shall take them, as they clip each other,
Even in their height of sin,[2] then damn them both,

[1] [Edits., *do, do, do.*]
[2] This horrid sentiment is to be found in too many of our ancient poets. See [Ford's "Works," by Dyce, i. 143.]

And let them sink before they ask God pardon,
That your revenge may stretch unto their souls.

CYP. To be a cuckold doth exceed all grief.

EPIRE. To have a pleasant scoff at majesty.

CYP. To taste the fruit forbidden from my tree!

EPIRE. But he shall lose his paradise for that.

CYP. The slave will make base songs in my disgrace.

EPIRE. And wound your reputation in strange lands.

CYP. This injury sads all my joys on earth.

EPIRE. Horns are not shunn'd by wisdom, wealth, or birth.

CYP. Watch their close meetings, and then give us notice;
Mean space, my love shall in thy bosom rest.
My grief is like my birth, great—great and high.
Give close intelligence: till then farewell.
Lust is the broadest path which leads to hell.
[*Exit* CYPRUS.

EPIRE. He's gone with black suspicion in his heart:
And his soul made a slave to jealousy,
My plots shall drive him to his own destruction;
And I gain both revenge and dignity.
He shall no sooner put his queen to death,
But I'll proclaim her spotless innocence;
All men will hate him for so vile an act,
And mad with rage depose him from his crown.
Then I will be his death: his state doth give:
Kings once depos'd long after must not live.
For, like a phœnix rare in jealousy,
He shall consume himself in scorching flames,
Whilst from his ashes I a phœnix spring.
Many renounce their God to be a king,
And I'll be one to kill men with a frown,
None dare dispute the actions of a crown. [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 1.

Enter FLORIO *and* MECHANT.

FLO. The queen is all for revels; her light heart,
Unladen from the heaviness of state,
Bestows itself upon delightfulness.
MECH. She follows her creation and her sex.
In my conceit it is as vile a thing
To see the worthy model of a woman,
Who had not been at all but to give life
And stirring spleen to man's alacrity,
To sit o'erwhelm'd with thought, with dark amuse,
And the sad sullenness of griev'd dislike;[1]
As to behold an old man in his furs,
Whose well-spent youth hath given his age full strength,
To be his country's best physician,
To caper to his grave, and with vain gauds
Trick up his coffin, and upon his tomb
To leave no knowledge but his levity.
FLO. 'Tis true indeed, and Nature in herself
Doth give us still distaste in contraries.
And in my thoughts
It is as base to see a woman man,
As see a man a long-rob'd feminine.
MECH. Well, we forget ourselves, my lord;
What, is the music ready? I pray you,
Command the guard to take their halberts in their hands;
The ushers should have seen this room perfumed.
In faith, they are too negligent: here comes the queen.

[1] *And the sad sullenness of a griev'd dislike* is the reading of the 4°. The article was omitted by Mr Reed for the sake of the measure.—*Collier.*

Enter the QUEEN, MARIANA, *and waiting-women:* PHILOCLES, *and other lords: the* KING *disguised like one of the guard at the one end of the stage, and the duke so likewise disguised at the other end of the stage.*

QUEEN. Loud music there, and let the god of harmony
Ravish our senses with delightful airs,
Tun'd to the music of the higher sphere;
And with that mortal sign most rarely show
The joys in Jove's high court, to feast the gods,
Making that place abound in happiness.
Come, noble Philocles, I seize you first—
Mariana, there are choice of other lords—
In gracing you, it is the king I grace.

MAR. Come, honest lord, 'tis you must stand to me,
The queen in mine doth challenge interest,
And I must fly for shelter to my friends.

MECH. And I'll be glad to be your coverture.

MAR. O no, my lord, not till the weather change.

MECH. Well, when you please—meantime you do me grace.

QUEEN. Nay, my lord, there's a lady worth the handling:
Sound music then; fill earth with heaven's pleasure.

CYP. My queen is out of time, though she keep measure. [*Here they dance the first strain.*

EPIRE. Be lucky, villany: hit now the mark[1]
That mine ambition aims at; methinks I see
That lean Italian devil, jealousy,

[1] *Be lucky villany* is necessary for the measure, and is conformable to the old copies. Mr Reed permitted the misprint to stand, and did not regulate the verse as it required. —*Collier.*

Dance in his eyes. Possess him, spirit of rage:
Muffle his understanding with black thoughts,
Let passion govern reason, falsehood truth,
Oblivion hide his age, hate kill his youth.

CYP. Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,
Even as upon these rushes, which thou treadest:[1]
See how her motions wind about his eyes,
And doth present to him her passions:
Now doth her moistening palm glow in his hand,
And courts him unto dalliance. She dies: 'tis just.
She's slave to murder that is slave to lust.

EPIRE. Thou curse of greatness, waking-ey'd suspicion,
Now help thy poor friends, murder and ambition.
[*The first strain ends.*

QUEEN. This strain contain'd a pretty change.
Proceed unto the next. [*They dance the second.*

CYP. Sin follows sin, and change on change doth wait;
Thy change doth change my love to cruel hate.
[*In this strain* MARIANA *came to* PHILOCLES.

PHIL. Madam, methinks this chance is better than the first.

MAR. Ay, if the music would not alter it.

QUEEN. Methinks 'tis worse; come, we will have
Another strain. [*They dance again.*

PHIL. I'm pleas'd;[2] let us proceed.

CYP. Rivals in crowns and beds of kings must bleed.
Can that fair house contain so foul a guest

[1] See the present vol., p. 213, and Mr Steevens's note on "Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 4.

[2] The 4°, 1608, has it, *I pleas'd*, and the reprint of 1633 implicitly follows all blunders, and adds others peculiar to itself.—*Collier.*

As lust, or cloak inordinate base desires,[1]
Under so fair a coverture? O yes,
Women can blind our sense when we see best,
And set fair landskips on inconstancy,
Making us blind with seeing. The dance ends:
Your sins are blackest, breach of love and friends.

EPIRE. Now to the king; blow, rage, till it flame hate;
A politician thrives the best in state.

[*Exit* EPIRE, *and enters to the* KING *again*.

QUEEN. Come, sweet Prince Philocles,
Devise some new delights to shorten time;
This dulness hath no relish in my sense,
It hath no pith; and sloth in my conceit
Is but a type of pride in best constructions.[2]

MAR. Madam, I'll stand, that a fair woman
Must be proud, or else a fool.

PHIL. I would fain hear that, i' faith.

QUEEN. Thy reason, wench, I pray thee: come, disburse.

MAR. A woman fair is like a full-blown rose.

QUEEN. Which holds the fair no longer than it grows.

MAR. A woman fair is like the finest gold.

PHIL. Which kept from use is good, though ne'er so old.

MAR. Nay, good lord, leave a little:
She that is fair is wise, and ought to know it,
For to that end did nature first bestow it.
Now of this knowledge if we be not proud,
We wrong the author, and we are allow'd

[1] *Inordinate and base desires*—both quartos.

[2] In the last edition it was printed—

"And sloth in my conceit
Is but a type of pride in best *constitutions*,"

which is neither sense nor metre. The old copies are uniform for the restored reading.—*Collier*.

To rank with senseless beasts, sith careless we
For want of pride detract our dignity.
Now knowing it, we know truth in the same,
Not to be proud of truth asks folly's name.
This lesson still is read in beauty's school:
She that is fair and humble is a fool.
For neither knows she how to hold her good,
Or to keep safe the treasure of her blood

QUEEN. A notable declamation.

MAR. Nay, madam, by your leave,
Pride gives a lustre to a woman's fair,[1]
Things that are highest priz'd are ever dear.
Why is the diamond the sapphire's king,
But for esteem and rareness? both which spring
From the stone's pride, which is so chaste and hard,
Nothing can pierce it, itself is itself's guard.
Now what is pride? self-love, our own esteem,
A strength to make us of ourselves well deem:
From whence this maxim I collect 'mongst other,
Who hates herself can never love another.
And, to conclude, man's appetite grows dull
To what it may have: empty hope's a fool.[2]
So[3] all our sex on earth, maid, widow, wife, and bride,
They happy live, when they live with chaste pride.

CYP. [*Aside.*] My queen will speak as much for lust, as she
For pride, if the toy take her.

MECH. Your ladyship sows dangerous seed abroad.

MAR. But I hope, my lord, all grounds are not fruitful.

---

[1] [Fairness.] [2] [Old copy, *is full.*]
[3] [Edits., *To.*]

QUEEN. Well, wench, shalt be the proud woman's champion.

MAR. And I'll defend them against all men, as at single tongue.

MECH. I had rather fight with a giant than you at that weapon.

CYP. [*To* EPIRE.] My lord, go forth, return in your own shape,
Say I am coming.

EPIRE. I go, my lord. [*Exit* EPIRE.

CYP. [*Aside.*] I'll note their countenance when they hear of me:
Kings often see that which they would not see.

QUEEN. Dancing hath made me weary. What sport is next?

PHIL. What your highness will command.

CYP. [*Aside.*] She will command you, sir, to play with her.

Enter EPIRE.

EPIRE. Madam, his majesty is return'd to court.

QUEEN. Nay, then, away with revels and with sports;
Lie hush'd and still this vainer idleness,
It now hath lost his spleen; come, lords, away,
My sun is risen brings a brighter day.
[*Exeunt all but* CYPRUS *and* EPIRE.

CYP. Darkness is thy delight, lascivious queen,
And thou wouldst have thy sun pent-up in clouds,
If I be he. O falseness, did I for this
In single opposition, hand to hand,
Hazard my royal blood for thee to be
My greatest shame, the scandal of my blood,
Whilst rumour crowns me king of infamy?
But I will be reveng'd. Watch, gentle lord.

When next I see them, they shall taste of death,
Such power hath baseness over great defame,
That monarchs cannot cover their own shame.
[*Exit* CYPRUS.

EPIRE. My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I do see an even way to rule.
A crown, like a bold champion, bids me on,
And fame shall chronicle mine enterprise:
The queen being dead, I must oppose myself
Against her tyrant husband—that's my claim,—
And with strong courage stand the shock of war:
If of myself I can withstand the king,
Then all the land will flock unto mine aid; if not,
The king is God's anointed, my head fits the block,
And that's the worst: yet future times will tell,
I sunk not slightly; for a crown I fell. [*Exit* EPIRE.

Enter MECHANT, *and a guard of* WATCHMEN.

MECH. Come on, my masters,
You know the tenor of the king's command,
And what in this great business you must do,
Which is to keep him safe, and not vouchsafe
That any creature speak or visit him,
Till he be brought to th' presence of the king.
You must not start for bounty, nor for threats,
No, though he say he is a nobleman,
As it may be, he may prove mighty born,
Yet what for that? you must perform your office,
Or else expect to taste sharp punishment.

1ST WATCH. Tut, fear not, my lord, we that have had Cerberus' office so many years under a gate, are not to learn now to play either devils or tyrants; let us but see him, and then take no care for his safety.

2D WATCH. Nay, he shall be put into safe keeping, for my wife shall take charge of him.

Enter ALPHONSO *in the Orator's clothes.*

MECH. 'Tis well-devis'd, see where he comes ;
He may not see my presence ; think upon't,
[*To the Watch.*]
Your charge is trusty, and of mighty weight.
Farewell. [*Exit* MECHANT.

1ST WATCH. Fear not ; come, my hearts, compass him about, and seize on him all at once, like so many ravens on a dead horse.

ALPH. Now an eternal sleep, an apoplex, a swoon,
Seize on their senses, who in this disguise
Shall view or note my vile deformity.
I was bewitch'd by spells to my misfortune,
Or else star-cross'd with some hag's hellishness.
Sure, I said my prayers, ris'd on my right side,
Wash'd hands and eyes, put on my girdle last.
Sure, I met no spay-footed baker :
No hare did cross me, nor no bearded witch,
Nor other ominous sign. O, then, why
Should I be thus damm'd in the devil's nets ?
Is't possible this habit that I wear
Should become any man ? now of my soul,
I loathe to see myself, and willingly
I would even vomit at my countenance.

1ST WATCH. Stand, sir ; we arrest you.

ALPH. Arrest me ! why,
I injure no man but myself.

2D WATCH. You're the more unkind ; he that wrongs himself will not stick to wrong the whole world also.

1ST WATCH. Nay, strive not, for we arrest you by virtue of the king's commission.

ALPH. Well, my masters, be careful ; you may mistake me.

2D WATCH. Indeed it is no marvel, you are so like other men.

ALPH. Indeed at this time I am hardly like one of God's making.

1ST WATCH. Faith, and I am sure you are no man of a good tailor's making, you are but pieced-work.

ALPH. Well, yet I may hap to prove a nobleman.

2D WATCH. A whoremaster or an unthrift! away with him, and let no man catechise him upon pain of my displeasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the DUKE OF EPIRE *alone.*

EPIRE. Roll on, the chariot-wheels of my dear plots,
And bear mine ends to their desired marks.
As yet there's not a rub of wit, a gulf of thought,
No rocky misconstruction, thorny maze,
Or other let of any doubtfulness.
As yet thy way is smooth and plain,
Like the green ocean in a silent calm.
Blessed credulity, thou great God of error,
Thou art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;
By thy great deity he doth believe
Falsehoods, that falsehood's self could not invent,
And from that misbelief doth draw a course
To overwhelm even virtue, truth, and sanctity.
Let him go on, bless'd stars, 'tis meet he fall,
Whose blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.
But O, these shadows have bewitched long:
To threat and not to do doth malice wrong.
And see, here comes the queen.

Enter the QUEEN, MARIANA, *and other ladies.*

QUEEN. My lord the duke, your presence and my wish

Jump in an even line together: come,
We must to cards:
I have some crowns
I needs must lose to you.

EPIRE. I humbly beseech your highness pardon me:
I have important business of the king's,
Which doth command mine instant diligence.

MAR. Brother, indeed you shall attend the queen;
Another time will serve those state despatches.

EPIRE. Sister, content you, the affairs of state
Must give their best attendance on the times;
And great occurrents must not lose their minutes.

MAR. Now I'll stand to it, that to be a statesman or a lawyer is to be of the most thankless occupation that ever was derived from human invention.

QUEEN. Why, I pray thee, wench?

MAR. Because they bestow all the laborious toil of the mind until they be forty, that they may live imprisoned in a study-chamber till they be fourscore, only for this world's mammon, a great name and riches, which, like a string between a galley-slave's legs, is the only ease of their fetters.[1]

QUEEN. A notable construction of a noble labour: but shall we not have your company, my lord?

EPIRE. My service, madam, but my presence the king hath employed; only, if you please, I will send Prince Philocles to your majesty.

QUEEN. No creature better; for his skill in play

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[1] In the two 4° copies of this play the latter part of the speech stands thus:—*Only for this world's mammon, which is great name and riches, like a string between a galley-slave's legs, is the only ease of their fetters.* Mr Reed introduced the improvement.—*Collier.*

Is equal with our knowledge. Good my lord,
Send him to my privy-chamber presently.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, MARIANA, *&c.*

Enter PHILOCLES.

EPIRE. I will, and send affliction after him;
And see where he comes. My lord, your presence hath
Saved me much labour and a little care,
I was in quest for your fair company:
The queen, my lord, entreats you earnestly
You will attend her in her privy-chamber.
PHIL. Unto what end?
EPIRE. Only to waste some time at cards with her,
The lazy hours stick heavy on her thoughts,
Which she would lose with some forgetfulness.
PHIL. Faith, and play ne'er relish'd worse
Within my thoughts.
I know not how, but leaden [1] heaviness
Draws me to be in love with melancholy.
EPIRE. The fitter for you with more light sports
To chase that blood-consumer from your breast,
Who with a honey-poison doth devour,
And kill the very life of livelihood.
PHIL. 'Tis true, and therefore shall your counsel tutor me;
Where is her majesty?
EPIRE. Gone
To her privy-chamber, where she doth expect you.
PHIL. I will attend her presently.
[*Exit* PHILOCLES.
EPIRE. Do, and I will attend thee to thy grave,
Poor shallow lord, by much too virtuous.
Ho! who's within there?

[1] [Old copies, *loaden.*]

Enter FLORIO.

FLO. Your grace's pleasure?

EPIRE. Go tell his majesty that I must speak with him.

FLO. I go. [*Exit.*

Enter aloft to cards the QUEEN *and* PHILOCLES.

QUEEN. Come, my lord, take your place, here are cards, and here are my crowns.

PHIL. And here are mine; at what game will your majesty play?

QUEEN. At Mount-saint.[1]

PHIL. A royal game, and worthy of the name,
And meetest even for saints to exercise.
Sure, it was of a woman's first invention.

QUEEN. It is not saint, but cent, taken from hundreds.

PHIL. True, for 'mongst millions hardly is found one saint.

QUEEN. Indeed you may allow a double game;
But come, lift for the dealing; it is my chance to deal.

PHIL. An action most-most proper to your sex.

Enter CYPRUS.

CYP. How now, my waking dragon, thou whose eyes
Do never fall or close through Lethean sleep:
What, is there a Hercules that dare to touch
Or enter the Hesperian rosaries?[2]

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[1] This game is often mentioned in our ancient writers, and what immediately follows sufficiently explains the nature of it.

[2] Places where roses grow in great abundance.

"Biferique *rosaria* Pæsti."—VIRG.

—*Steevens.*

EPIRE. Speak softly, gentle lord; behold, behold,
The silly birds are tangled in your snare,
And have no way to 'scape your punishment.
See, how her eyes do court him, and his looks
Pay to her love a double interest.
Fie, fie! they are to blame.

QUEEN. What are you, my lord?

PHIL. Your highness' servant, but misfortune's slave.

QUEEN. Your game, I mean.

PHIL. Nothing in show, yet somewhat in account; Madam, I am blank.

QUEEN. You are a double game, and I am no less; there's an hundred, and all cards made, but one knave.

EPIRE. Mark that! of my life, she means your majesty.

CYP. True, I know she holds me as her varlet,
And that I am imperfect in her game;
But my revenge shall give me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foul impudence,

EPIRE. Nay, good my lord, observe: they will confirm you better.

QUEEN. What's your game now?

PHIL. Four kings, as I imagine.

QUEEN. Nay, I have two, yet one doth me little good.

PHIL. Indeed, mine are two queens, and one I'll throw away.

EPIRE. Doth your majesty mark that?
You are the king that she is weary of,
And my sister the queen that he will cast away.

PHIL. Can you decard,[1] madam?

QUEEN. Hardly, but I must do hurt.[2]

PHIL. But spare not any to confirm your game.

---

[1] *i.e.*, Throw away a card.—*Steevens.*

[2] [Without injuring my hand.]

EPIRE. Would you have more plain proof of their foul treason?
They do not plot your highness' death alone.
CYP. But others, which they think depend on me.
EPIRE. Myself, and those which do you services:
They are bloody-minded; yet for myself,
Were it not for your safety, I could wish
You would remit and blot these errors out,
In hope that time would bring them to more virtue.
CYP. O, then thou didst not love me, nor thy faith
Took hold upon my scandals; fie, I'm mad,
Sham'd and disgrac'd, all wit-stung, wisdomless.
Within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO.

FLO. Did your majesty call?
CYP. Go instantly—(nay,
Do not look sad or pale, neither dispute with me
Nor with thy thoughts; but as thou lov'st thy life,
Effect my will)—call all my guard.
Ascend the queen's privy-chamber, and in my name
Arrest her and Prince Philocles of treason.
Make no delay, but in thy diligence
Show how thou dost respect me. Arrested once,
Convey them unto straitest prison: away.
[*Exit* FLORIO.
For you, my lord, go instantly prepare,
And summon all the princes of our land
Unto an instant parliament, where we
Will have them both condemn'd immediately,

Without their answers, plaints, or piteousness.
Since women's tears do blunt revenge's sword,
I will not see, nor hear them speak one word.
[*Exeunt* CYPRUS *and* EPIRE.

Enter FLORIO, *and a guard aloft, to the* QUEEN *and* PHILOCLES.

FLO. Madam and Prince Philocles, in the king's name I arrest you both of high treason.

PHIL. He lies that saith I ever knew the word.

QUEEN. I pray thee, do not affright me, gentle lord,
Thy words do carry death even in their sound.

FLO. Madam, I am most sorry 'tis my fortune,
But what I do is by the king's commission.

QUEEN. Whence is that warrant grounded, or what's our treason?

FLO. I am his instrument, but not his councillor.

PHIL. Madam, be patient; that we do not know,
We have no cause to grieve at. As for envy's toil,
Let her even break her own gall with desire,
Our innocence is our prevention.
Be cheerful, madam, 'tis but some villain's sound,
Made only to amaze, not to confound.
And what must we do, my lord?

FLO. To prison are the words of my commission.

PHIL. Then lead the way; he hath of grief no sense,
Whose conscience doth not know of his offence.

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 1.

Enter at one door EPIRE, *at another* MARIANA.

EPIRE. How now, mad sister, your dear love is condemned?
A sweet adulterer!

MAR. How! condemn'd before their trial?
EPIRE. No, they were condemn'd by act of parliament.
MAR. I do not hold thee, brother, for a man,
For it is reasonless to mock calamity:
If he die innocent, thrice-happy soul;
If guilty, weep that man should so transgress:
Nature of reason thus much doth importune,
Man should partake in grief with man's misfortune.
EPIRE. For him, if e'er mine eyes weep, may they drop out,
And leave my body blinder than my sense:
Pity my foe, the ruin of my house,
My valour's scandal, and mine honour's poison!
No, let him fall, for blood must still quench lust,
Law hath condemn'd him, then his death is just.
MAR. Spit out that monster envy, it corrupts you,
And mildly hear me answer for my love.
What did he 'gainst you was not honourable,
Which you 'gainst him would not have gladly done?
Will you hate him for acting your own thoughts?
Can it be ill in him, yet good in you?
Let reason weigh this difference, then you'll find
His honour poises down his infamy.
EPIRE. Canst thou love him that brought thee to thy death?
MAR. No, like a God he made me with his breath.
EPIRE. Did he not win thy love, and then reject thee?
MAR. His honour, not his love doth now neglect me.
EPIRE. Fond maid, thy foolish dotage doth mistake him.
MAR. Hell shall have mercy, ere I will forsake him.

EPIRE. Farewell then, sister, friend to my greatest foe :
Revenge strikes home, being ended with one blow.
[*Exit* EPIRE.

MAR. Prevention, thou best midwife to misfortune,
Unfold this ugly monster's treachery ;
And let his birth be ominous—struck dead,
Ere it have being in this open world.
Love commands nature. Brother, pardon me :
Thine envy dies by my love's liberty.
Invention, heart of wit, possess my brain,
For treason is to treason her own bane.
And you, bright heav'ns, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may shine through falsehood's leprous spots ;
My life I'll hazard to redeem my love,
Firm constancy like rocks can never move.
Be bold then, maiden-heart, in his defence.
He saved thy life : thy life's his recompense :
My wit and hopes have furnish'd me with all
The helps of art to bring forth treason's fall.
Now to the means. Some say that gold hath power
To enter without force a gateless tower :
And I'll try that, which if it take fast hold,
I'll never blame them more that doat on gold.
Ho ! who's within there ?

Enter JAILER.

JAILER. Who calls, what would you have ? I thought you were a woman, you were so hasty : O, madam, is it you ? I cry you mercy.

MAR. My grief speaks loud, sir, and my swift desire
O'errules my tongue, makes it keep time with thought ;
I long to see a prisoner in this ill-built house.

JAILER. What prisoner, madam?

MAR. The worthy prince, the famous Philocles.

JAILER. Madam, I dare not, without especial warrant.

MAR. I have my brother's strong commission; hold, there is gold.

JAILER. This golden calf is an excellent idol, and few of my profession but serve it: this dumb god gives tongue to all men, wit to all men, honour to any man, but honesty to no man: and therefore as for honesty, I mean not to deal with so dear a commodity, but leave it to my better. Madam, those stairs direct you to his lodging.

MAR. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* MARIANA.

JAILER. This is a worthy lady, to give thus much for the bare sight of a man in affliction; if he were at liberty, it were nothing; but being as it is, it is most bountiful: but it may be it is for the past hours of former recreations: well, let it be what it shall be, I am sure it was not that I should hold this disputation: but see, here she comes again.

Enter PHILOCLES *in* MARIANA'S *attire, and* MARIANA *in his.*

PHIL. Madam, my soul cannot consent to leave
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death
Carry such ugly shape, as doth the thought,
That you are left in this extremity:
Indeed, I will not leave you.

MAR. Will you grow mad? what, shall your nobler spirit,
Which is the school of wisdom, grow so fond,[1]

[1] Foolish.

As to revolt from all our happiness?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whose true events have true proportions;
Then, dear lord, rest resolv'd—the jailer overhears—
Live you with safety. Most worthy maid, farewell.

PHIL. Farewell, fair prince: thanks, master jailer, and a kind commend.

JAILER. As much unto your ladyship. So now I'll lock my doors.

[*Exeunt* MARIANA, PHILOCLES, *and* JAILER.

Enter CYPRUS, MECHANT, FLORIO, *and Attendants.*

CYP. Is our commission, as we gave in charge,
Delivered o'er to the corregidors?

MECH. It is, and with such strictness and advice
For speedy execution of the same,
That by this time I know they are in the way
Unto their execution; for the hour
Of death doth run upon his latest minutes.

CYP. 'Tis well: for till their shameless lives have end,
There can no comfort creep into my thoughts,
Or aught save mischief keep me company.
Why was I born to this malignity
And lowness of base fortune, yet my place
Above the level of the vulgars' sight?
O, it is but to let me know thus much,
That those which lie within the richest graves
Were at the best but fortune's glorious slaves.
But see, here comes my shame.

Enter corregidors, QUEEN *and* MARIANA *disguised like* PHILOCLES, *both bound, and a guard of halberts with the executioner.*

QUEEN. My dearest lord.

CYP. Pass, and respect me not, lascivious woman!

Thy tears are like the tears of crocodiles.[1]
See how I stop mine ears against thy plaints,
And glue mine understanding from thy charms.
Nay, call on him thou hast offended most;
Mercy from me were worse than cruelty.

QUEEN My dearest, dreadest, my best[2] sovereign,
Whom I have ne'er offended, but with zeal
And constant love, loyal and honourable,
Vouchsafe me, though a queen, a subject's right,
And let me know for what offence I perish.

CYP. For thine adulterate and monstrous lust,
Shameful and gross, and most unsufferable.

QUEEN. Who doth accuse us?

CYP. Ourself and our own soul, that have beheld
Your vile and most lascivious passages.[3]

MAR. O, that my tongue would not betray my knowledge!
Then would I amaze them all with mine assertions.
Madam, challenge the law. [*Whispers.*

QUEEN. My gracious lord, since no desert in me
Can merit your belief, nor that your eye
Can rightly judge my pure complexion:
Yet as your handmaid let me beg the right,
Due unto wretches from our country's laws.

CYP. The tenor of the law you do demand?

QUEEN. That in the case of slander, where the proof
Proceeds as much from envy as from truth,
We are allow'd our champions to defend
Our innocence with a well-ordered sword.

---

[1] *Thy tears are of the spears of crocodiles*, are the words in both the quartos; probably the amendment of Mr Reed is correct.—*Collier.*

[2] [Old copies, *My dearest dread, my best best.*]

[3] *i.e.*, What hath passed between you. See notes of Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens to "All's Well that Ends Well," act i. sc. 1.

CYP. I look'd for this objection, and allow it;
Nor am I unprovided for your best
And strongest hope in any victory:
Lords, attend in my champion.

Here the noblemen go forth, and bring in the DUKE OF EPIRE *like a combatant.*

QUEEN. Will you, my lord, approve the king's assertion?

EPIRE. Madam, although against the nature of my spirit,
And my first duty bound to your allegiance,
Yet now compell'd by duty and by truth,
I must of force become your opposite.

QUEEN. Thou art no true Italian, nor true gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy judgment.
Hath not that arm which now is arm'd against me—
That valour, spirit, judgment, and that worth,
Which only makes you worthy—stood t' approve
More than myself will challenge to my virtues?
And are you now basely turn'd retrograde?
Well, I perceive there's nought in you but spleen
And time's observance, still to hold the best—
Still I demand the law.

CYP. And you shall have it in the amplest manner.
Sound, cornets.

Here the cornets sound thrice, and at the third sound enters PHILOCLES, *disguised like a combatant.*

FLO. There is a combatant on the defendant's part;
Your majesty's pleasure?

CYP. Give him his oath according to the laws.

FLO. Are the fair ends of this your warlike posture

To prove the innocence of these two condemn'd?
So help you Jove!

PHIL. They are.

CYP. Then give the warlike signal to the fight.

Here the combat being fought, PHILOCLES *overcomes the* DUKE.

PHIL. Thou art my slave, either confess or die.

EPIRE. Didst thou speak true, I would not sound a word
To save the world from cinders; yet that thou may'st
With more resolv'd fury murder me,
This I confess: 'twas I that only stirr'd,
Out of strong falsehood's hate and jealousy,
The king's eternal wrath, and made him think
Untruths, that even untruth would not suggest:
And all my malice sprung from that Prince Philocles.

PHIL. No, 'twas from me, that still am Philocles.

CYP. My Philocles, my queen! O, double pardon me,
My jealousy, his envy, and your virtues,
Are sprung from such impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them; yet, O, pardon me:
My faith in life shall make you recompense.
For thee, rare Mariana, thou hast wrought
A work of noble constant magnitude.
As for this monster, this my tempting devil,
Whose forfeit life is witness to his shame,
I give his life and fortunes to the queen.
She, whom his malice would have brought to death,
Shall now be judge and juror of his breath.

MAR. In which commission, madam, let it be enroll'd,
He is my brother and my next[1] of blood.

[1] [Old copies, *best.*]

QUEEN. And only that is charter for his life—
Live, envious lord, more envious than thou'rt great,
Live to lament thy worst of wretchedness,
Live to repent, since this I certain know,
Thine own gall'd conscience will be thy worst woe.

Enter a guard of WATCHMEN *with* ALPHONSO.

1ST WATCHMAN. Come, bring away, thrust him forward, though favour and a great purse were against him.

CYP. How now, what tumult have we there?

2D WATCH. An't please your majesty, we have brought you here a slip,[1] a piece of false coin: one that is neither stamped with true coin for his excuse, nor with good clothes for his redemption.

CYP. Alphonso! in the name of madness, how comes this metamorphosis? Nay, stand forth, discourse: if thou dost lie, thou art mine enemy.

MECH. Nay more, if thou stick in any bog, and by a trick seek to wind out, I will discover you.

ALPH. This conjuration (believe it, my lord), shall make me leap out of all fetters, and briefly thus: I have long time loved the fair wife of the orator, and, having no opportunity but his absence at the senate, I took that season; he, out of negligence, omitting his papers, returned unseasonably, found me [clothed] insufficiently, and forced to take sanctuary strangely, which, however, I purchased; yet he found mine apparel, and mistaken in the tenure, reached it presently, put it on immediately; and now in the senate-house is pleading in it seriously.

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[1] Again, in Day's "Law Tricks," 1608, act iii.—

"A gilded *slip* carries as fair a show
As perfect gold, gilt honour may do so.
But put your *slip* to trial, the slight gold
Is soon rubb'd off."

CYP. I cannot blame him, you having got so much within his inward garment.

MECH. Of all which, my lord, I being, in a strict conceit, a bawdy witness, and having, both from the orator's scorns and delays received many indignities, thought by this discovery to cry quittance with my proud enemy.

CYP. And you have amply done it; yet this jest
So perfect doth deserve more memory.
Florio, go bid the orator attend us presently.
[*Exit* FLORIO.
And now to you, Drap and Velours, I did
Refer you long since to the orator.
Yet I note your attention: come, there is
Some too close-fisted hardness in your hearts:
You gripe too hard, your bribes will not disburse:
Come, tell me truly, as you look for heaven,
What must you pay for your despatches?

DRAP *and* VEL. A thousand crowns we offer'd willingly.

CYP. And will your suit avail with such disbursement?

DRAP *and* VEL. It will, and we most richly satisfied.

CYP. We'll see the business perfected.

DRAP *and* VEL. With all our hearts, and be full-joy'd thereat;
Here are the crowns.

CYP. You shall have your despatches.

Enter PRATE *and* FLORIO.

See, here comes the orator. Prate, come hither;
These gentlemen, whom long since I referr'd
To your despatches, are yet unsatisfied.

PRATE. Alas! my lord, the state——

CYP. ——I know, employs you, yet there's many minutes

May give your best cares leisure ; come, there is
Some odd disburse, some bribe, some gratulance,
Which makes you lock up leisure ; come, tell true,
What bribe must they give, what is your utmost price ?

PRATE. But five hundred crowns, of my best conscience.

CYP. Tut, it is nothing, hold, here's the coin,
And let them have their patents presently :
Or look to lose both place and sovereignty.

PRATE. Legions of devils haunt their diligence !

CYP. Fie ! I would not have a man of your high place,
Or for respect of wealth or base observance,
In smallest things thus to neglect your credit,
Why, look you, my lords,
This orator is not like others of his rank,
Who from their garish [1] and fantastic humours
Go through the streets, spotted with peacock's plumes,
Wearing all colours, laces, broideries,
Satins and silks, so antic-garnished,
That when their gowns are off, you cannot find
In Italy a master shap'd more nice.
But this fellow Prate here's of another sort,
Cloth'd like himself, demure and soberly :
Nay, you shall see him for a precedent.
[*Ungowns the orator.*
Passion of mine eyesight ! who have we here ?
This is Alphonso, there's the orator.

PRATE. Heart of impatience, I am then a cuckold !

A scorn, a byword, and a laughing-stock.
What, is my wife turn'd whore ? and must her depth
Be sounded by the plumbs [2] of foreigners ?

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[1] [Edits., *gainish.*] [2] *i.e.*, The plummets.—*Steevens.*

Well, the revenge that I will take for this my shame
Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.
CYP. Not for thy life, not for my love, I charge thee :
Thy wife is honest, chaste, and virtuous :
Only this wanton lord with lust and coin
Hath much attempted, but prevail'd in nought.
For proof, see here the crowns he would have given
To have purchas'd her bed's honour, but she would not ;
Which I bestow on you for recompense.
Therefore, as thou dost hope my grace to find,
So to thy wife be loving, gentle, kind.
PRATE. Your majesty may mould me to your pleasure.
CYP. I thank you, and will quittance it.
Now, Mechant, we restore you to your lands,
Your honours and near places, next ourself :
To all that feel distaste in any sore,
We give to cure them all our grace and favour.
Thus storms bring gentle sunshine ; and our hands
May, after shipwreck, bring us to safe lands.

FINIS.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

EDITIONS.

(1.) *The Merry Deuill of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times Acted, by his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the banke-side. London Printed by Henry Ballard for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling at the signe of the White-horse in Paules Church-yard, ouer against the great North doore of Paules.* 1608. 4°.

(2.) *The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath bene sundry times Acted by his Maiestıes Seruants at the Globe on the Bancke side. London, Printed by Thomas Creede for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling &c.* 1612. 4°.

(3.) *The Merry Divel of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banke-side. At London. Printed by G. Eld, for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling at the signe of the white-Horse in Paules Churchyard, ouer against the great North Doore of Paules.* 1617. 4°.

(4.) *The Merry Deuill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times Acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe, on the Banke-side. London printed by A. M. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere vnto S. Margarites-hill, in Southwarke.* 1626. 4°.

(5.) *The Merry Deuill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times Acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe, on the Bancke-side. London. Printed by T. P. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere vnto S. Margarites-hill, in Southwarke.* 1631. 4°.

(6.) *The Merry Devil of Edmonton . . . . London, Printed for William Gilbertson, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the Bible, in Giltspur-street, without Newgate,* 1655. 4°.[1]

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[1] [In the centre is a large woodcut of a man on horseback, with two others looking at him, alluding probably to the incident regarding the sign in the latter end of the play.—*Collier.*

INTRODUCTION.

[THIS play is anonymous, although some of our earlier antiquaries, such as Coxeter and Oldys, have attributed it to this or that author without the slightest authority. It was originally licensed by Sir George Buc to Joseph Hunt and Thomas Archer on the 22d October 1607. As neither of these stationers'[1] names is to the first edition, there was probably a transfer, or possibly an earlier impression than any now known. This drama was suggested by, rather than founded on, the traditional account handed down in print of Peter Fabel, popularly known as the "Merry Devil of Edmonton." In 1631 Thomas Brewer published a prose tract on the same subject.[2] "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" had been acted before 1608], being mentioned in the "Blacke Booke" by T. M., 1604. "Give him leave to see 'The Merry Devil of Edmunton, or A Woman kill'd with Kindness;'" and that it was a favourite

[1] According to the Stationer's Registers (as quoted in Chalmer's "Supp. Apol." 201), this play was licensed by Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels, on the 22d October 1607.—*Gilchrist.*

[2] [See Hazlitt's "Handbook," 1867, pp. 61, 191, 471. Also Warton's "History of Poetry," by Hazlitt, iv. 76, 77.]

performance, may be concluded from the following lines in Ben Jonson's Prologue to "The Devil is an Ass"—

> "If you'll come
> To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
> And show this but the same face you have done
> *Your dear delight,* THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON."[1]

A MS. note in Sir W. Tite's catalogue may be copied here with advantage :—"This is a dear little drama In manner it is broad and real; in situation, full of interest. The action, which is very bustling, is pro-

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[1] It went through various editions (the titles of which are inserted above) in 1608, [1612], 1617, 1626, 1631, and 1655. The first of these is the most rare, and was not long since sold by auction for eight guineas. Mr Reed states that the last edition of 1655 is "unworthy of any notice from the number of errors it contains;" but these errors are chiefly literal, and some corrections of considerable importance are made in it, of which Mr Reed availed himself without acknowledgment.

It seems to have been revived before 1692, but at what precise date is not known. The following cast of parts is written on the back of a copy of the edition of 1655, in the Garrick Collection, in a hand no doubt of the time when it was again brought upon the stage :—

Sir Arthur Clare	Mr Sandford.
Sir R. Mounchensey	Mr Freeman.
Sir R Jerningham	Mr Betterton.
Henry Clare	Mr Hudgson.
Raymond Mounchensey	Mr Mountfort.
Frank Jerningham	Mr Alexander.
Sir John	Mr Noakes.
Banks	Mr Bright.
Smug	Mr Underhill.
Bilbo	Mr Bower.
Host	Mr Leigh.
Brian	Mr Bowman.
Fabel	Mr Kinaston.
Lady Clare	Mrs Leigh.
Millicent	Mrs Bracegirdle
Abbess	Mrs Cory.

—*Collier.*

pelled merrily on by characters which are varied without end, and touched, the most inconsiderable of them, by strong individuality. *It has been ascribed to Shakespeare, and it reminds one constantly of the Merry Wives: it is decidedly in his manner, and though there is nothing that shows his greatest strength, there is certainly nothing unworthy of him.* We read it with gratification, and we rise from it with feelings of kindness towards human nature. How delightful, after the filth and atrocity which form the groundwork of so many contemporary publications!"

Hazlitt also speaks very highly of this play,[1] which he describes as "perhaps the first example of sentimental comedy we have." He adds: "'The Merry Devil of Edmonton,' which has been sometimes attributed to Shakespeare, is assuredly not unworthy of him. It is more likely, however, both from the style and subject-matter, to have been Heywood's than any other person's. . . . Romantic, sweet, tender, it expresses the feelings of honour, of love, and friendship in their utmost delicacy, enthusiasm, and purity."

[1] ["Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," 1820, p. 221.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ARTHUR CLARE.
SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY.
SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM.
HENRY CLARE.
RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.
FRANK JERNINGHAM.
SIR JOHN, *a Priest.*
BANKS.
SMUG.
BILBO.
BLAGUE, *the Host.*
BRIAN.
RALPH.
SEXTON.
FRIAR HILDERSHAM.
BENEDIC.
CHAMBERLAIN.
FABEL, *the Merry Devil.*
COREB, *a Spirit.*

LADY CLARE.
MILLICENT.
ABBESS *of Cheston Nunnery.*
NUNS *and* ATTENDANTS.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

THE PROLOGUE.

YOUR silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our active scene:
To which intent, to calm this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our invoking spells;
If that your list'ning ears be yet prepar'd
To entertain the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience.
'Tis Peter Fabel,[1] a renowned scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode:
Not full seven miles from this great famous city;

[1] "Here (*i.e.*, at Edmonton) lieth interred vnder a seemlie Tombe without Inscription, the Body of *Peter Fabell* (as the report goes) vpon whom this fable was fathered, that he by his wittie deuises beguiled the deuil: belike he was some ingenious conceited gentleman, who did vse some sleightie trickes for his owne disports. He liued and died in the raigne of Henry the Seuenth, saith the booke of his merry pranks."—Weever's "Funeral Monuments," fol. 1631, p. 534. Norden says: "There is a fable of one *Peter Fabell* that lyeth in the same church also, who is saide to have beguiled the Devill by pollicie for Money."—"Speculum Britanniæ" (Middlesex), p. 18.

That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
Was call'd the merry fiend of Edmonton.
If any here make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,
Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
His monument remaineth to be seen:
His memory yet in the mouths of men,[1]
That whil'st he liv'd he could deceive the devil.
Imagine now, that whilst he is retir'd
From Cambridge back unto his native home,
Suppose the silent sable-visag'd night
Casts her black curtain over all the world;
And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,
Toil'd with the studies of the passed day,
The very time and hour wherein that spirit,
That many years attended his command,
And oftentimes 'twixt Cambridge and that town
Had in a minute borne him through the air,
By composition 'twixt the fiend and him,
Comes now to claim the scholar for his due.
[*Draws the curtain.*
Behold him here laid on his restless couch!
His fatal chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable sleights,
And by him stands that necromantic chair,
In which he makes his direful invocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleased eye, until you know
The comic end of our sad tragic show.

The chime goes, in which time FABEL *is oft seen to stare about him, and hold up his hands.*

FAB. What means the tolling of this fatal chime?

[1] A monosyllable (perhaps *is* or *lives*) has dropt out here, and rendered the line imperfect.—*Collier.* [The metre is quite correct.]

O, what a trembling horror strikes my heart!
My stiffen'd hair stands upright on my head,
As do the bristles of a porcupine.[1]

Enter COREB, *a spirit.*

COR. Fabel, awake! for[2] I will bear thee hence
Headlong to hell.

FAB. Ha, ha! why dost thou wake me?
Coreb, is it thou?

COR. 'Tis I.

FAB. I know thee well; I hear the watchful dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approach:
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence;
And this distemper'd and tempestuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with some devil.

COR. Come, art thou ready?

FAB. Whither, or to what?

COR. Why, scholar, this the hour my date expires;[3]
I must depart, and come to claim my due.

FAB. Ha! what is thy due?

COR. Fabel, thyself.

FAB. O, let not darkness hear thee speak that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe:
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill
Take but so much as she can bear away,
That, every day thus losing of my load,
I may again in time yet hope to rise.

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[1] So in "Hamlet," act i. sc. 5.

"And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine"

[2] [Old copies, *or*.]

[3] The measure was injured by the needless insertion of *is* in this line, not supported by any of the old copies.—*Collier*.

COR. Didst thou not write thy name with thine own blood?
And drew'st the formal deed 'twixt thee and me?
And is it not recorded now in hell?
FAB. Why com'st thou in this stern and horrid shape:
Not in familiar sort, as thou wast wont?
COR. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.
FAB. Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I have earnest business for a private friend:
Reserve me, spirit, until some farther time.
COR. I will not for the mines of all the earth.
FAB. Then let me rise, and ere I leave the world,
Despatch[1] some business that I have to do;
And in meantime repose thee in that chair.
COR. Fabel, I will.
[*Sits down in the necromantic chair.*
FAB. O, that this soul, that cost so dear a price
As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
Inspir'd with knowledge, should by that alone,
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
Ev'n lead him down into the depth of hell;
When men in their own pride strive to know more
Than man should know!
For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to sail
Farther than reason (which should be his pilot)
Hath skill to guide him—losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour,
The farther still he finds himself from land.

[1] The [later] quartos read, *I'll despatch*, &c.—*Collier.*

Man, striving still to find the depth of evil—
Seeking to be a god, becomes a devil.
COR. Come, Fabel, hast thou done?
FAB. Yes, yes, come hither.
COR. Fabel, I cannot.
FAB. Cannot! what ails your hollowness?
COR. Good Fabel, help me.
FAB. Alas! where lies your grief?—Some *aqua vitæ!*
The devil's very sick, I fear he'll die;
For he looks very ill.
COR. Dar'st thou deride the minister of darkness?
In Lucifer's great name, Coreb conjures thee
To set him free.
FAB. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Unless thou give me liberty to see
Seven years more, before thou seize on me.
COR. Fabel, I give it thee.
FAB. Swear, damned fiend.
COR. Unbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,
Till seven years from this hour be full expir'd.
FAB. Enough, come out.
COR. A vengeance take thy art!
Live and convert all piety to evil:
Never did man thus overreach the devil.
No time on earth, like Phaetonic flames,
Can have perpetual being. I'll return
To my infernal mansion: but be sure,
Thy seven years done, no trick shall make me tarry;
But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabel carry.
FAB. Then thus between us two this variance ends;
Thou to thy fellow-fiends, I to my friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, DORCAS *his lady*, MILLICENT *his daughter, young* HARRY CLARE; *the men booted, the gentlewomen in cloaks and safeguards;*[1] BLAGUE, *the merry host of the George, comes in with them.*

HOST. Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham: my freehold, my tenements, goods and chattels. Madam, here's a room is[2] the very Homer and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the four elements in it; I built it out of the centre, and I drink ne'er the less sack. Welcome, my little waste of maidenheads: what? I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.[3]

CLARE. God-a-mercy, my good host Blague! Thou hast a good seat here.

HOST. 'Tis correspondent or so: there's not a Tartarian[4] nor a carrier shall breathe upon your geldings: they have villanous rank feet, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linen.

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[1] *Safeguards* are outward petticoats, still worn by the wives of farmers, &c., who ride on horseback to market.—*Steevens.*

They are called so, says Minsheu, *voce Saveguard*, because they guard the other clothes from soiling. They are mentioned several times in "The Roaring Girl."

Again, in "Ram-Alley," act i. sc. 1.

"On with *your cloak and safeguard*, you arrant drab."

[2] The quartos of 1626 and 1631 read, *Here's a room in the very Homer and Illiads of a lodging*, which may be right. —*Collier.* [Most probably *not.*]

[3] [Compare Chappell's "Pop. Music," 8° edit., p. 118.]

[4] *Tartarian* seems to have been a cant word for a thief. In "The Wandering Jew," 1640, p. 3, the Hangman says, "I pray (Mr Jew) bestow a cast of your office upon me (a poor member of the Law), by telling me my fortune, whether I shall die in my bed or no, or what else shall happen to me; and if any thieving *Tartarian* shall break in upon you, I will with both hands nimbly lend a cast of my office to him."

Knights and lords, too, have been drunk in my house, I thank the Destinies.

H. CLARE. Prythee, good sinful innkeeper, will that corruption, thine ostler, to look well to my gelding. Ha! a pox of these rushes.[1]

HOST. You, St Denis, your gelding shall walk without doors, and cool his feet for his master's sake. By the body of Saint George, I have an excellent intellect to go steal some venison: now, when wast thou in the forest?

H. CLARE. Away, you stale mess of white broth! Come hither, sister, let me help you.

CLARE. Mine host, is not Sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment, when we last dined here?

HOST. The knight's not yet apparent. Marry, here's a forerunner that summons a parley, and, faith, he'll be here top and top-gallant presently.

CLARE. 'Tis well; good mine host, go down and see breakfast be provided.

HOST. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me down; I am for the baser element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant soldier, face point-blank to the foeman, or, like a

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[1] Before the use of carpets was introduced into England, it was customary to strew the floors of rooms with rushes. This practice is often mentioned.

So in "Arden of Feversham," 1592—

> ALES. In vaine we strive, for here his blood remains
> MOS. Why, *strew rushes* on it, can you not?

Again, in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," act ii. sc. 5: "That all the ladies and gallants lye languishing *upon the rushes*, like so many pounded cattle i' the midst of harvest," &c.

And in Dekker's "Bel-man of London," sig. B 4: "The windowes were spread with hearbs, the chimney drest up with greene boughes, and the *floore strewed with bulrushes*, as if some lasse were that morning to be married."

See also Holinshed's "Chronicle," vol. ii. p. 1706, [and compare a passage at p. 177 of present vol.]

courtier, that must not show his prince his posteriors: vanish to know my canvasadoes and my interrogatories, for I serve the good Duke of Norfolk. [*Exit.*

CLARE. How doth my lady? are you not weary, madam?
Come hither, I must talk in private with you;
My daughter Millicent must not overhear.
[*Speaking low.*

MIL. Ay, whispering? pray God it tend to my good!
Strange fear assails my heart, usurps my blood.
[*Aside.*

CLARE. You know our meeting with the knight Mounchensey
Is to assure our daughter to his heir.

DOR. 'Tis without question. [*Speaking low.*

CLARE. Two tedious winters have pass'd o'er, since first
These couple lov'd each other, and in passion
Glued first their naked hands with youthful moisture—
Just so long, on my knowledge.

DOR. And what of this?

CLARE. This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to Mounchensey's house convey our arms,
Quartered within his 'scutcheon: the affiance made
'Twixt him and her this morning should be seal'd.

DOR. I know it should.

CLARE. But there are crosses,[1] wife; here's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abbey, and a third

[1] So in "The Merchant of Venice" Stephano says of Portia—

> "My mistress will before the break of day
> Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
> *By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays*
> *For happy wedlock hours*"

At Cheston ;[1] and it is ominous to pass
Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two (like spirits) walk in night
About those stony and hard-hearted plots.

MIL. O God! what means my father? [*Aside.*

CLARE. For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath overrun his annual revenue,
In keeping jolly Christmas all the year :
The nostrils of his chimneys are still stuff'd
With smoke, more chargeable than cane-tobacco ;
His hawks devour his fattest hogs,[2] whilst Simple,
His leanest cur, eats his hounds' carrion.
Besides, I heard of late his younger brother,
A Turkey merchant, hath sore[3] suck'd the knight,
By means of some great losses on the sea ;
That (you conceive me), before God, all's naught,
His seat is weak : thus, each thing rightly scann'd,
You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.

MIL. Treason to my heart's truest sovereign :
How soon is love smothered in foggy gain! [*Aside.*

DOR. But how shall we prevent this dangerous match?

CLARE. I have a plot, a trick ; and this it is.
Under this colour I'll break off the match—
I'll tell the knight, that now my mind is chang'd
For marrying of my daughter ; for I intend
To send her unto Cheston nunnery.[4]

---

[1] In Hertfordshire, now called Cheshunt.

[2] [Old copies, *dogs—simple*, and in the next line, *curs eat.*

[3] [Old copies, *or—sure.*]

[4] At Cheshunt there was a Benedictine nunnery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was founded before the year 1183, and augmented with lands and tenements of the Canons of Cathale, in the twenty-fourth year of King Henry the Third ; but yet upon the general dissolution it was valued only at £14, 1s. per annum. See "England Illustrated," 1764, i. 318.

MIL. O me accurs'd! [*Aside.*

CLARE. There to become a most religious nun.

MIL. I'll first be buried quick. [*Aside.*

CLARE. To spend her beauty in most private prayers.

MIL. I'll sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father. [*Aside.*

CLARE. How dost like my plot?

DOR. Exceeding well: but is it your intent
She shall continue there?

CLARE. Continue there? ha, ha! that were a jest:
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelvemonth and a day on trial.
There shall my daughter sojourn some three months,
And in meantime I'll compass a fair match
'Twixt youthful Jerningham, the lusty heir
Of Sir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the forest.
I think they'll both come hither with Mounchensey.

DOR. Your care argues the love your bear our child;
I will subscribe to anything you'll have me.
[*Exeunt* SIR ARTHUR *and* DORCAS.[1]

MIL. You will subscribe to it?—good, good,[2] 'tis well;
Love hath two chairs of state, heaven and hell.
My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
Ere to thy heart Millicent prove untrue. [*Exit.*

Enter BLAGUE.

HOST. Ostlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors:

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[1] The departure of Sir Arthur and his wife is not mentioned in the old copies.—*Collier.*

[2] The line was spoilt by the omission of the repetition of the word *good* by Mr Reed.—*Collier.*

your honourable hulks have put into harbour, they'll take in fresh water here, and I have provided clean chamber-pots. *Via* /[1] they come.

Enter SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY, SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM, *young* FRANK JERNINGHAM, RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, PETER FABEL, *and* BILBO.

HOST. The destinies be most neat chamberlains to these swaggering puritans, knights of the subsidy.

SIR RICH. God-a-mercy, good mine host.

SIR RALPH. Thanks, good host Blague.

HOST. Room for my case of pistols, that have Greek and Latin bullets in them: let me cling to your flanks, my nimble giberalters, and blow wind in your calves to make them swell bigger. Ha! I'll caper in mine own fee-simple. Away with punctilios and orthography! I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

BIL. *Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.*[2]

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[1] This cant phrase is common in the old plays. Mr Tollet supposes it taken from the Italian *via*, and to be used on occasions to quicken or pluck up courage. See note to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," act ii. sc. 2. It here [and elsewhere] signifies *away!* So, in "Edward the Third," act ii. sc. 2—

"Then *via* for the spacious bounds of France"

In Jonson's "Devil is an Ass," act ii. sc. 1—

"Let her go
Via, pecunia."

Again, in "Eastward Hoe!"—

"Avaunt, dull flat-cap then!
Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!
There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state."

And in Marston's "What you Will," act ii.—

"Come now, *via*, aloune to Celia."

See also "Mons. Thomas," act ii. sc. 2.

[2] The first line of Virgil's first "Eclogue."

Truly, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your only blade[1] still; I have a villainous sharp stomach to slice a breakfast.

HOST. Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, release, or attournment. What! we know our terms of hunting and the sea-card.

BIL. And do you serve the good Duke of Norfolk still?

HOST. Still and still, and still, my soldier of Saint Quintin's. Come follow me. I have Charles's-wain[2] below in a butt of sack: 'twill[3] glister like your crab-fish.

BIL. You have fine scholar-like terms: your Cooper's Dictionary[4] is your only book to study in a cellar, a man shall find very strange words in it. Come, my host, let's serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

HOST. And still, and still, and still, my boy, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, HARRY CLARE, *and* MILLICENT.[5]

SIR RALPH. Good Sir Arthur Clare!

CLARE. What gentleman is that? I know him not.

SIR RICH. 'Tis Master Fabel, sir, a Cambridge scholar,
My son's dear friend.

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[1] [A *jeu d'esprit* allusive to the old Bilboa sword-blades.]

[2] In astronomy, seven stars in the constellation Ursa Minor.

[3] [Old copies, *I will.*]

[4] A quibble alluding to Thomas Cooper's "Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ," printed in 1548.

[5] Their entrance is not noticed in the quartos, and Mr Reed omitted Millicent.—*Collier.*

CLARE. Sir, I entreat you know me.
FAB. Command me, sir, I am affected to you
For your Mounchensey's sake.
CLARE. Alas! for him,
I not respect whether he sink or swim! [*Aside.*
A word in private, Sir Ralph Jerningham.
RAY. Methinks your father looketh strangely on me:
Say, love, why are you sad?
MIL. I am not, sweet;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meet.
CLARE. Shall's in to breakfast? After, we'll conclude
The cause of this our coming: in and feed,
And let that usher a more serious deed. [*Exit.*
MIL. Whilst you desire his grief, my heart shall bleed. [*Exit.*
Y. CLARE. Raymond Mounchensey, come, be frolic, friend;
This is the day thou hast expected long.
RAY. Pray God, dear Harry Clare, it prove so happy!
Y. CLARE. There's nought can alter it; be merry, lad.
FAB. There's nought shall alter it; be lively, Raymond:
Stand any opposition 'gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope.
[*Exeunt, save* FABEL.

PETER FABEL *solus.*

FAB. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royal parts
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn,
And after all these promises, my[1] Clare,

[1] [Old copies, *by.*]

Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other;
And the old grey-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the garden. Is't even so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
I'll first hang Enfield [1] in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen:
I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford Bridge:
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them (like sheep) in every field.
We may perhaps be cross'd; but, if we be,
He shall cross the devil, that but crosses me.

Enter RAYMOND *and* YOUNG JERNINGHAM.

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad;
And here's the gallant that must have the wench.
JER. I prythee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps:
Revive thy spirits. Thou, that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock:
As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry
As mirth herself!

[1] [Old copies, *We'll—Envil.*]

If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou mayst thyself assure.

RAY. Ha! Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face
Of winter. From thee they have some power
Upon my blood; yet being from thee,
Had but that hollow sound come from the lips
Of any living man, it might have won
The credit of mine ear; from thee it cannot.

JER. If I understand thee, I am a villain:
What! dost thou speak in parables to thy friend?

Enter YOUNG CLARE.

Come, boy, and make me this same groaning love,
Troubled with stitches and the cough o' th' lungs,
That wept his eyes out, when he was a child,
And ever since hath shot at hoodman-blind:[1]
Make her leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse tricks.
Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove;
But in this sort, boy, I would have thee love.

FAB. Why, how now, madcap? what, my lusty Frank,
So near a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this gear in hugger-mugger:[2]
Art thou turn'd miser, rascal, in thy loves?

JER. Who, I? s'blood, what should all you see in me, that I should look like a married man, ha? Am I bald? Are my legs too little for my hose? If I feel anything in my forehead, I am a villain. Do I wear a nightcap? do I bend in the hams?

---

[1] That is, as Mr Steevens supposes, blind man's buff. See note on "Hamlet," act iii. sc. 4, edit. 1778.

[2] See note to "The Revenger's Tragedy," *supra*, p. 90.

what dost thou see in me, that I should be towards marriage, ha?

Y. Clare. What, thou married? let me look upon thee; rogue, who has given this out of thee? how cam'st thou into this ill-name? what company hast thou been in, rascal?

Fab. You are the man, sir, must have Millicent,
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and the old men,
Your fathers, mean to launch their busy bags;[1]
But in the meantime to thrust Mounchensey off.
For colour of this new-intended match,
Fair Millicent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a nun.
Ne'er look upon me, lad: the match is done.

Jer. Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for fair and beauteous Millicent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber[2]
Her angel-like perfections: but thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore:
Where-e'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
And with regardless jesting mock'd my love?
How[3] many a sad and weary summer night
My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she should have list to sing:
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,

---

[1] So the quartos: Mr Dodsley read *purse*.

[2] See note to "The First Part of Jeronimo," [iv. 374.]

[3] The quartos, without exception, erroneously read *Now*. —*Collier*.

That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love
Of one so worthy and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.

MOUN. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars,
Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,
There time nor death can by their power control.

FAB. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupil, I would say
He were as fine a metall'd gentleman,
Of as free spirit and of as fine a temper,
As is in England; and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love.
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchensey's honour to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?

Y. CLARE. Raymond Mounchensey, I would have thee know,
He does not breathe this air, whose love I cherish,
And whose soul I love more than Mounchensey's:
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But since the matter grows unto this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable door

Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.
MOUN. Then, care away! let fate my fall pretend,
Back'd with the favours of so true a friend!
FAB. Let us alone, to bustle for the set;
For age and craft with wit and art have met.
I'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jigs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam Cross,
The carriers' jades shall cast their heavy packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in:
The milkmaids' cuts[1] shall turn the wenches off,
And lay their dossers[2] tumbling in the dust:
The frank and merry London 'prentices,
That come for cream and lusty country cheer,
Shall lose their way; and, scrambling in the ditches
All night shall whoop and hallo, cry and call,
Yet none to other find the way at all.
MOUN. Pursue the project, scholar: what we can do
To help endeavour, join our lives thereto. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BANKS, SIR JOHN, *and* SMUG.

BANKS. Take me with you,[3] good Sir John:[4] a

[1] *i.e.*, Horses.
[2] *i.e.*, Panniers.
[3] Let me understand you. So Falstaff says, "I would your grace *would take me with you;* whom means your grace?"—"First Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 2, and Dr Johnson's and Dr Farmer's notes.
[4] This is one of the many instances which might be given where a parson is called *Sir*. "Upon which," says Sir John Hawkins, "it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller somewhere in his "Church History" says, that anciently there were in England more *sirs* than *knights;*

plague on thee, Smug, and thou touchest liquor, thou art foundered straight. What! are your brains always watermills? must they ever run round?

SMUG. Banks, your ale is as a Philistine fox; nouns! there's fire i' th' tail on't; you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i' th' rearward; a plague of this wind! O, it tickles our catastrophe![1]

SIR JOHN. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and goodman Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses; they are good both, smart both. Hem! grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end.

BANKS. Well said, Sir John, you are of the same humour still; and doth the water run the same way still, boy?

SMUG. Vulcan was a rogue to him; Sir John, lock, lock, lock fast, Sir John; so, Sir John, I'll one of these years, when it shall plea[s]e the goddesses and the destinies, be drunk i[n] your company; that's all now, and God send u[s] alth. Shall I swear I love you?

SIR JOHN. No oaths, no oaths, good [n]eighbour Smug.
We'll wet our lips together, and hug;
Carouse in private, and elevate the heart, and the liver, and the lights—and the lights, mark you me

---

and so lately as temp. William and Mary, in a deposition in the Exchequer, in a case of tithes, the witness, speaking of the curate, whom he remembers, styles him *Sir Gyles*. Vide Gibson's "View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacey," &c., p. 36. Note to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act i. sc. 1, edit. 1778.

So in the "New Trick to Cheat the Devil," 1639: "*Sir* me no *Sirs*; I am no knight nor *Churchman*."—*Collier*.

[1] This expression is used by Falstaff, in the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 1.

—within us: for, hem! grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end.

BANKS. But to our former motion about stealing some venison; whither go we?

SIR JOHN. Into the forest, neighbour Banks: into Brian's walk, the mad-keeper.

SMUG. Blood! I'll tickle your keeper.

BANKS. I' faith, thou art always drunk when we have need of thee.

SMUG. Need of me! heart! you shall have need of me always, while there is iron in an anvil.

BANKS. Master Parson, may the smith go (think you), being in this taking?

SMUG. Go! I'll go, in spite of all the bells in Waltham.

SIR JOHN. The question is good, neighbour Banks—let me see: the moon shines to-night,—there's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forest,—his brain may be settled ere night: he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague, of the George at Waltham: if he were here, our consort were full. Look where comes my good host, the Duke of Norfolk's man! And how? and how? Ahem! grass and hay! we are not yet mortal; let us live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end.

Enter HOST.

HOST. Ha! my Castilian dialogues; and art thou in breath still, boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading a little Geneva print: but wend[1] we merrily to the forest, to steal some of the king's deer? I'll meet you at the time appointed. Away,

[1] Go.

I have knights and colonels at my house, and must tend the Hungarians.[1] If we be scared in the forest, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield: is't correspondent?

BANKS. 'Tis well; but how, if any of us should be taken?

SMUG. He shall have ransom, by my sword.

HOST. Tush, the knave keepers are my bona socias[2] and my pensioners. Nine o'clock! Be valiant, my little Gogmagogs; I'll fence with all the justices in Hertfordshire. I'll have a buck, till I die; I'll slay a doe, while I live. Hold your bow straight and steady: I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

SMUG. O rare! who-ho-ho, boy!

SIR JOHN. Peace, neighbour Smug. You see this boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and yet the citizen of good-fellows. Come, let's provide: ahem! grass and hay! we are not yet all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end. Come, Smug.

SMUG. Good night, Waltham—who-ho-ho, boy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast again.

O. MOUN. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this: What! hast thou fed me all this while with shalls![3] And com'st to tell me now, thou lik'st it not?

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[1] The Host's conversation is wholly made up of puns and quibbles. He means here his hungry guests. [See p. 244.] His address to the smith before, on reading the *little Geneva print*, was [an equivoque on the redness of his eyes from having drunk too much, and the small type in which the Scriptures were printed in the common Genevan version.]

[2] The 4° of 1617 reads *bosonians;* that of 1631, *bonasosis.*

[3] [A play on *shall* and *shale* (or shell).] Churchyard, in his "Challenge," 1593, says—

"Thus all with *shall* or *shalles ye shal be fed*"

The old editions spell it *shales*, and it is not a very

CLARE. I do not hold thy offer competent :
Nor do I like the assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.
O. MOUN. Too good for thee : and, knight, thou know'st it well,
I fawn'd not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'Twas thine own motion ; that thy wife doth know.
L. CLARE. Husband, it was so ; he lies not in that.
CLARE. Hold thy chat, quean.
O. MOUN. To which I hearkened willingly, and the rather,
Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy ;
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behav'd him to thy child,
But as befits a gentleman to do :
Nor is my poor distressed state so low,
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.
CLARE. Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it ;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.
O. MOUN. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and clear,
As the best drop that panteth in thy veins :
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparag'd by thy baseness,
Than the most orient and most [1] precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same.
CLARE. She is the last is left me to bestow ;
And her I mean to dedicate to God.

forced construction to suppose that Mounchensey, complaining of Clare's want of faith, uses the word *shalls* in the sense of *promises ;* and this seems to be the real meaning of the quotation from Churchyard.—*Collier.*

[1] [Old copies, *the.*]

O. MOUN. You do, sir?
CLARE. Sir, sir, I do; she is mine own.
O. MOUN. And pity she is so:
Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf! [*Aside.*
CLARE. Not thou, Mounchensey, shalt bestow my child.
O. MOUN. Neither shall'st[1] thou bestow her where thou meanest.
CLARE. What wilt thou do?
O. MOUN. No matter, let that be;
I will do that, perhaps, shall anger thee:
Thou hast wrong'd my love, and, by God's blessed angel,
Thou shalt well know it.
CLARE. Tut, brave not me.
O MOUN. Brave thee, base churl! were't not for manhood sake—
I say no more, but that there be some by
Whose blood is hotter than ours is,
Which, being stirr'd might make us both repent
This foolish meeting. But, Harry Clare,
Although thy father hath abus'd my friendship,
Yet I love thee—I do, my noble boy,
I do, i' faith.
L. CLARE. Ay, do, do: fill all the world with talk of us, man; man, I never looked for better at your hands.
FAB. I hop'd your great experience and your years
Would have prov'd patience rather to your soul,
Than with this frantic and untamed passion
To whet their skeins;[2] and, but for that

[1] [Old copies, *shouldst.*]
[2] Knives or daggers. *Skein* is the [Erse or Highland] word for a knife.
[See a long note in Nares, edit. 1859, art. Skain.]

I hope their friendships are too well confirm'd,
And their minds temper'd with more kindly heat,
Than for their forward parent's frowardness,
That they should break forth into public brawls.
Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love:
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
Let it die gently: ne'er kill it with scorn.

RAY. O, thou base world! how leprous is that soul,
That is once lim'd in that polluted mud!
O Sir Arthur! you have startled his free active spirit
With a too sharp spur for his mind to bear.
Have patience, sir; the remedy to woe
Is to leave that of force we must forego.

MIL. And I must take a twelvemonth's approbation,
That in the meantime this sole and private life
At the year's end may fashion me a wife.
But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this year be done,
Thou'st be a friar, if that I be a nun.
And, father, ere young Jerningham's I'll be,
I will turn mad to spite both him and thee. [*Aside.*

CLARE. Wife, come to horse; and, huswife, make you ready:
For if I live, I swear by this good light,
I'll see you lodg'd in Cheston House to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

O. MOUN. Raymond, away; thou see'st how matters fall.
Churl, hell consume thee, and thy pelf and all!

FAB. Now, Master Clare, you see how matters fadge;[1]

[1] *i.e.*, Go, proceed, succeed. The word is used in Nash's "Lenten Stuff," 1599: "It would not *fadge*, for then the market was raised to three hundred."

Your Millicent must needs be made a nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must ply the match :
Hold you your peace, and be a looker-on :
And send her unto Cheston, when [1] he will,
I'll send me fellows of a handful high
Into the cloisters, where the nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like does about the dale ;
And make the lady prioress of the house
To play at leap-frog naked in her smock,[2]
Until the merry wenches at their mass
Cry teehee, weehee ;
And tickling these mad lasses in their flanks,
Shall sprawl and squeak, and pinch their fellow-nuns.
Be lively, boys, before the wench we lose,
I'll make the abbess wear the canon's hose.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HARRY CLARE, FRANK JERNINGHAM, PETER FABEL, *and* MILLICENT.

H. CLARE. Spite now hath done her worst; sister, be patient.

JER. Forewarn'd poor Raymond's company! O heaven!
When the composure of weak frailty meet[s]
Upon this mart of dirt, O, then weak love
Must in her own unhappiness be silent,
And wink on all deformities.

Again, in "The Old Law," by Massinger, &c., act iv. sc. 4—

"Now it begins to *fadge*"

And in the following quotation from Haughton's "Englishmen for my Money," 1616, sig. B—

"But, sirra Ned what sayes Mathea to thee
Wilt *fadge*? wilt *fadge*? what, will it be a match?"

—*Collier.*

[1] Old copies, *where.*] [2] [Old copies, *their smocks.*]

MIL. 'Tis well :
Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear
Mounchensey?
Would we might weep together, and then part,
One[1] sighing parley would much ease my heart.
FAB. Sweet beauty, fold your sorrows in the
thought
Of future reconcilement: let your tears
Show you a woman, but no[2] farther spent
Than from the eyes: for sweet experience says
That love is firm, that's flatter'd with delays.
MIL. Alas! sir, think you I shall e'er be his?
FAB. As sure as parting smiles on future bliss.
Yond comes my friend; see, he hath doated
So long upon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waste his blood:
For in true love music doth sweetly dwell:
Sever'd, these less worlds bear within them hell.

Enter MOUNCHENSEY.

MOUN. Harry and Frank, you are enjoined to wean
Your friendship from me: we must part; the breath
Of ill[3] advis'd corruption, pardon me.
Faith, I must say so; you may think I love you,
I breathe not rougher spite to sever us;
We'll meet by stealth, sweet friend, by stealth you
twain;
Kisses are sweetest got by struggling pain.
JER. Our friendship dies not, Raymond.
MOUN. Pardon me:
I am busied; I have lost my faculties,
And buried them in Millicent's clear eyes.
MIL. Alas! sweet love, what shall become of me?
I must to Cheston to the nunnery,
I shall ne'er see thee more.
MOUN. How, sweet!

[1] [Old copies, *Our.*] [2] [Old copies, *be no.*]
[3] [Old copies, *all.*]

I'll be thy votary, we'll often meet:
This kiss divides us, and breathes soft adieu—
This be a double charm to keep both true.

FAB. Have done: your fathers may chance spy your parting.

Refuse not you by any means, good sweetness,
To go into the nunnery, for from hence
Must we beget your love's sweet happiness.
You shall not stay there long: your harder bed
Shall be more soft, when nun and maid are dead.

Enter BILBO.

MOUN. Now, sirrah, what's the matter?

BIL. Marry, you must to horse presently; that villanous old gouty churl, Sir Arthur Clare, longs till he be at the nunnery.

H. CLARE. How, sir?

BIL.[1] O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, sir, indeed; but I am sure that there's less affinity betwixt your two natures than there is between a broker and a cutpurse.

MOUN. Bring me my gelding, sirrah.

BIL. Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor wench; she must now cry *vale* to lobster-pies, artichokes, and all such meats of mortality. Poor gentlewoman! the sign must not be in *virgo* any longer with her, and that me grieves: farewell.

Poor Millicent
Must pray and repent:
O fatal wonder!
She'll now be no fatter,
Love must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept under. [*Exit.*

JER. Farewell, dear Raymond.

H. CLARE. Friend, adieu.

[1] The older copies made this speech part of what was said by Harry Clare, and the edition of 1655 first introduced the correction.—*Collier.*

MIL. Dear sweet,
No joy enjoys my heart till we next meet. [*Exeunt.*

FAB. Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent
Beats in thy face; but, ere't be long, the wind
Shall turn the flood. We must to Waltham Abbey,
And as fair Millicent in Cheston lives
A most unwilling nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardless novice, to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare.
Taste thou my sleights: thy love I'll only share.

MOUN. Turn friar? Come, my good counsellor, let's go,
Yet that disguise will hardly shroud my woe.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the PRIORESS OF CHESTON, *with a nun or two,* SIR ARTHUR CLARE, SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM, HENRY *and* FRANK, LADY CLARE, BILBO, *with* MILLICENT.

L. CLARE. Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood
And our confirm'd opinion of your zeal
Hath truly won us to bestow our child
Rather on this than any neighbouring cell.

PRI. Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them
For you shall sing a *Requiem.*

FRANK. The wench is gone, Harry; she is no more a woman of this world. Mark her well, she looks like a nun already: what think'st on her?

HAR. By my faith, her face comes handsomely to't.
But peace, let's hear the rest.

SIR ARTH. Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,

We mean to make this trial of our child.
Your care and our dear blessing, in meantime,
We pray may prosper this intended work.
PRI. May your happy soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tithe:
He that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child should have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.
MIL. Good men and true, stand together,
And hear your charge. [*Aside.*
PRI. First, a-mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turn'd to motions holy;
For your busk attires and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys:
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray and fast.
BIL. Let her take heed of fasting; and if ever she hurt herself with praying, I'll ne'er trust beast. [*Aside.*
MIL. This goes hard, by'r Lady!
PRI. You shall ring the sacring-bell,[1]
Keep your hours and toll[2] your knell,
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your psalter, sing your latins;
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.
MIL. Worse and worse, by Saint Mary! [*Aside.*
FRANK. Sirrah Hal, how does she hold her

[1] "The little bell which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching, when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish Church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell, from the French word *sacrer*."—Mr Theobald's note to "Henry VIII.," act iii. sc. 2.
[2] [Former eds., *tell.*]

countenance? Well, go thy ways, if ever thou prove a nun, I'll build an abbey. [*Aside.*

HAR. She may be a nun; but if ever she prove an anchoress, I'll dig her grave with my nails. [*Aside.*

FRANK. To her again, mother. [*Aside.*

HAR. Hold thine own, wench. [*Aside.*

PRI. You must read the morning mass,
You must creep unto the cross,[1]
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have a hair-cloth for your bed.

BIL. She had rather have a man in her bed.

PRI. Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy *aves* and your creeds:
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a nun.

MIL. The holy maid will be no nun. [*Aside.*

SIR ARTH. Madam, we have some business of import,
And must be gone;
Will't please you take my wife into your closet,
Who farther will acquaint you with my mind:
And so, good madam, for this time adieu.

[*Exeunt women and* SIR ARTHUR.

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[1] This Popish ceremony is particularly described in an ancient book of the "Ceremonial of the Kings of England," purchased by the Duchess of Northumberland, at the sale of the MSS. of Mr Anstis, Garter King-at-arms. It appears from this curious treatise that the Bishop and the Dean brought a crucifix out of the vestry, and placed it on a cushion before the altar. A carpet was then laid "for the Kinge to *creepe to the crosse* upon." See Dr Percy's note to the "Northumberland Household Book," p. 436.—*Steevens.*

Creeping to the Cross is mentioned in Warner's "Albion's England," 1602, p. 115—

"We offer tapers, pay our tythes and vowes; we pilgrims goe
To every sainct, at every shrine we offerings doe bestow;
We kiss the pix, we *creepe the crosse*, our beades we over-runne,
The convent hath a legacie, who so is left undone."

[See also "Pop. Antiq. of Great Brit." i. 86.]

SIR RALPH. Well now, Frank Jerningham, how sayest thou? [1]
To be brief—
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Her father and myself, can bring about,
That we convert this nun to be a wife,
And thou the husband to this pretty nun?
How then, my lad, ha? Frank, it may be done.
HAR. Ay, now it works.
FRANK. O God, sir! you amaze me at your words:
Think with yourself, sir, what a thing it were
To cause a recluse to remove her vow:
A sainted,[2] contrite, and repentant soul,
Ever mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, even as her eyes, are fix'd on heaven.
To draw a virgin thus devout with zeal
Back to the world: O impious deed!
Nor by the canon-law can it be done
Without a dispensation from the church;
Besides, she is so prone unto this life,
As she'll even shriek to hear a husband nam'd.
BIL. Ay, a poor innocent, she! Well, here's no knavery;
He flouts the old fools to their teeth. [*Aside.*
SIR RALPH. Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou mak'st such scruple of thy [3] conscience;
And in a man so young as is yourself,
I promise you 'tis very seldom seen.
But, Frank, this is a trick, a mere device—
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and myself
To thrust Mounchensey's nose beside the cushion;[4]

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[1] The copies of 1626 and 1631 read, *Well now, Frank Clare, how say'st thou?* which is clearly wrong: the error was corrected in the reprint of 1655, to which Mr Reed was again indebted.—*Collier.*

[2] [Old copies, *maimed.*] [3] [Old copies, *that.*]

[4] [A figure borrowed from archery.]

That being thus debarr'd of all access,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.

BIL. A plague on you both for a couple of Jews.
[*Aside.*

HAR. How now, Frank, what say you to that?

FRANK. Let me alone, I warrant thee.
[*To* HARRY.

Sir, assured that this motion doth proceed
From your most kind and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure:
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must crave thus much,
To have some conference with my ghostly father,
Friar Hildersham hereby at Waltham Abbey,
To be absolv'd of things, that it is fit
None only but my confessor should know.

SIR RALPH. With all my heart. He is a reverend man.
And to-morrow morning we will meet all at the abbey,
Where by the opinion of that reverend man
We will proceed; I like it passing well.
Till then we part, boy. Ay, think of it; farewell.
A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, *and* RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY *like a friar.*

SIR ARTH. Holy young novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and do refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care:
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolen upon the way,
That we are come unto the abbey gate.
Because I know Mounchensey is a fox,
That craftily doth overlook my doings,

I'll not be seen, not I; tush, I have done,
I had a daughter, but she's now a nun.
Farewell, dear son, farewell. [*Exit.*

MOUN. Fare you well. Ay, you have done?
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a nun.
O my rare tutor! never mortal brain
Plotted out such a mesh [1] of policy;
And my dear bosom is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soul is fall'n in labour with her joy.
O my friends, Frank Jerningham and Clare!
Did you but know but how this jest takes fire—
That good Sir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
Hath even pour'd himself into my bosom,
O, you would vent your spleens with tickling mirth!
But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
For fear perhaps some of the nuns look out.
Peace and charity within,
Never touch'd with deadly sin;
I cast holy water pure
On this wall and on this door,
That from evil shall defend,
And keep you from the ugly fiend:
Evil sprite, by night nor day,
Shall approach or come this way;
Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.
Holy maidens——[2] [*Knocks.*
Answer within.] Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there?

MOUN. Gentle nun, here is a friar.

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[1] [Edits., *masse*]

[2] In all the copies *Holy maidens* is made, absurdly enough, part of the stage direction.—*Collier.*

Enter NUN.

NUN. A friar without? now Christ us save!
Holy man, what wouldst thou have?
MOUN. Holy maid, I hither come
From friar and father Hildersham,
By the favour and the grace
Of the prioress of this place,
Amongst you all to visit one
That's come for approbation;
Before she was as now you are,
The daughter of Sir Arthur Clare,
But since she now became a nun,
Call'd Millicent of Edmonton.[1]
NUN. Holy man, repose you there;
This news I'll to our abbess bear,
To tell her what a man is sent,
And your message and intent.
MOUN. Benedicite.
NUN. Benedicite. [*Exit.*
MOUN. Do, my good plump wench; if all fall right,
I'll make your sisterhood one less by night.
Now, happy fortune, speed this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter LADY *and* MILLICENT.

LADY. Have friars recourse then to the house of nuns?
MIL. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation
(Lest that for fear or such sinister practice
She should be forc'd to undergo this veil,

[1] Monks and nuns always changed their names when they entered into the religious houses.—*Pegge.*

Which should proceed from conscience and devotion),
A visitor is sent from Waltham House,
To take the true confession of the maid.
LADY. Is that the order? I commend it well:
You to your shrift, I'll back unto the cell. [*Exit.*
MOUN. Life of my soul! bright angel!
MIL. What means the friar?
MOUN. O Millicent, 'tis I.
MIL. My heart misgives me; I should know that voice.
You? who are you? the holy virgin bless me!
Tell me your name: you shall, ere you confess me.
MOUN. Mounchensey, thy true friend.
MIL. My Raymond! my dear heart!
Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul
To wake a little from this swoon of joy.
By what means cam'st thou to assume this shape?
MOUN. By means of Peter Fabel, my kind tutor,
Who in the habit of friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabel, and myself,
And so delivered to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the abbey-gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.
MIL. You are all sweet traitors to my poor old father.
O my dear life! I was a-dreamed to-night
That, as I was praying in my psalter,
There came a spirit unto me as I kneel'd,
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery: and methought
He came in the most glorious angel-shape,
That mortal eye did ever look upon.
Ha! thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own.
MOUN. O thou idolatress, that dost this worship
To him whose likeness is but praise of thee!

Thou bright unsetting star, which through this veil
For very envy mak'st the sun look pale.

MIL. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
I this confess to my sweet ghostly father;
If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
I have offended three years now with thee.

MOUN. But do you yet repent you of the same?

MIL. I' faith, I cannot.

MOUN. Nor will I absolve thee
Of that sweet sin, though it be venial:
Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses;
And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage:—
That in the evening you bestow yourself
Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase:
No more reply, if that you yield consent—
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.

MIL. Sweet life, farewell, 'tis done, let that suffice;
What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes.
[*Exit.*

Enter FABEL,[1] YOUNG CLARE, *and* JERNINGHAM.

JER. Now, visitor, how does this new-made nun?

Y. CLARE. Come, come, how does she, noble capuchin?

MOUN. She may be poor in spirit, but for the flesh,

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[1] Every copy mentions Fabel as entering at this time, and just afterwards he speaks; but Mr Reed by some accident omitted his name in the proper place.—*Collier.*

'Tis fat and plump, boys. Ah! rogues, there is
A company of girls would turn you all friars.

FAB. But how, Mounchensey, how, lad, for the wench?

MOUN. Zounds, lads, i' faith I thank my holy habit—
I have confess'd her, and the lady prioress
Hath given me ghostly counsel with her blessing.
And how say ye, boys,
If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Y. CLARE. Blood! she'll have ne'er a nun unbagg'd to sing mass then.

JER. The Abbot of Waltham will have as many children to put to nurse as he has calves in the marsh.

MOUN. Well, to be brief, the nun will soon at night turn tippet;[1] if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the nunnery, she is mine own.

FAB. But, sirrah Raymond, what news of Peter Fabel at the house?

MOUN. Tush, he is the only man, a necromancer and a conjuror, that works for young Mounchensey altogether; and if it be not for friar Benedic, that he can cross him by his learned skill, the wench is gone, Fabel will fetch her out by very magic.

FAB. Stands the wind there, boy? keep them in that key,
The wench is ours before to-morrow day.
Well, Harry[2] and Frank, as ye are gentlemen,
Stick to us close this once; you know your fathers
Have men and horse lie ready still at Cheston,
To watch the coast be clear, to scout about,

[1] [Edits., *Lippit.* But see Nares, 1859, *v.* Tippet.]

[2] Mr Reed was again indebted to the "unworthy" copy of 1655 for the introduction of the name of Harry instead of Ralph, as it is found in the previous editions.—*Collier.*

And have an eye unto Mounchensey's walks:
Therefore you two may hover thereabouts,
And no man will suspect you for the matter:
Be ready but to take her at our hands,
Leave us to scamble [1] for her getting out.

JER. Blood! if all Hertfordshire were at our heels, we'll carry her away in spite of them.

Y. CLARE. But whither, Raymond?

MOUN. To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chase;
He is mine honest friend, and a tall keeper;
I'll send my man unto him presently,
To acquaint him with your coming and intent.

FAB. Be brief and secret.

MOUN. Soon at night remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

JER. 'Tis done, no more.

Y. CLARE. We will not fail the hour:
My life and fortune now lie in your power.

FAB. About our business! Raymond, let's away,
Think of your hour: it draws well off the day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BLAGUE, BANKS, SMUG, *and* SIR JOHN.

BLAGUE. Come, ye Hungarian [2] pilchers, we are once more come under the Zona Torrida of the forest; let's be resolute; let's fly to and again;

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[1] Instances of this word, which means almost the same as *scramble*, are given in a note on Shakespeare's "King Henry V.," sc. 1, edit. 1778.—*Steevens.*

[2] Hungarian was a cant term then frequently in use. See Mr Steevens's note on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act i. sc. 3. Mr Tollet observes that "the *Hungarians*, when infidels, overran Germany and France, and would have invaded England if they could have come to it. See Stowe in the year 930, and Holinshed's 'Invasions of Ireland,' p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baseness." [Compare p. 227 *ante*]

and the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot. What! foot, I'll put fire into you, ye shall all three serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

SMUG. Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk in thy house twenty times and ten; all's one for that: I was last night in the third heaven, my brain was poor, it had yeast in't, but now I am a man of action; is't not so, lad?

BANKS. Why, now, thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou mayest serve the Duke of Europe.

SMUG. I will serve the Duke of Christendom, and do him more credit in his cellar than all the plate in his buttery; is't not so, lad?

SIR JOHN. Mine host and Smug, stand there: Banks, you and your horse keep together, but lie close, show no tricks for fear of the keeper. If we be scared, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield.

SMUG. Content, Sir John.

BANKS. Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fellest out of last night?

SMUG. Tush, and't had been as high as an abbey, I should ne'er have hurt myself; I have fallen into the river coming home from Waltham, and 'scaped drowning.

SIR JOHN. Come, sever, fear no spirits, we'll have a buck presently; we have watched later than this for a doe, mine host.

HOST. Thou speakest as true as velvet.

SIR JOHN. Why then come, grass and hay! &c.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

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[1] The *&c.*, means, of course, that Sir John repeats his old saying—"We are all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end."—*Collier.*

Enter YOUNG CLARE, JERNINGHAM, *and* MILLICENT.

Y. CLARE. Frank Jerningham!

JER. Speak softly; rogue, how now?

Y. CLARE. 'Sfoot, we shall lose our way, it's so dark: whereabouts are we?

JER. Why, man, at Porter's gate, the way lies right: hark! the clock strikes at Enfield: what's the hour?

Y. CLARE. Ten, the bell says.

JER. A lie's in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston; Sir John and his sexton are at their ale to-night, the clock runs at random.

Y. CLARE. Nay, as sure as thou liv'st, the villanous vicar is abroad in the chase this dark night: the stone priest steals more venison than half the country.

JER. Millicent, now dost thou?

MIL. Sir, very well.
I would to God we were at Brian's lodge.

Y. CLARE. We shall anon; nouns! hark!
What means this noise?

JER. Stay, I hear horsemen.

Y. CLARE. I hear footmen too.

JER. Nay, then I have it: we have been discovered,
And we are followed by our fathers' men.

MIL. Brother and friend, alas! what shall we do?

Y. CLARE. Sister, speak softly, or we are descried,
They are hard upon us, whatsoe'er they be;
Shadow yourself behind this brake of fern,
We'll get into the wood, and let them pass.

Enter SIR JOHN, BLAGUE, SMUG, *and* BANKS; *one after another.*

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! we are all mortal: the keeper's abroad, and there's an end.

BANKS. Sir John!

SIR JOHN. Neighbour Banks, what news?

BANKS. Zounds, Sir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by 'em.

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! where's mine host Blague?

BLAGUE. Here, metropolitan; the Philistines are upon us, be silent: let us serve the good Duke of Norfolk. But where is Smug?

SMUG. Here: a pox on you all, dogs; I have killed the greatest buck in Brian's walk: shift for yourselves, all the keepers are up; let's meet in Enfield church-porch. Away, we are all taken else. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BRIAN, *with his man* RALPH *and his hound.*

BRIAN. Ralph, hear'st thou any stirring?

RALPH. I heard one speak here hard by in the bottom. Peace, master, speak low; nouns! if I did not hear a bow go off and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life.

BRIAN. When went your fellows into their walks?

RALPH. An hour ago.

BRIAN. Life! is there stealers abroad, and we cannot hear of them?
Where the devil are my men to-night?
Sirrah, go up and wind toward Buckley's lodge:
I'll cast about the bottom with my hound,
And I will meet thee under Cony-oak.

RALPH. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

BRIAN. How now! by the mass, my hound stays upon something; hark, hark, Bowman! hark, hark there!

MIL. Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare!

BRIAN. Peace; that a woman's voice! Stand! who's there? Stand, or I'll shoot.

MIL. O lord! hold your hands, I mean no harm, sir.

BRIAN. Speak, who are you?

MIL. I am a maid, sir. Who? Master Brian?

BRIAN. The very same: sure, I should know her voice? Mistress Millicent!

MIL. Ay, it is I, sir.

BRIAN. God for his passion! what make you here alone? I looked for you at my lodge an hour ago. What means your company to leave you thus? Who brought you hither?

MIL. My brother, sir, and Master Jerningham who, hearing folks about us in the Chase, feared it had been Sir Arthur my father, who had pursued us, and thus dispersed ourselves, till they were past us.

BRIAN. But where be they?

MIL. They be not far off—here about the grove.

Enter YOUNG CLARE *and* JERNINGHAM.

Y. CLARE. Be not afraid, man; I hear Brian's tongue, that's certain.

JER. Call softly for your sister.

Y. CLARE. Millicent!

MIL. Ay, brother, here.

BRIAN. Master Clare!

Y. CLARE. I told you it was Brian.

BRIAN. Who is that, Master Jerningham? You are a couple of hot-shots: does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grass at this time of night?

JER. We heard a noise about us in the Chase,
And fearing that our fathers had pursu'd us,
Severed ourselves.

Y. CLARE. Brian, how happedst thou on her?

BRIAN. Seeking for stealers that are abroad to-night,
My hound stay'd on her, and so found her out.

Y. CLARE They were these stealers that affrighted us;
I was hard upon them when they hors'd their deer,
And I perceive they took me for a keeper.

BRIAN. Which way took they?

JER. Towards Enfield.

BRIAN. A plague upon't, that's the damned priest and Blague of the George—he that serves the good Duke of Norfolk.

[*A noise within.*] Follow, follow, follow!

Y. CLARE. Peace; that's my father's voice.

BRIAN. Nouns! you suspected them, and now they are here indeed.

MIL. Alas! what shall we do?

BRIAN. If you go to the lodge, you are surely taken:
Strike down the wood to Enfield presently,
And if Mounchensey come, I'll send him to you.
Let me alone to bustle with your fathers;
I warrant you that I will keep them play
Till you have quit the Chase; away, away. [*Exeunt.*
Who's there?

Enter the Knights.

SIR RALPH. In the king's name, pursue the ravisher.

BRIAN. Stand, or I'll shoot.

SIR ARTH. Who's there?

BRIAN. I am the keeper, that do charge you stand;
You have stolen my deer.

SIR ARTH. We stolen thy deer? we do pursue a thief.

BRIAN. You are arrant thieves, and ye have stolen my deer.

SIR ARTH. We are knights; Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham.

BRIAN. The more your shame, that knights should be such thieves.

SIR ARTH. Who or what art thou?

BRIAN. My name is Brian, keeper of this walk.

SIR ARTH. O Brian, a villain!
Thou hast receiv'd my daughter to thy lodge.

BRIAN. You have stolen the best deer in my walk to-night: my deer——

SIR ARTH. My daughter—
Stop not my way.

BRIAN. What make you in my walk? you have stolen the best buck in my walk to-night.

SIR ARTH. My daughter——

BRIAN. My deer——

SIR RALPH. Where is Mounchensey?

BRIAN. Where is my buck?

SIR ARTH. I will complain me of thee to the king.

BRIAN. I'll complain unto the king you spoil his game: 'tis strange that men of your account and calling will offer it. I tell you true, Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph, that none but you have only spoiled my game.

SIR ARTH. I charge you stop us not.

BRIAN. I charge you both get out of my ground. Is this a time for such as you, men of place and of your gravity, to be abroad a-thieving? 'tis a shame; and afore God, if I had shot at you, I had served you well enough. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BANKS *the miller, wet on his legs.*

BANKS. Foot, here's a dark night indeed: I

think I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the forest. Soft, here's Enfield church: I am so wet with climbing over into an orchard for to steal some filberts. Well, here I'll sit in the church-porch, and wait for the rest of my consorts.

Enter SEXTON.

SEX. Here's a sky as black as Lucifer, God bless us! Here was goodman Theophilus buried: he was the best nut-cracker that ever dwelt in England. Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew.[1] Lord bless us, what a white thing is that in the church-porch![2] O lord, my legs are too weak for my body, my hair is too stiff for my nightcap, my heart fails; this is the ghost of Theophilus. O Lord, it follows me! I cannot say my prayers, and one would give me a thousand pound. Good spirit! I have bowled and drunk, and followed the hounds with you, a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deal with you. O Lord!

Enter SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! we are all mortal; who's there?

SEX. We are grass and hay indeed: I know you to be master parson by your phrase.

PRIEST. Sexton!

SEX. Ay, sir.

PRIEST. For mortality's sake, what's the matter?

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[1] *Curfew* is derived from two French words, *couvrir*, *i.e.*, *tegere*, and *feu*, *i.e.*, *ignis*. William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight o'clock, and that all people should put out their fire and candle and go to bed. The ringing of a bell in the evening is in many places still called ringing the Curfew Bell.

[2] [Compare "Old English Jest-Books," i. 31.]

SEX. O Lord, I am a man of another element; Master Theophilus's ghost is in the church-porch. There was an hundred cats, all fire, dancing even now, and they are clomb up to the top of the steeple; I'll not into the belfry for a world.

PRIEST. O goodman Solomon, I have been about a deed of darkness to-night: O Lord! I saw fifteen spirits in the forest like white bulls; if I lie, I am an arrant thief: mortality haunts us —grass and hay! the devil's at our heels, and let's hence to the parsonage. [*Exeunt.*

The MILLER *comes out very softly.*

MILLER. What noise was that? 'tis the watch; sure, that villanous unlucky rogue Smug is ta'en; upon my life, and then all our knavery comes out! I heard one cry, sure.

Enter host BLAGUE.

HOST. If I go steal any more venison, I am a paradox: foot, I can scarce bear the sin of my flesh in the day, 'tis so heavy: if I turn not honest, and serve the good Duke of Norfolk as a true mareterraneum skinker[1] should do, let me never look higher than the element of a constable.

MILLER. By the mass, there are some watchmen; I hear them name master constable: I would my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

HOST. Who's there?

MILLER. 'Tis the constable, by this light: I'll steal hence, and if I can meet mine host Blague, I'll tell him how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himself. [*Exit.*

[1] See note to "Grim the Collier of Croydon," [viii. 426.]

HOST. What the devil is that white thing? this same is a churchyard, and I have heard that ghosts and villanous goblins have been seen here.

Enter SEXTON *and* PRIEST.

PRIEST. Grass and hay! O, that I could conjure! we saw a spirit here in the churchyard; and in the fallow field there's the devil with a man's body upon his back in a white sheet.

SEX. It may be a woman's body, Sir John.

PRIEST. If she be a woman, the sheets damn her.
Lord bless us, what a night of mortality is this!

HOST. Priest!

PRIEST. Mine host!

HOST. Did you not see a spirit all in white cross you at the stile?

SEX. O no, mine host; but there sat one in the porch: I have not breath enough left to bless me from the devil.

HOST. Who's that?

PRIEST. The sexton, almost frightened out of his wits. Did you see Banks or Smug?

HOST. No, they are gone to Waltham, sure. I would fain hence; come, let's to my house: I'll ne'er serve the Duke of Norfolk in this fashion again whilst I breathe. If the devil be among us, it's time to hoist sail, and cry roomer.[1] Keep together; sexton, thou art secret. What! let's be comfortable one to another.

PRIEST. We are all mortal, mine host.

HOST. True; and I'll serve God in the night hereafter afore the Duke of Norfolk. [*Exeunt.*

[1] [A nautical term for tacking about. See Halliwell's "Dict.," in *v.*]

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE *and* SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM,[1] *trussing their points, as newly up.*

SIR RALPH. Good-morrow, gentle knight;
A happy day after your short night's rest.
SIR ARTH. Ha, ha! Sir Ralph, stirring so soon indeed?
By'r Lady, sir, rest would have done right well:
Our riding late last night has made me drowsy.
Go to, go to, those days are gone with us.
SIR RALPH. Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, care go with those days!
Let 'em even go together, let 'em go;
'Tis time, i' faith, that we were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their parents
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty.
Well, well—nay, it shall not do, it shall not:
No, Mounchensey, thou'lt hear on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt, i' faith; I'll hang thy son,
If there be law in England. A man's child
Ravish'd from a nunnery! This is rare!
Well, there's one gone for friar Hildersham.

SIR ARTH. Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus, it will but hurt your heat. You cannot grieve more than I do; but to what end? But hark you, Sir Ralph, I was about to say something—it makes no matter. But hark you in your ear; the friar's a knave: but God forgive me, a man cannot tell, neither. 'Sfoot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.

SIR RALPH. There's one went for the friar an hour ago. Comes he not yet? 'Sfoot, if I do find knavery under's cowl, I'll tickle him, I'll ferk him.

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[1] The edits. of 1617, 1626, 1631, call them Sir *Ralph* Clare and Sir *Arthur* Jerningham.—*Collier.*

Here, here, he's here, he's here. Good-morrow, friar; good-morrow, gentle friar.

Enter HILDERSHAM.

SIR ARTH. Good-morrow, father Hildersham, good-morrow.

HIL. Good-morrow, reverend knights, unto you both.

SIR ARTH. Father, how now? You hear how matters go;
I am undone, my child is cast away;
You did your best, at least I think the best:
But we are all cross'd; flatly, all is dash'd.

HIL. Alas! good knights, how might the matter be?
Let me understand your grief for charity.

SIR ARTH. Who does not understand my grief? Alas! alas!
And yet you do not: will the church permit
A nun in approbation of her habit
To be ravished?

HIL. A holy woman, benedicite!
Now God forfend,[1] that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house.

SIR ARTH. Jesus deliver me!

SIR RALPH. Why, Millicent, the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheston taken this last night.

HIL. Was that fair maiden late become a nun?

SIR RALPH. Was she, quoth a? Knavery, knavery, knavery, knavery; I smell it, I smell it.
I' faith, is the wind in that door? Is it even so?
Dost thou ask me that now?

HIL. It is the first time that e'er I heard of it.

SIR ARTH. That's very strange.

[1] [Forbid, prevent.]

SIR RALPH. Why, tell me, friar, tell me: thou art counted a holy man? Do not play the hypocrite with me, nor[1] bear with me: I cannot dissemble. Did I aught but by thy own consent, by thy allowance—nay, further, by thy warrant?

HIL. Why, reverend knight——

SIR RALPH. Unreverend friar——

HIL. Nay, then give me leave, sir, to depart in quiet:

I had hop'd you had sent for me to some other end.

SIR ARTH. Nay, stay, good friar, if anything hath happ'd

About this matter in thy love to us,
That thy strict order cannot justify,
Admit it to be so, we will cover it;
Take no care, man:
Disclaim not yet my counsel and advice,
The wisest man that is may be o'erreach'd.

HIL. Sir Arthur, by my order and my faith, I know not what you mean.

SIR RALPH. By your order and by your faith? This is most strange of all. Why, tell me, friar, are not you confessor to my son Frank?

HIL. Yes, that I am.

SIR RALPH. And did not this good knight here and myself

Confess with you, being his ghostly father,
To deal with him about th' unbanded marriage
Betwixt him and that fair young Millicent?

HIL. I never heard of any match intended.

SIR ARTH. Did not we break our minds that very time,

That our device in making her a nun

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[1] Probably we ought to read, *Now bear with me.—Collier.* [This is hardly satisfactory, yet the true reading is difficult to guess at.]

Was but a colour and a very plot
To put by young Mounchensey? Is't not true?
HIL. The more I strive to know what you should mean,
The less I understand you.
SIR RALPH. Did not you tell us still, how Peter Fabel
At length would cross us, if we took not heed?
HIL. I have heard of one that is a great magician;
But he's about the university.
SIR RALPH. Did not you send your novice Benedic
To persuade the girl to leave Mounchensey's love,
To cross that Peter Fabel in his art,
And to that purpose made him visitor?
HIL. I never sent my novice from my house,
Nor have we made our visitation yet.
SIR ARTH. Never sent him! Nay, did he not go? and did not I direct him to the house, and confer with him by the way? and did not he tell me what charge he had received from you, word by word, as I requested at your hands?
HIL. That you shall know; he came along with me,
And stays without. Come hither, Benedic.

Enter BENEDIC.

Young Benedic, were you e'er sent by me
To Cheston nunnery for a visitor?
BEN. Never, sir, truly.
SIR RALPH. Stranger than all the rest!
SIR ARTH. Did not I direct you to the house
Confer with you from Waltham Abbey
Unto Cheston wall?
BEN. I never saw you, sir, before this hour.

SIR RALPH. The devil thou didst not! Ho, chamberlain!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAM. Anon, anon.

SIR RALPH. Call mine host Blague hither.

CHAM. I will send one over, sir, to see if he be up. I think he be scarce stirring yet.

SIR RALPH. Why, knave, didst thou not tell me an hour ago mine host was up!

CHAM. Ay, sir, my master's up.

SIR RALPH. You knave, is he up, and is he not up?
Dost thou mock me?

CHAM. Ay, sir, my master is up; but I think Master Blague indeed be not stirring.

SIR RALPH. Why, who's thy master? Is not the master of the house thy master?

CHAM. Yes, sir; but Master Blague dwells over the way.

SIR ARTH. Is not this the George? Before Jove, there's some villany in this.

CHAM. Foot, our sign's removed; this is strange!

Enter BLAGUE, *trussing his points.*

HOST. Chamberlain, speed[1] up to the new lodgings;
Bid Nell look well to the bak'd meat—
How now, my old jennet's back?[2] my house

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[1] [Edits., *speak.*]

[2] [Edits., *Jenert's bank*, which Steevens defends and explains. Mine Host, it should be observed, talks much at random; but surely *Jenert's bank* is rank nonsense.]

"I once suspected this passage of corruption, but have found reason to change my opinion. The merry Host seems willing to assemble ideas expressive of *trust* and *confidence*. The old quartos begin the word *jenert* with a capital letter,

[Is] my castle: he in Waltham all night, and
Not under the canopy of your host Blague's house?

SIR ARTH. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, 'tis a question. Look upon your sign.

HOST. Body of St George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers. I'll tickle his catastrophe for this; if I do not indict him at the next assizes for burglary, let me die of the yellows;[1] for I see it is no boot in these days to serve the good Duke of Norfolk. The villanous world is turned mangy;[2] one jade deceives another, and your ostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share. Have we comedies in hand, you whoreson, villanous male London lecher?

SIR ARTH. Mine host, we have had the moilingest night of it that ever we had in our lives.

HOST. Is it certain?

SIR ARTH. We have been in the forest all night almost.

HOST. Foot, how did I miss you? Heart! I was stealing of a buck there.

SIR ARTH. A plague on you; we were stayed for you.

HOST. Were you, my noble Romans? Why, you

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and therefore we may suppose *Jenert's bank* to have been the shop of some banker, in whose possession money could be deposited with security. The Irish still say, as sure as *Burton's Bank;* and our own countrymen, as safe as the *Bank of England.* We might read my *house*, instead of my *horse*, as the former agrees better with *castle.* The services of a *horse* are of all things the most uncertain."—*Steevens.*

[1] *i.e.*, Of a disease peculiar to horses. So in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"—

"His horse sped with spavins, rayed with the *yellows.*"

—*Steevens.* [See Dyce's Shakesp. Gloss. in v.]

[2] Edits., *manger.*

shall share; the venison is a-footing. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*, that is, there is a good breakfast provided for a marriage that is in my house this morning.

SIR ARTH. A marriage, mine host!

HOST. A conjunction copulative; a gallant match between your daughter and Raymond Mounchensey, young juventus.

SIR ARTH. How?

HOST. 'Tis firm; 'tis done.
We'll show you a precedent in the civil law for't.

SIR RALPH. How! married?

HOST. Leave tricks and admiration; there's a cleanly pair of sheets on the bed in the Orchard-chamber, and they shall lie there. What? I'll do it. I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

SIR ARTH. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

SIR RALPH. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity.

HOST. I renounce your defiance; if you parley so roughly, I'll barricado my gates against you. Stand fair, bully; priest, come off from the rear-ward. What can you say now? 'Twas done in my house. I have shelter in the court for't. Do you see yon bay-window? I serve the good Duke of Norfolk, and 'tis his lodging. Storm, I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk. Thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter SMUG, MOUNCHENSEY, HARRY CLARE, *and* MILLICENT.

SMUG. Fire! nouns, there's no fire in England like your Trinidado sack.[1] Is any man here

[1] [Tobacco.]

humorous?[1] We stole the venison, and we'll justify it: say you now?

HOST. In good sooth, Smug, there's more sack on the fire, Smug.

SMUG. I do not take any exceptions against your sack: but if you lend me a pike-staff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand.

HOST. I say thou shalt into the cellar.

SMUG. 'Sfoot, mine host, shall's not grapple? Pray you, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg. Shall's not serve the Duke of Norfolk? [*Exit.*

HOST. In, skipper, in.

SIR ARTH. Sirrah, hath young Mounchensey married your sister?

H. CLARE. 'Tis certain, sir; here's the priest that coupled them, the parties joined, and the honest witness that cried amen.

MOUN. Sir Arthur Clare, my new-created father, I beseech you hear me.

SIR ARTH. Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy; you have done that you cannot answer; I dare be bold to seize her from you, for she's a professed nun.

MIL. With pardon, sir, that name is quite undone;
This true-love knot cancels both maid and nun.
When first you told me, I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept o'er my heart.
To Cheston with a smiling brow I went,
But yet, dear sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweet Raymond might find better means,
To steal me thence. In brief, disguis'd he came,
Like novice to old father Hildersham;
His tutor here did act that cunning part,
And in our love hath join'd much wit to art.

[1] See note to "The Spanish Tragedy," [v. 31].

SIR ARTH. Is it even so?

MIL. With pardon therefore we entreat your smiles?

Love (thwarted) turns itself to thousand wiles.

SIR ARTH. Young Master Jerningham, were you an actor

In your own love's abuse?

JER. My thoughts, good sir,

Did labour seriously unto this end—

To wrong myself, ere I'd abuse my friend.

HOST. He speaks like a bachelor of music; all in numbers. Knights, if I had known you would have let this covey of partridges sit thus long upon their knees under my signpost, I would have spread my door with coverlids.

SIR ARTH. Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it?

HOST. Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, Master Peter Fabel; and Smug (lord bless us!) could never stand upright since.

SIR ARTH. You, sir—'twas you was his minister, that married them?

SIR JOHN. Sir, to prove myself an honest man, being that I was last night in the forest stealing venison—now, sir, to have you stand my friend, if the matter should be called in question, I married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

SIR ARTH. I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack for't.

SIR JOHN. If you do, I am as resolute as my neighbour-vicar of Waltham Abbey; ahem! grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we be hanged, mine host, and be merry; and there's an end.

Enter FABEL.[1]

FAB. Now, knights, I enter: now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mounchensey: you, Sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham: to cross this match,
I us'd some pretty sleights; but I protest
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art:
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soul to their performancy.
These for his love, who once was my dear pupil,
Have I effected. Now (methinks) 'tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match; since reason fails,
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt;
Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent
Smile then upon your daughter and kind son;
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The Devil of Edmonton did good in love.

SIR ARTH. Well, 'tis in vain to cross thee, Providence:
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart;
Rise, daughter.

MIL. This is a kind father's part.

HOST. Why, Sir John,[2] send for Spindle's noise[3] presently:
Ha! ere't be night, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! mine host, let's live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end.

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[1] Misprinted *Fabian* in edits. 1626, 1631, but corrected in that of 1655.

[2] [Former edits., *Sir George.*]

[3] [A band of fiddlers.] See a long note to "The Ordinary," act iv., sc. 1 (vol. xii.)

SIR ARTH. What, is breakfast ready, mine host?

HOST. 'Tis, my little Hebrew.

SIR ARTH. Sirrah! ride straight to Cheston nunnery,
Fetch thence my lady; the house, I know,
By this time misses their young votary.
Come, knights, let's in.

BIL. I will to horse presently, sir. A plague on my lady, I shall miss a good breakfast. Smug, how chance you cut so plaguely behind, Smug?

SMUG. Stand away, I'll founder you else.

BIL. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

SMUG. I will be by and by; I will be Saint George again.

SIR ARTH. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himself.

SIR RALPH. Did we not last night find two Saint Georges here?

FAB. Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them.

CLARE. Then thus conclude your night of merriment. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

RAM-ALLEY

OR

MERRY TRICKS.

EDITIONS.

(1.) *Ram-Alley: Or Merrie Trickes. A Comedy Divers times here-to-fore acted by the Children of the Kings Reuels. Written by Lo: Barrey. At London Printed by G. Eld, for Robert Wilson, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne, at the new gate of Graues-Inne.* 1611. 4°.

(2.) *Ram-Alley: Or Merry-Trickes. A Comedy. Diverſ times here-to-fore acted by the Children of the Kings Revels. Written by Lo. Barrey. London. Printed by John Norton, for Robert Wilson.* 1636. 4°.

INTRODUCTION.

LODOWICK BARRY is said to have been a gentleman of Irish birth, and Anthony Wood is pleased to compliment him with the title of Lord, which is very probably a mistake. No circumstances concerning him remain, not even the times of his birth and death; though the latter was not unlikely to be soon after the publication of the following play, the only one which he wrote. The writer of his article in the "Biographia Dramatica" says that "the plot in this play of William Smallshanks decoying the Widow Taffata into marriage is the same with that in Kiligrew's 'Parson's Wedding,' *and both taken from the 'English Rogue.'*" The latter part of this assertion is entirely without foundation, and the least attention to dates would have prevented the writer's falling into so gross an error. Both plays were published before "The English Rogue" appeared; "Ram-Alley"[1] above fifty years; and "The Parson's Wedding" about ten or twelve.

[1] There are, as will be seen opposite, two editions of "Ram-Alley, the first in 1611, and the other in 1636; the latter printed from the former with a number of additional errors. From the more corrupt of the two copies this play has been hitherto reprinted, without any comparison of the two; they have now for the first time been accurately collated, and in many instances the correct reading has been restored.—*Collier.* [A few trifling corrections were introduced by Mr Collier, but the most serious corruptions and errors were overlooked, and all the faulty pointing retained. Such is the case with all the plays.

"Ram-Alley" may be characterised as a strongly-written and well-constructed domestic drama, valuable as a social monument of the times, and interesting as the author's only known production. But it is full of gross passages, allusions, and innuendoes. In "The Return from Parnassus," 1606 (ix. 117), occurs the phrase "Ram-Alley meditations," the saying having become proverbial, perhaps, for ruffianly language, as the locality was, no doubt, notorious for its bad characters.]

ACTORUM NOMINA.

SIR OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS.
JUSTICE TUTCHIN.
THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.
WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.
BOUTCHER.
LIEUTENANT BEARD
THROAT.
CAPTAIN FACE.[1]
DASH.
THREE GENTLEMEN.
A DRAWER.
CONSTABLE *and* OFFICERS.

WOMEN.

LADY SOMMERFIELD.
CONSTANTIA SOMMERFIELD.
FRANCES.
TAFFATA.
ADRIANA.
CHAMBERMAID.

---

[1] This character is sometimes called Captain *Face* and sometimes Captain *Puff* in the body of the play, and probably the former is according to the intention of the author, as it so stands in the *Dramatis Personæ*, and as he is spoken of by the widow Taffata as Captain Face. Ben Jonson names the housekeeper in his Alchymist *Face.—Collier.*

PROLOGUE.

HOME-BRED mirth our Muse doth sing;
The satyr's tooth and waspish sting,
Which most do hurt, when least suspected,
By this play are not affected.
But if conceit with quick-turn'd scenes,
Observing all those ancient streams,
Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,[1]
As time, place, person: and to show
Things never done with that true life,
That thoughts and wits should stand at strife.
Whether the things now shown be true,
Or whether we ourselves now do
The things we but present: if these,
Free from the loathsome stage disease,
(So overworn, so tir'd and stale,
Not satirising but to rail)
May win your favours, and inherit
But calm acceptance for his merit:
He vows by Paper, Pen, and Ink,
And by the learned Sisters' drink,
To spend his time, his lamps, his oil,
And never cease his brain to toil,
Till from the silent hours of night
He doth produce for your delight
Conceits so new, so harmless free,
That Puritans themselves may see
A play, yet not in public preach,

[1] [Hippocrene.]

That players such lewd doctrine teach,
That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
When they do see a man resemble
The picture of a villain : this,
As he a friend to Muses is,
To you by me he gives his word,
Is all his play doth now afford

RAM-ALLEY;[1] OR, MERRY TRICKS.

ACTUS I., SCÆNA 1.

Enter CONSTANTIA *sola, with a letter in her hand.*

CON. In this disguise, ere scarce my mourning robes
Could have a general note, I have forsook
My shape, my mother, and those rich demesnes,
Of which I am sole heir; and now resolve
In this disguise of page to follow him,
Whose love first caus'd me to assume this shape.
Lord, how my feminine blood stirs at the sight
Of these same breeches! methinks this codpiece[2]
Should betray me: well, I will try the worst.
Hither they say he usually doth come,
Whom I so much affect: what makes he here?
In the skirts of Holborn, so near the field,
And at a garden-house? he has some punk
Upon my life! No more: here he comes.

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[1] *Ram-Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet Street. It formerly, among other places, claimed to be exempt from the process of the Courts of Law, a privilege which was taken from it by the Stat. of 9 & 10 William III. c. xxvii. s. 15.

[2] [Compare Dyce's Middleton, iii. 81.]

Enter BOUTCHER.

God save you, sir: your name, unless I err,
Is Master Thomas Boutcher.

BOUT. 'Tis, sweet boy.

CON. I have a letter for you.

[CONSTANTIA *delivers the letter; he reads it.*

BOUT. From whom is't?

CON. The inside, sir, will tell you; I shall see
What love he bears me now. [*Aside.*]

BOUT. Th' art welcome, boy.
How does the fair Constantia Sommerfield,
Thy[1] noble mistress?

CON. I left her in health.

BOUT. She gives thee here good words; and for her sake
Thou shalt not want a master: be mine for ever.

CON. I thank you, sir. Now shall I see the punk. [*He knocks.*

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

W. SMALL. Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you; what news?

BOUT. You know my business well; I sing one song.

W. SMALL. 'Sfoot, what would you have me do? my land is gone,
My credit of less trust than courtiers' words
To men of judgment; and for my debts
I might deserve a knighthood:[2] what's to be done?
The knight my father will not once vouchsafe
To call me son; that little land he gave,

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[1] [Old copies, *my.*]

[2] [A contemptuous allusion—one of many—to the profusion with which James I. created this dignity for the sake of raising money.]

Throat the lawyer swallowed at one gob
For less than half the worth ; and for the city
There be so many rascals and tall yeomen,
Would hang upon me for their maintenance,
Should I but peep or step within the gates,
That I am forc'd, only to ease my charge,
To live here in the suburbs ; or in the town
To walk *in tenebris*. I tell you, sir,
Your best retired life is an honest punk
In a thatch'd house with garlic : tell not me.
My punk's my punk, and noble lechery
Sticks by a man when all his friends forsake him.

BOUT. The pox, it will : art thou so senseless grown,
So much endeared to thy bestial lust,
That thy original worth should lie extinct
And buried in thy shame ? Far be such thoughts
From spirits free and noble ! Begin to live :
Know thyself, and whence thou art deriv'd.
I know that competent state thy father gave
Cannot be yet consum'd.

W. SMALL. 'Tis gone, by heaven !
Not a denier is left.

BOUT. 'Tis impossible.

W. SMALL. Impossible ! s'heart ! I have had two suckers
Able to spend the wealthy Crœsus' store.

Enter FRANCES.

BOUT. What are they ?

W. SMALL. Why, a lawyer and a whore :
See, here comes one. Dost think this petticoat,
A perfum'd smock, and twice a week a bath,
Can be maintain'd with half a year's revenues ?
No, by heaven ! we annual younger brothers

Must go to't by wholesale; by wholesale, man,[1]
These creatures are maintained: her very face
Has cost a hundred pounds.
FRAN. Sir, thank yourself. [*Coming forward.*
CON. They keep this whore betwixt them. [*Aside.*
FRAN. You know, sir,
I did enjoy a quiet country life,
Spotless and free, till you corrupted me,
And brought me to the court. I never knew
What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant:
Till you preferr'd me to your aunt the lady.
I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
No Mercury water, fucus[2] or perfumes,
To help a lady's breath, until your aunt
Learnt me the common trick.
W. SMALL. The common trick,
Say you? a pox upon such common tricks!
They will undo us all.
BOUT. And knowing this,
Art thou so wilful-blind still to persist
In ruin and defame?
W. SMALL. What should I do?
I've pass'd my word to keep this gentlewoman,
Till I can place her to her own content.
And what is a gentleman but his word?
BOUT. Why, let her go to service.

---

[1] [Edits., wholesale-men.]

[2] A paint or composition used by the ladies to beautify the face and heighten the complexion. It is mentioned in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," act ii. sc. 1—

> "To-morrow morning
> I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
> And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
> To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when]
> I'll have an excellent new *fucus* made,
> Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
> Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil,
> As you best like, and last some fourteen hours."

["Works," by Gifford, 1816, iii. 45, where *breath* seems to be an error—forsaw, *brush*.]

W. SMALL. To service!
Why, so she does; she is my laundress,[1]
And by this light, no puisne Inn-a-Court
But keeps a laundress at his command
To do him service; and shall not I, ha?
FRAN. Sir, you are his friend (I love him too);
Propound a course which may advantage him,
And you shall find such real worth in me,
That rather than I'll live his hindrance,
I will assume the most penurious state
The city yields, to give me means of life.
W. SMALL. Why, there's it: you hear her what she says;
Would not he be damn'd that should forsake her?
Says she not well? can you propound a course,
To get my forfeit land from yonder rogue:
Parcel-lawyer, parcel-devil, all knave,
Throat, Throat?
BOUT. Not I.
W. SMALL. Why, so: I thought as much;
You are like our citizens to men in need,
Which cry, 'tis pity a proper gentleman
Should want money; yet not an usuring slave
Will lend him a denier to help his wants.
Will you lend me forty shillings?
BOUT. I will.
W. SMALL. Why, God-a-mercy, there's some goodness in thee:
You'll not repent?
BOUT. I will not.
W. SMALL. With that money
I will redeem my forfeit land, and wed
My cockatrice to a man of worship—
To a man of worship, by this light!
BOUT. But how?

---

[1] A *laundress* is the name still preserved at the Inns of Court for the women, who attend to the men in chambers.]

W. SMALL. Thus: in Ram-Alley lies a fellow, by name
Throat: one that professeth law, but indeed
Has neither law nor conscience; a fellow
That never saw the bar, but when his life
Was call'd in question for a cosenage.
The rogue is rich; to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir John Sommerfield——
CON. How's that? [*Aside.*
W. SMALL. Is lately dead, and that my hopes stand fair
To get his only daughter. If I speed,[1]
And have but means to steal away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefest friend
To entertain us, till our nuptial rites
May be accomplish'd: and could you but procure
My elder brother meet me on the way,
And but associate me unto his house,
'Twere hit, i' faith; I'd give my cunning Throat
An honest slit for all his tricks in law.
BOUT. Why this shall be perform'd; take; there's my store.
To friends all things are common.
W. SMALL. Then at the court
There are none foes, for all things there are common. [*Aside.*]
BOUT. I will as carefully perform thy wish,
As if my fortunes lay upon th' attempt.
W. SMALL. When shall I hear from you?
BOUT. Within this hour.
W. SMALL. Let me alone for the rest: if I gull not
And go beyond my open-throated lawyer,

[1] The 4° of 1636 has it *If I spend*, which was followed by Mr Reed, but the first 4° of 1611 gives the true reading, *If I speed*.—*Collier.*

For all his book-cases of *Tricesimo nono*
And *Quadragesimo octavo*, let me,
Like waiting gentlewomen, be ever bound
To sit upon my heels, and pick rushes.
Will you about this gear?

BOUT. With my best speed.

W. SMALL. Then fare you well, you'll meet me?

BOUT. Without fail.

[*Exeunt* BOUTCHER *and* PAGE.[1]

W. SMALL. Adieu. Now, you pernicious cockatrice,[2]
You see how I must skelder for your good:
I'll bring you where you shall have means to cheat,
If you have grace enough to apprehend it.

FRAN. Believe me, love, howe'er some stricter wits
Condemn all women which are prone to love,
And think that if their favour fall on any,
By consequence they must be naught with many,
And hold a false position: that a woman,
False to herself, can trusty be to no man—
Yet no, I say: howe'er my life hath lost
The fame which my virginity aspir'd,
I will be true to thee: my deed shall move
To win from all men pity, if not love.

W. SMALL. Tut, I know thee a good rascal; lets in,
And on with all your neat and finest rags:
On with your cloak and safeguard,[3] you arrant drab!
You must cheat without all conscience, filch for thee and me.

---

[1] Meaning Constantia, so disguised.—*Collier.*
[2] See note to "The Antiquary," act iv. sc. 1 (vol. 13.)
[3] See note at p. 277 *suprâ.*

Do but thou act what I shall well contrive,
We'll teach my lawyer a new way to thrive. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MISTRESS TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA *her maid, above.*

TAF. Come, lov'd Adriana, here let us sit,
And mark who passes. Now, for a wager,
What colour'd beard comes next by the window?
ADRI. A black, madam,[1] I think.
TAF. I think not so:
I think a red, for that is most in fashion.
Lord! how scarce is the world of proper men
And gallants! sure, we never more shall see
A good leg worn in a long silk stocking
With a long codpiece: of all fashions,
That carried it, i' faith. What's he goes by?

Enter a Citizen.

ADRI. A snivelling citizen: he is carrying ware
[*Exit.*
Unto some lady's chamber: but who's this?

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS *reading a letter.*

TAF. I know him not; he looks just like a fool.
ADRI. He's very brave, he may be a courtier:
What's that he reads?
TAF. Ah! how light he treads,
For dirting his silk stockings! I'll tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish
All men by their noses, as thus: your nose
Tuscan is lovely, large and broad,
Much like a goose: your valiant generous nose,
A crooked, smooth and a great puffing nose;
Your scholar's nose is very fresh and raw,

[1] [Old copies, *man's.*]

For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells
His chops of mutton in his dish of porridge;
Your puritan nose is very sharp and long
(Much like your widow's!)[1] and with ease can smell
An edifying capon some few[2] streets off.

Enter BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

ADRI.[3] O mistress! a very proper gentleman.
TAF. And trust me, so he is; I never saw
A man that sooner could captive my thoughts
(Since I writ widow) than this gentleman.
I would he would look up!
ADRI. I'll laugh so loud,
That he may hear me.
TAF. That's not so good.
BOUT. And spake you with Master Small-shanks?
CON. I did.
BOUT. Will he meet his brother?
CON. He said he would,
And I believed him. I tell you, master,
I have done that for many of these gallants
That no man in this town would do but I.
BOUT. What is that, boy?
CON. Why, trust them on their words?
But will you hear the news, which now supplies
The city with discourse?
BOUT. What is it, wag?
CON. This, sir: they say some of our city dames

[1] [Edits., *and much.* This seems to have been introduced as a playful allusion by Widow Taffata to herself], unless these words should be given to Adriana.

[2] [Edits., *five.*]

[3] [This part of the dialogue is conducted by Adriana and Taffata above, while the other persons enter and converse below.]

Were much desirous to see the baboons
Do their newest tricks: went, saw them, came home:
Went to bed, slept ; next morning one of them,
Being to shift a smock, sends down her maid
To warm her one ; meanwhile, she gins to think
On the baboons' tricks, and (naked in her bed)
Begins to practise some : at last she strove
To get her right leg over her head thus ;
And by her activity she got it
'Cross her shoulder; but not with all her power
Could she reduce[1] it: at last [she, with] much
struggling,
Tumbles quite from the bed upon the floor.
The maid by this return'd with the warm smock,
And seeing her mistress thrown on the ground,
Truss'd up like a football, exclaims, calls help,
Runs down amaz'd, swears that her mistress' neck
Is broke : up comes her husband and neighbours.
And finding her thus truss'd, some flatly said
She was bewitch'd—others she was possess'd :
A third said for her pride the devil had set
Her face where her rump should stand ; but at last
Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,
Helps her : she ashamed, her husband amazed,
The neighbours laughing, as none forbear,
She tells them of the fatal accident.
To which one answers that, if her husband
Would leave his trade, and carry his wife about
To do this trick in public, she'd get more gold
Than all the baboons, calves with two tails,
Or motions[2] whatsoever.

BOUT. You are a wag.

TAF. [*Above.*] He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.

[1] Bring it back.

[2] *i.e.*, Puppet-shows. See note to "The Antiquary," act i. sc. 1 (vol. 13.)

ADRI. Shall I cough or sneeze?
TAF. No, I ha't; stand aside.
Ah me, my handkerchief! Adrian, Fabian!
ADRI. Mistress!
TAF. Run, run, I have let my handkerchief fall.
Gentleman, shall I entreat a courtesy?
BOUT. Within my power your beauty shall command.
What courtesy is't?
TAF. To stoop, and take up
My handkerchief.
BOUT. Your desire is performed.
TAF. Sir, most hearty thanks: please you come in,
Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.
BOUT. I accept your courtesy: ha! what's this?
Assailed by fear and hope in a moment:
Boutcher, this womanish passion fits not men,
Who know the worth of freedom: shall smiles and eyes
With their lascivious glances conquer him,
Hath still been lord of his affections?
Shall simp'ring niceness, loadstones but to fools,
Attract a knowing spirit! it shall, it does.
Not Phœbus, rising from Aurora's lap,
Spreads his bright rays with more majestic grace
Than came the glances from her quick'ning eye.
And what of this?
CON. By my troth, I know not.
BOUT. I will not enter: continued flames burn strong.
I yet am free, and reason keeps her seat
Above all fond affections—yet is she fair.

Enter ADRIANA [*from above*].

ADRI. Sir, I bring you thanks for this great courtesy:

And if you please to enter, I dare presume
My mistress will afford you gracious welcome.
BOUT. How do men call your mistress?
CON. The man's in love. [*Aside.*]
ADRI. Her name, sir, is Mistress Changeable, late wife
To Master Taffata, mercer, deceas'd.
BOUT. I have heard she is both rich and beautiful.
ADRI. In th' eyes of such as love her; judge yourself;
Please you but prick forward, and enter.
[*Exit* BOUTCHER.
CON. Now will I fall aboard the waiting-maid.
ADRI. Fall aboard of me! dost take me for a ship?
CON. Ay, and will shoot you betwixt wind and water.
ADRI. Blurt! master gunner, your linstock's[1] too short.
CON. Foot! how did she know that? dost hear, sweetheart,
Should not the page be doing with the maid,
Whilst the master is busy with the mistress?
Please you, prick forwards; thou art a wench
Likely to go the way of all flesh shortly.
ADRI. Whose witty knave art thou?
CON. At your service.
ADRI. At mine, faith! I should breech thee.
CON. How, breech me?
ADRI. Ay, breech thee;[2] I have breech'd a taller man
Than you in my time: come in, and welcome. [*Exit.*
CON. Well, I see now a rich well-practis'd bawd
May purse more fees in a summer's progress

---

[1] [Properly the stick to hold the gunner's match; but here the meaning is *figurative.*]
[2] *i.e.*, Whip thee.

Than a well-traded lawyer in a whole term.
Pandarism! why, 'tis grown a liberal science,
Or a new sect, and the good professors
Will (like the Brownist) frequent gravel-pits shortly,
For they use woods and obscure holes already.
[*Exit.*

Enter TAFFATA *and* BOUTCHER.

TAF. Not marry a widow?
BOUT. No.
TAF. And why?
Belike, you think it base and servant-like
To feed upon reversion: you hold us widows,
But as a pie thrust to the lower end,
That hath had many fingers in't before,
And is reserv'd for gross and hungry stomachs.
BOUT. You much mistake me.
TAF. Come, in faith, you do:
And let me tell you that's but ceremony;
For though the pie be broken up before,
Yet, says the proverb, the deeper is the sweeter.
And though a capon's wings and legs be carv'd,
The flesh left with the rump, I hope, is sweet.
I tell you, sir, I have been woo'd and sued to
By worthy knights of fair demesnes: nay, more,
They have been out of debt; yet till this hour
I neither could endure to be in love
Or be beloved; but proffer'd ware is cheap.
What's lawful, that is loath'd, and things denied
Are with more stronger appetite pursu'd.
I am too yielding.
BOUT. You mistake my thoughts.
But know, thou wonder of this continent,
By one more skill'd in unknown fate than was
The blind Achaian Prophet,[1] 'twas foretold,

[1] Tiresias, the blind prophet of Thebes. See "The Œdipus" of Sophocles, and that of Dryden and Lee.

A widow should endanger both my life,
My soul, my lands, and reputation.
This checks my thoughts, and cools th' essential fire
Of sacred love, more ardent in my breast
Than speech can utter.

TAF. A trivial idle jest!
Is't[1] for a man of your repute and note
To credit fortune-tellers? A petty rogue,
That never saw five shillings in a heap,
Will take upon him to divine men's fate,
Yet never knows himself shall die a beggar,
Or be hanged up for pilfering table-cloths,
Shirts and smocks, hang'd out to dry on hedges.
Tis merely[2] base to trust them: or if there be
A man in whom the Delphic god hath breath'd
His true divining fire, that can foretell
The fix'd decree of fate—he likewise knows
What is within the everlasting book
Of destiny decreed, cannot by wit
Or man's invention be dissolv'd or shunn'd.
Then give thy love free scope, embrace and kiss,
And to the distaff-sisters leave th' event.

BOUT. How powerful are their words whom we affect!
Small force shall need to win the strongest fort,
If to his state the captain be perfidious.
I must entreat you license my depart
For some few hours.

TAF. Choose what you will of time:
There lies your way. [*Moves away.*]

BOUT. I will entreat her [*aside.*] Stay.

TAF. Did you call, sir?

---

[1] [Edits., *'Tis.*]

[2] Absolutely. So in "The Honest Man's Fortune," by Beaumont and Fletcher—

"I am as happy
In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine."

BOUT. No.
TAF. Then fare you well.
BOUT. Who 'gins to love, needs not a second hell. [*Exit* BOUTCHER.

Enter ADRIANA.

TAF. Adriana, makes he no stay?
ADRI. Mistress?
TAF. I pray thee see if he have left the house. Peep close; see, but be not seen: is he gone?
ADRI. No; he has made a stand.
TAF. I prythee, keep close.
ADRI. Nay, keep you close, y' had best.
TAF. What does he now?
ADRI. Now he retires.[1]

Re-enter BOUTCHER [*below*].

BOUT. O you much partial gods!
Why gave you men affections, and not [2] power
To govern them? what I by fate should shun,
I most affect—a widow, a widow.
TAF. Blows the wind there?
ADRI. Ha, ha! he's in, i' faith:
Y' have drawn him now within your purlieus, mistress.
BOUT. Tut, I will not love! my rational
And better parts shall conquer blind affections:
Let passion children or weak women sway,
My love shall to my judgment still obey. [*Exit*.
TAF. What does he now?
ADRI. He's gone.

[1] Perhaps we ought to read *Now he returns*, and not *Now he retires;* but both the old copies are uniform in favour of *retires.—Collier.* [*Retire* may be right, as it is justifiable to interpret it in its original sense of draw back, in which it is almost equivalent to *return.*]
[2] [Old copies, *a power.*]

TAF. Gone! Adriana?
ADRI. He went his way, and never look'd behind him.
TAF. Sure, he's taken?
ADRI. A little sing'd or so:
Each thing must have beginning; men must prepare,
Before they can come on, and show their loves
In pleasing sorts: the man must do in time;
For love, good mistress, is much like to wax—
The more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster to;
Or, like a bird in bird-lime or a pit-fall,
The more he labours, still the deeper in.
TAF. Come, thou must help me now; I have a trick
To second this beginning, and in the nick
To strike it dead, i' faith. Women must woo,
When men forget what nature leads them to.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THROAT *the lawyer from his study; books and bags of money on a table, a chair and cushion.*

THROAT. Chaste Phœbe, *splende;* there's that left yet,
Next to my book, *claro micante auro.*
Ay, that's the soul of law; that's it, that's it,
For which the buckram-bag must trudge all weathers,
Though scarcely fill'd with one poor replication.
How happy are we, that we joy the law
So freely as we do: not bought and sold,
But clearly given, without all base extorting:
Taking but bare ten angels for a fee,
Or upward. To this renown'd estate
Have I by indirect and cunning means
Enwoven myself, and now can scratch it out:
Thrust at a bar, and cry *My lord* as loud

As e'er a listed gownman of them all.
I never plead before the honour'd bench :
But *bench right-worshipful of peaceful justices*
And country gentlemen : and yet I've found
Good gettings, by the mass ; besides odd cheats,
Will Small-shank's lands, and many garboils [1] more,
Dash !

Enter DASH.

DASH. Sir.

THROAT. Is that rejoinder done ?

DASH. Done, sir.

THROAT. Have you drawn't at length, have you dash'd it out—
According to your name ?

DASH. Some sevenscore sheets.

THROAT. Is the demurrer drawn 'twixt Snipe and Woodcock ?
And what do you say to Peacock's pitiful bill ?

---

[1] Barry uses this word *garboils* in a sense to which it was not usually applied. The Rev. Mr Todd, in his edition of Dr Johnson's Dictionary, says, "Bishop Hall has rendered Virgil's *arma, i.e., battles,* by the word *garboil.*" This is a mistake, for Hall is laughing at Stanihurst for having so done in his attempted *hexameter* translation of the Æneid—

"Give me the number'd verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue ;
Manhood and *garboiles* shall he chaunt with changed feet," &c.

—B. 1. sat. 6.

But there are many authorities besides Shakespeare, in his "Antony and Cleopatra," for its employment. Gascoigne inserts it in the speech of Hercules in the "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth : "*A garboyel* this in deede," ["Works" by Hazlitt, ii. 93]. Drayton also uses it in [his "Mortimeriados," 1596,] quoted in "England's Parnassus," p. 444—

"Such is the *garboyle* of this conflict then ;
Brave Englishmen encountering Englishmen."

and T. Heywood, in his "Rape of Lucrece," 1608, talks of "the head of all these garboyles, the chief actor of that black sin," &c.—*Collier.*

DASH. I have drawn his answer negative to all.
THROAT. Negative to all! The plaintiff says
That William Goose was son to Thomas Goose;
And will he swear the general bill is false?
DASH. He will.
THROAT. Then he forswears his father: 'tis well,
Some of our clients will go prig [1] to hell
Before ourselves. Has he paid all his fees?
DASH. He left them all with me.
THROAT. Then truss my points:
And how think'st thou of law?
DASH. Most reverently,
Law is the world's great light: a second sun
To this terrestrial globe: by which all things
Have life and being, and without which
Confusion and disorder soon would seize
The general state of men: wars, outrages.
The ulcerous deeds of peace it curbs and cures;
It is the kingdom's eye, by which she sees
The acts and thoughts of men.
THROAT. The kingdom's eye!
I tell thee, fool, it is the kingdom's nose,
By which she smells out all these rich transgressors:
Nor is't of flesh, but merely made of wax,
And 'tis within the power of us lawyers
To wrest this nose of wax which way we please:
Or it may be, as thou say'st, an eye indeed;
But if it be, 'tis (sure) a woman's eye, [*Knock within.*
That's ever rolling.
DASH. One knocks.
THROAT. Go, see who 'tis—
Stay, my chair and gown; and then go see who knocks.
Thus must I seem a lawyer, which am indeed
But merely dregs and off scum of the law.

[1] [Ride, perhaps a form of *prick*.]

Enter BOUTCHER, DASH, *and* CONSTANTIA.

Ay, *tricesimo primo Alberti Magni*,
'Tis very clear.
BOUT. God save you, sir.
THROAT. The place is very pregnant. Master Boutcher,
Most hearty welcome, sir.
BOUT. You ply this gear,
You are no truant in the law, I see?
THROAT. Faith, some hundred books in folio I have
Turn'd over to better my own knowledge;
But that is nothing for a studient.[1]
BOUT. Or a stationer—they turn them over too,
But not as you do, gentle Master Throat.
And what? the law speaks profit, does it not?
THROAT. Faith, some bad angels haunt us now and then;
But what brought you hither?
BOUT. Why, these small legs?
THROAT. You are conceited, sir.
BOUT. I am in law,
But let that go, and tell me how you do:
How does Will Small-shanks and his lovely bride?
THROAT. In troth, you make me blush; I should have ask'd
His health of you; but 'tis not yet too late.
BOUT. Nay, good Sir Throat,[2] forbear your quillets[3] now.
THROAT. By heaven, I deal most plain! I saw him not,

[1] Formerly printed *studient*, and for the measure it must be read so.—*Collier.* [The form *studient* is legitimate, though uncommon, and has been restored.]
[2] [This form of address was borrowed from the university.]
[3] *i.e.*, Subtleties. So in "Every Woman in her Humour,"

Since last I took his mortgage.
BOUT. Sir, be not nice—
Yet I must needs herein commend your love—
To let me see him; for (know) I know him wed,
And that he stole away Sommerfield's heir.
Therefore suspect me not: I am his friend.
THROAT. How! wed to rich Sommerfield's only heir!
Is old Sommerfield dead?
BOUT. Do you make it strange?
THROAT. By heav'n, I know it not.
BOUT. Then am I griev'd
I spake so much; but that I know you love him,
I should entreat your secrecy, sir; fare you well.
THROAT. Nay, good sir, stay; if ought you can disclose
Of Master Small-shanks' good, let me partake,
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.
BOUT. You much endear him, sir; and from your love
I dare presume you make yourself a fortune,
If his fair hopes proceed.
THROAT. Say on, good sir.
BOUT. You will be secret?
THROAT. Or be my tongue torn out.
BOUT. [Fair] measure for a lawyer. [*Aside.*] But to the point,
He has stole Sommerfield's heir, hither brings her,
As to a man on whom he may rely
His life and fortunes: you hath he named
Already for the steward of his lands:
To keep his courts, and to collect his rent;

1609, sig. H 4: "He has his pols and his œdypols, his times and his tricks, his quirks, and *his quilits*," &c.

Again, in Lyly's "Euphues," 1581, p. 56: "Not only the quirks and *quiddities* of the Logicians, but also," &c.

See also Mr Steevens's note on "Hamlet," act v. sc. 1.

To let out leases, and to raise his fines :
Nothing that may or love or profit bring,
But you are named the man.
THROAT. I am his slave,
And bound unto his noble courtesy
Even with my life ; I ever said he would thrive,
And I protest I kept his forfeit mortgage
To let him know what 'tis to live in want.
BOUT. I think no less. One word more in private. [*Walk aside.*]
CON. Good Master Dash, shall I put you now a case ?
DASH. Speak on, good master page.
CON. Then thus it is :
Suppose I am a page, he is my master,
My master goes to bed, and cannot tell
What money's in his hose ; I, ere next day,
Have filch'd out some, what action lies for this ?
DASH. An action, boy, call'd firking the posteriors.
With us your action seldom comes in question ;
For that 'tis known that most of your gallants
Are seldom so well-stor'd, that they forget
What money's in their hose ; but if they have,
There is no other help than swear the page,
And put him to his oath.
CON. Then, firk o' law,[1]
Dost think, he that has conscience to steal,
Has not a conscience likewise to deny ?
Then hang him up, i' faith ?
[BOUTCHER *and* THROAT *come forward again.*
BOUT. I must meet him.
THROAT. Commend me to them ; come, when they will,

[1] [Edits., *fecks-law*, of which I fail to comprehend the meaning, if any. The phrase *firk of law* occurs again at p. 329, and in the sense of a trick or sleight.]

My doors stand open, and all within is theirs ;
And though Ram-Alley stinks with cooks and ale,
Yet say there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber,
'Buts upon Ram-Alley. I have still an open throat,
If aught I have which may procure his good,
Bid him command—ay, though it be my blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II., SCÆNA 1.

Enter OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

O. SMALL. Is this the place you were appointed to meet him ?
T. SMALL. So Boutcher sent me word.
O. SMALL. I find it true,
That wine, good news, and a young wholesome wench
Cheer up an old man's blood. I tell thee, boy,
I am right hearty glad to hear thy brother
Hath got so great an heir : now were myself
So well bestow'd, I should rejoice, i' faith.
T. SMALL. I hope you shall do well.
O. SMALL. No doubt, no doubt ;
Ah, sirrah ! has a' borne the wench away !
My son, i' faith, my very son, i' faith !
When I was young, and had an able back,
And wore the bristle on my upper-lip,
In good decorum I had as good conveyance,
And could have ferk'd, and ferk'd y' away a wench,
As soon as e'er a man alive. Tut, boy,
I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, smiles, and other quirks—
No courtier like me ; your courtiers all are fools,'

To that which I could do. I could have done it, boy,
Even to a hair, and that some ladies know.
T. SMALL. Sir, I am glad this match may reconcile
Your love unto my brother.
O. SMALL. O, 'tis more than so. [Yet]
I'll seem offended still, though I am glad [*Aside.*]

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, BEARD, *booted.*

H' has got rich Sommerfield's heir.
W. SMALL. Come, wench of gold!
For thou shalt get me gold, besides odd ends
Of silver: we'll purchase house and land
By thy bare gettings, wench, by thy bare gettings.
How say'st, Lieutenant Beard; does she not look
Like a wench newly stole from a window?
BEARD. Exceeding well she carries it, by Jove;
And if she can forbear her rampant tricks,
And but hold close a while, 'twill take, by Mars.
FRAN. How now, you slave? my rampant tricks, you rogue!
Nay, fear not me: my only fear is still,
Thy filthy face betrays us; for all men know,
Thy nose stands compass like a bow,
Which is three quarters drawn; thy head
Which is with greasy hair o'erspread,
And being uncurl'd and black as coal,
Doth show some scullion in a hole
Begot thee on a gipsy, or
Thy mother was some collier's whore:
My rampant tricks, you rogue! thou'lt be descried,
Before our plot be ended.
W. SMALL. What should descry him,
Unless it be his nose? and as for that,
Thou may'st protest he was thy father's butler,

And for thy love is likewise run away.
Nay, sweet lieutenant, now forbear to puff,
And let the bristles of thy beard grow downward:
Reverence my punk, and pandarise a little,
There's many of thy rank that do profess it,
Yet hold it no disparagement.

BEARD. I shall do
What fits an honest man.

W. SMALL. Why, that's enough:
'Foot, my father and the goose my brother:—
Back you two.—

BEARD. Back.

[*Enter* WILLIAM *and* OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS.]

W. SMALL. Retire, sweet lieutenant,
And come not on till I shall wave you on.

O. SMALL. Is not that he?

T. SMALL. 'Tis he.

O. SMALL. But where's the wench![1]

W. SMALL. It shall be so, I'll cheat him, that's flat.

O. SMALL. You are well met: know ye me, good sir?

Belike you think I have no eyes, no ears,
No nose to smell, and wind out all your tricks,
Y' have stole Sir Sommerfield's heir: nay, we can find
Your wildest parts, your turnings and returns,
Your traces, squats, the mussers, forms, and holes[2]
You young men use, if once our sagest wits
Be set a-hunting. Are you now crept forth?

---

[1] The edition of this play in 1636 omits the word *wench*, and therefore it was not found in the last reprint under the care of Mr Reed. It is now inserted from the copy of 1611.—*Collier.*

[2] Terms of the chase. *Mussers* are hiding-holes, or lurking-places; from the Fr. *musser*, to hide, conceal, &c.

Have you hid your head within a suburb-hole
All this while, and are you now crept forth?
W. SMALL. 'Tis a stark lie.
O. SMALL. How?
W. SMALL. Who told you so did lie;
'Foot! a gentleman cannot leave the city,
And keep the suburbs to take a little physic,
But straight some slave will say he hides his head.
I hide my head within a suburb-hole!
I could have holes at court to hide my head,
Were I but so dispos'd.
O. SMALL. Thou varlet knave,
Th' hast stolen away Sir John Sommerfield's heir;
But never look for countenance from me,
Carry her whither thou wilt.
W. SMALL. Father, father,
Heart! will you undo your posterity?
Will you, sir, undo your posterity?
I can but kill my brother, then hang myself,
And where is then your house? Make me not despair,
'Foot, now I have got a wench, worth by the year
Two thousand pound and upwards, to cross my hopes!
Would e'er a clown in Christendom do't but you?
T. SMALL. Good father, let him leave this thundering,
And give him grace.
W. SMALL. Why, la, my brother knows
Reason, and what an honest man should do.
O. SMALL. Well, where's your wife?
W. SMALL. She's coming here behind.
O. SMALL. I'll give her somewhat, though I love not thee.
W. SMALL. My father, right: I knew you could not hold
Out long with a woman; but give something
Worthy your gift and her acceptance, father.

This chain were excellent, by this good light,
She shall give you as good, if once her lands

Enter FRANCES *and* BEARD.

Come to my fingering.
O. SMALL. Peace, knave! what, 's she your wife?
W. SMALL. That shall be, sir.
O. SMALL. And what's he?
W. SMALL. My man.
O. SMALL. A ruffian knave he is.
W. SMALL. A ruffian, sir!
By heaven! as tall a man[1] as e'er drew sword,
Not being counted of the damned crew.
He was her father's butler, his name is Beard;
Off with your mask, now shall you find me true,
And that I am a son unto a knight:
This is my father. [*To* FRANCES.
O. SMALL. I am indeed, fair maid;
My style is knight: come, let me kiss your lips.
W. SMALL. That kiss shall cost your chain.
[*Aside.*
O. SMALL. It smacks, i' faith:
I must commend your choice.
FRAN. Sir, I have given
A larger venture than true modesty
Will well allow, or your more graver wit
Commend.
W. SMALL. I dare be sworn she has.
O. SMALL. Not so.
The foolish knave has been accounted wild,
And so have I; but I am now come home,
And so will he.
FRAN. I must believe it now.
W. SMALL. Beg his chain, wench. [*Aside.*]
BEARD. Will you cheat your father?
W. SMALL. Ay, by this light, will I.

[1] *i.e.*, As brave a man.

O. SMALL. Nay, sigh not;
For you shall find him loving and me thankful;
And were it not a scandal to my honour
To be consenting to my son's attempt,
You should unto my house: meanwhile, take this
[*To* FRANCES.]
As pledge and token of my after-love!
[*Gives her a chain.*]
How long since died your father?

FRAN. Some six weeks since——

W. SMALL. We cannot stay to talk, for slaves pursue.
I have a house shall lodge us, till the priest
May make us sure.

O. SMALL. Well, sirrah, love this woman,
And when you are man and wife, bring her to me:
She shall be welcome.

W. SMALL. I humbly thank you, sir.

O. SMALL. I must be gone; I must a-wooing too.

W. SMALL. Jove and Priapus speed you! You'll return?

T. SMALL. Instantly.

[*Exeunt* SIR OLIVER *and* THOMAS SMALLSHANKS.

W. SMALL. Why, this came cleanly off,
Give me the chain, you little cockatrice;
Why, this was luck; 'foot! four hundred crowns
Got at a clap! hold still your own, you whore,
And we shall thrive.

BEARD. 'Twas bravely fetch'd about.

W. SMALL. Ay, when will your nose and beard perform as much?

FRAN. I am glad he is gone; he put me to the blush
When he did ask me of rich Sommerfield's death.

W. SMALL. And took not I my cue?[1] was't not good?
Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,
Without a counter-buff?[2] look who comes here—
[*Sings.*] *And three merry men, and three merry men,*
And three merry men be we-a.[3]

Enter BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

BOUT. Still in this vein? I have done you service;
The lawyer's house will give you entertainment,
Bountiful and free.
W. SMALL. O my second self!
Come, let me buss thy beard, we are all made!
Why art so melancholy, dost want money?
Look, here's gold, and as we pass along,
I'll tell thee how I got it: not a word,
But that she's Sommerfield's heir; my brother
Swallows it with more ease than a Dutchman
Does flap-dragons: he comes; now to my lawyers.

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

Kiss my wife, good brother; she is a wench
Was born to make us all.

---

[1] [Edits., *Q*, the letter having been written probably by the transcriber of the play for press to save trouble. A *Q* is a farthing in the old college books.]

[2] I imagine an allusion is here intended to the *buff* coats of the Serjeants belonging to the Counter. See p. 330.

[3] These lines are the conclusion of many old songs. Several instances are produced by Mr Steevens, Sir John Hawkins, and Mr Tyrwhit, in their notes on "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 3.

Again, in "Laugh and Lie Downe," 1605, sig. E 4: "He plaied such a song of the *three merry men*, that had the dittie beene in a strange language, I should have been puzzled in the musick."

T. SMALL. I hope no less,
You are welcome, sister, into these our parts,
As I may say.
FRAN. Thanks, gentle brother.
W. SMALL. Come now to Ram Alley.
There shalt thou lie,
Till I provide a priest.
BOUT. O villany!
I think he will gull his whole generation;
I must make one, since 'tis so well begun:
I'll not forsake him, till his hopes be won. [*Exeunt.*

Enter THROAT *and two Citizens.*

THROAT. Then y' are friends?
BOTH. We are, so please your worship.
THROAT. 'Tis well, I am glad: keep your money, for law
Is like a butler's box:[1] while you two strive,
That picks up all your money. You are friends?
BOTH. We are, so please you, perfect friends.
THROAT. Why so.
Now to the next tap-house; there drink down this,
And by the operation of the third pot
Quarrel again, and come to me for law: [*Aside.*]
Fare you well.
BOTH. The gods conserve your wisdom.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
THROAT. Why so: these are tricks[2] of the long fifteens:[3]

[1] [This allusion occurs also in Wybarne's "New Age of Old Names," 1609, p. 12, and in "The Return from Parnassus," 1606, (ix. 103).]

[2] Another proof that the edit. of 1636 only was followed by Mr Reed. The first 4° has it—"Why so: *these* are tricks," &c., and not "*there* are tricks," as in the second 4°.—*Collier.*

[3] [See Dyce's Shakespeare, 1868, v. 178, and "Glossary,"

To give counsel, and to take fees on both sides;
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them!
Why, this thrives well, this is a common trick.
When men have spent a deal of money in law,
Then lawyers make them friends. I have a trick
To go beyond all these. If Small-shanks come,
And bring rich Somerfield's heir—— I say no more;
But 'tis within this sconce[1] to go beyond them.

Enter DASH.

DASH. Here are gentlemen in haste would speak with you.

THROAT. What are they?

DASH. I cannot know them, sir,
They are so wrapp'd in cloaks.

THROAT. Have they a woman?

DASH. Yes, sir; but she's mask'd, and in her riding suit.

THROAT. Go, make haste, bring them up with reverence.
Who[2] are they, i' faith? h' has brought the wealthy heir?
These stools and cushions stand not handsomely.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, *and* BEARD.

W. SMALL. Bless thee, Throat.

THROAT. Master Small-shanks, welcome.

W. SMALL. Welcome, love; kiss this gentle woman, Throat.

v. Fifteens. A *fifteen* was a levy made in subsidies, amounting to a fifteenth of the personalty; but here the phrase almost seems to be used loosely, in the sense of extortion.]

[1] *i.e.*, Head.

[2] [Old copies, *O.*]

THROAT. Your worship shall command me.
W. SMALL. Art not weary?
BOUT. Can you blame her, since she has rid so hard?
THROAT. You are welcome, gentlemen. Dash!
DASH. Sir.
THROAT. A fire in the great chamber quickly.
W. SMALL. Ay, that's well-said; we are almost weary.
But, Master Throat, if any come to inquire
For me, my brother, or this gentlewoman,
We are not here, nor have you heard of us.
THROAT. Not a word, sir; here you are as safe
As in your father's house.
T. SMALL. And he shall thank you.
W. SMALL. Th' art not merry, love? Good Master Throat,
Bid this gentlewoman welcome: she is one,
Of whom you may receive some courtesy
In time.
THROAT. She is most hearty welcome.
Wilt please you walk into another room,
Where is both bed and fire?
W. SMALL. Ay, ay, that, that.
Good brother, lead her in: Master Throat and I
Will follow instantly. Now, Master Throat,
[*Exeunt* THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, *and* BEARD.
It rests within your power to pleasure me:
Know that this same is Sir John Sommerfield's heir;
Now if she chance to question what I am,
Say, son unto a lord: I pray thee, tell her
I have a world of land, and stand in hope
To be created baron; for I protest
I was constrain'd to swear it forty times,
And yet she'll scarce believe me.
THROAT. *Pauca sapienti:*

Let me alone to set you out in length
And breadth.
W. SMALL. I prythee, do't effectually;
Shalt have a quarter share, by this good light,
In all she has. I prythee, forget not
To tell her the Small-shanks have been dancers,
Tilters, and very ancient courtiers,
And in request at court since Sir John Short-hose
With his long silk stockings was beheaded.
Wilt thou do this?
THROAT. Refer it to my care.
W. SMALL. Excellent! I'll but shift my boots, and then
Go seek a priest; this night I will be sure.
If we be sure, it cannot be undone;
Can it, Master Throat?
THROAT. O, sir, not possible;
You have many precedents and book-cases for't,
Be you but sure, and then let me alone.
Vivat Rex, currat Lex; and I'll defend you.
W. SMALL. Nay, then, hang care: come, let's in. [*Exit* WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.
THROAT. Ha, ha!
Have you stole her? *fallere fallentem non est fraus.*
It shall go hard but I will strip you, boy:
You stole the wench, but I must her enjoy. [*Exit.*

Enter MISTRESS TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA, *below.*

TAF. Come, Adriana, tell me what thou think'st.
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,
And whom think'st thou for me the fittest husband?
What say'st thou to young Boutcher?
ADRI. A pretty fellow;
But that his back is weak.
TAF. What dost thou say
To Throat the lawyer?

ADRI. I like that well,
Were the rogue a lawyer; but he is none.
He never was of any inn-of-court,
But [of an] inn-of-chancery, where a' was known
But only for a swaggering whiffler,
To keep out rogues and prentices: I saw him,
When he was stock'd for stealing the cook's fees.
A lawyer I could like, for 'tis a thing
Used by your citizens' wives. Your husband's dead:
To get French hoods you straight must lawyers wed.

TAF. What say'st thou then to nimble Sir Oliver Small-shanks?

ADRI. Faith, he must hit the hair; a fellow fit
To make a pretty cuckold. Take an old man:
'Tis now the newest fashion: better be
An old man's darling than a young man's warling.[1]
Take me the old brisk knight: the fool is rich,
And will be strong enough to father children,
Though not to get them.

TAF. 'Tis true: he is the man.
Yet will I bear some dozen more in hand,[2]
And make them all my gulls.

ADRI. Mistress, stand aside.

---

[1] This is proverbial. [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 84]. The Scots say, a young man's *wonderling*. See "Collection of Scots Proverbs," 8°, 1721, by James Kelly, who observes it is used as an argument to induce a young girl to marry an old man.

[2] *To bear in hand* was a common phrase, signifying *to keep in expectation or dependence*. In Dr Walter Pope's "Life of Bishop Seth Ward," 1697, p. 104, is the following passage: "My Lord, I *might bear you in hand;* a western phrase, signifying *to delay or keep in expectation*, and feed you with promises, or at least hopes, that I should cure you in some competent time," &c.

Again, in Fennor's "Compter's Commonwealth," p. 47: "I have seen divers gentlemen come into prison (after they have laine a fortnight or three weekes at some of their

Enter BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

Young Boutcher comes: let me alone to touch him.

BOUT. This is the house.

CON. And that's the chamber-maid.

BOUT. Where's the widow, gentle Adriana?

ADRI. The widow, sir, is not to be spoken to.

BOUT. Not spoke to? I must speak with her.

ADRI. Must you?

Come you with authority, or do you come
To sue her with a warrant, that you must speak with her?

BOUT. I would entreat it.

ADRI. O, you would entreat it?

May not I serve your turn? may not I unfold
Your secrets to my mistress? Love is your suit?

BOUT. It is, fair creature.

ADRI. And why did you fall off,
When you perceived my mistress was so coming?[1]
D' you think she is still the same?

BOUT. I do.

ADRI. Why so!

I took you for a novice: and I must think
You know not yet the inwards of a woman.
Do you not know that women are like fish,
Which must be struck, when they are prone to bite,

houses, at an excessive rate) without either cloake, sword, or hat, which the sergeants have got from them, onely *bearing them in hand* that they will get them baile."

And in Ben Jonson's "Volpone," act 1. sc. 1—

"Still *bearing them in hand*,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths and back again."

The phrase frequently occurs in Shakespeare.

[1] [So forward.]

Or all your labour's lost? But, sir, walk here;
And I'll inform my mistress your desires. [*Exit.*

CON. Master.

BOUT. Boy.

CON. Come not you for love?

BOUT. I do, boy.

CON. And you would have the widow?

BOUT. I would.

CON. By Jove,
I never saw one go about his business
More untowardly: why, sir, do not you know,
That he which would be inward[1] with the mistress,
Must make a way first through the waiting-maid?
If you will know the widow's affections,
Feel first the waiting gentlewoman; do it, master:
Some half a dozen kisses were not lost
Upon this gentlewoman; for you must know,
These waiting-maids are to their mistresses,
Like porches unto doors; you pass the one,
Before you can have entrance at the other.
Or like your mustard to your piece of brawn,
If you'll have one taste well, you must not scorn
To be dipping in the other. I tell you, master,
'Tis not a few men's tales which they prefer
Unto their mistresses in compass of a year.
Be rul'd by me; untruss yourself to her,
Out with all your lovesick thoughts to her,
Kiss her, and give her an angel to buy pins,
And this shall sooner win her mistress' love,
Than all your protestations, sighs, and tears.

Enter TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA.

Here they come. To her boldly, master.

[1] [Intimate, on familiar terms.] See note to "The Spanish Tragedy" [v. 168].

Do, but dally not; that's the widow's phrase.[1]
BOUT. Most worthy fair, such is the power of love,
That now I come t' accept your proffer'd grace;
And with submissive thoughts t' entreat a pardon
For my so gross neglect.
TAF. There's no offence;
My mind is changed.
ADRI. I told you as much before.
CON. With a hey-pass—with a repass.[2] [*Aside.*]
BOUT. Dearest of women!
The constant virtue of your nobler mind
Speaks in your looks: nor can you entertain
Both love and hate at once.
TAF. 'Tis all in vain.
ADRI. You strive against the stream.
CON. Fee the waiting-maid, master! [*Whispers.*]
BOUT. Stand thou propitious; endear me to my love.
[BOUTCHER *gives* ADRIANA *his purse secretly.*
ADRI. Dear mistress, turn to this gentleman; I protest
I have some feeling of his constant love.
Cast him not away; try his love.
TAF. Why, sir,
With what audacious front can you entreat
To enjoy my love, which yet not two hours since
You scornfully refus'd?
CON. Well fare the waiting-maid. [*Aside.*
BOUT. My fate compell'd me; but now farewell, fond fear:
My soul, my life, my lands, and reputation—
I'll hazard all, and prize them all beneath thee.
TAF. Which I shall put to trial; lend me thy ear.
[*They talk apart.*

[1] [An allusion, seemingly, to a popular saying. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," p. 190.]
[2] [Terms of legerdemain.]

ADRI. Can you love, boy?
CON. Yes.
ADRI. What or whom?
CON. My victuals.
ADRI. A pretty knave, i' faith! come home to-night,
Shalt have a posset and candied eringoes.
A bed, if need be, too: I love, a' [my] life,
To play with such baboons as thou.
CON. Indeed!
But dost thou think the widow will have my master?
ADRI. I'll tell thee then; wo't come?
CON. I will.
ADRI. Remember!
TAF. Will you perform so much?
BOUT. Or lose my blood.
TAF. Make him subscribe it; and then I vow,
By sacred Vesta's ever-hallowed fire,
To take thee to my bed.
BOUT. Till then, farewell.
TAF. He's worthy love, whose virtues most excel.
ADRI. Remember! [*to* CON.] What, is't a match betwixt you, mistress?

[*Exit* BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

TAF. I have set the fool in hope: h' has undertook
To rid me of that fleshly Captain Face;
Which swears in taverns and all ordinaries
I am his lawful wife. He shall allay
The fury of the captain, and I (secure)
Will laugh at the disgrace they both endure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter THROAT *and* FRANCES.

THROAT. Open your case, and I shall soon resolve you.

FRAN. But will you do it, truly?
THROAT. As I am honest.
FRAN. This gentleman, whom I so much affect,
I scarce yet do know; so blind is love
In things which most concerns it. As y' are honest,
Tell me his birth, his state, and farthest hopes.
THROAT. He is my friend, and I will speak him truly.
He is by birth son to a foolish knight;
His present state, I think, will be the prison,
And farthest hope, to be bail'd out again
By sale of all your land.
FRAN. O me accurs'd!
Has he no credit, lands, and manors?
THROAT. That land he has lies in a fair churchyard;
And for his manners, they are so rude and vile,
That scarce an honest man will keep him company.
FRAN. I am abus'd, cosen'd, and deceived.
THROAT. Why, that's his occupation: he will cheat
In a cloak lin'd with velvet; he will prate
Faster than five barbers and a tailor;
Lie faster than ten city occupiers[1]
Or cunning tradesmen: goes a-trust
In every tavern, where h' has spent a fagot;
Swears love to every whore, squires bawds,
And takes up houses for them as their husband:
He is a man I love, and have done much
To bring him to preferment.
FRAN. Is there no trust, no honesty in men?
THROAT. Faith, some there is,
And 'tis all in the hands of us lawyers
And women: and those women which have it,
Keep their honesty so close, that not one
Amongst a hundred is perceiv'd to have it.

[1] [Merchants.]

FRAN. Good sir, may I not by law forsake him,
And wed another, though my word be pass'd
To be his wife?

THROAT. O, questionless, you may!
You have many precedents and bookcases for't:
Nay, though you were married by a bookcase
Of *Millesimo sexcentessimo*, &c.
You may forsake your husband, and wed another,
Provided that some fault be in the husband,
As none of them are clear.

FRAN. I am resolv'd.
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.

THROAT. All that I have is yours; and were I worthy
To be your husband——

FRAN. I thank you, sir:
I will rather wed a most perfidious Red-shanks
A noted Jew, or some mechanic slave,
Than let him joy my sheets.

THROAT. He comes, he comes.

Enter W. SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, T. SMALL-SHANKS, BEARD.

W. SMALL. Now, my virago, 'tis done: all's cock-sure.
I have a priest will mumble up a marriage
Without bell, book, or candle: [1] a nimble slave,

[1] These words, *bell, book, and candle*, refer to the mode of excommunication in the Romish Church. In "King John," act iii. sc. 3, the Bastard says—

> "*Bell, book, and candle* shall not drive me back,
> When gold and silver becks me to come on."

Dr Grey, in his "Notes on Shakespeare," i. 284, has given the ceremonial on pronouncing an excommunication, by which it appears that in the performance of this office three candles were to be extinguished in the different parts of it. In Archbishop Winchelsea's sentences of ex-

An honest Welshman, that was a tailor,
But now is made a curate.

BEARD. Nay, y' are fitted.

BOUT. Now, Master Throat.

T. SMALL. Where's your spirit, sister?

W. SMALL. What, all amort?[1] what's the matter? do you hear?

BOUT. What's the reason of this melancholy?

THROAT. By heaven, I know not?

W. SMALL. Has the gudgeon bit? [*Aside.*

FRAN. He has been nibbling. [*Aside.*

W. SMALL. Hold him to it, wench,
And it will hit, by heaven. [*Aside.*] Why art so sad?
'Foot, wench, we will be married to-night,
We'll sup at th' Mitre, and from thence
My brother and we three will to the Savoy;
Which done, I tell thee, girl, we'll, hand o'er head,
Go to it pell-mell for a maidenhead.
Come, you are lusty: you wenches are like bells,

communication, anno 1298 (see Johnson's "Ecclesiastical Laws," vol. ii.), it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be "throughout explained *in order in English*, with *bells tolling* and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for Laymen have greater regard to this solemnity than to the effect of such sentences."

[1] *All amort* here and in other places signifies *melancholy*. So in Greene's "History of Friar Bacon," 1594—

"Shall he thus *all amort* live malecontent."

Again, in "Wily Beguiled," 1606—

"Why, how now, Sophos, *all amort?* still languish in love?"

[ix. 305]. And in the "Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," 1602, the author makes an addition to this French expression not usually found in English—

"What, is there none that answers? *Tout a-la-mort?*"

[viii. 335.]—*Collier.*

You give no music till you feel the clapper.
Come, Throat: a torch. We must be gone. [*Exit.*
FRAN. Servant.
BEARD. Mistress.
FRAN. We are undone.
BEARD. Now Jove forfend![1]
FRAN. This fellow has no land; and which is worse,
He has no credit.
BEARD. How! are we outstripp'd?
Blown up by wit of man? Let us be gone
Home again, home again: our market now is done.
FRAN. That were too great a scandal.
THROAT. Most true!
Better to wed another, than to return
With scandal and defame: wed me a man,
Whose wealth may reconcile your mother's love,
And make the action lawful.
BEARD. But where's the man?
I like your counsel, could you show the man.
THROAT. Myself am he, might I but dare aspire
Unto so high a fortune.
BEARD. Mistress, take the man:
Shall we be baffled with fair promises,
Or shall we trudge like beggars back again?
No, take this wise and virtuous man
Who, should he lose his legs, his arms, his ears,
His nose, and all his other members,
Yet if his tongue be left, 'twill get his living.
Take me this man.
THROAT. Thanks, gentle Master Beard.
FRAN. 'Tis impossible; this night he means to wed me.
THROAT. If not by law, we will with pow'r prevent it,
So you but give consent.

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[1] [Prevent. See note at p. 18 of vol. vii.]

FRAN. Let's hear the means.
THROAT. I'll muster up my friends, and thus I cast it :[1]
Whilst they are busy, you and I will hence
Directly to a chapel, where a priest
Shall knit the nuptial knot, ere they pursue us.
BEARD. O rare invention ! I will act my part ;
He owes me thirteen pound, I say no more,
But there be catchpoles [*Aside*] ; speak, is't a match ?[2]
FRAN. I give my liking.
THROAT. Dash !
DASH. Sir.
THROAT. Get your sword,
[*Exeunt* FRANCES *and* BEARD.
And me my buckler : nay, you shall know
We are *Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*
Bring my cloak : you shall thither : I'll for friends.
Worship and wealth the lawyer's state attends.
Dash, we must bear some brain[3] to Saint John's Street,
Go, run, fly : and afar off inquire,
If that the Lady Sommerfield be there,
If there, know what news ; and meet me straight

[1] *i.e.*, Contrive it. The word is still sometimes used in the same sense.

[2] All after the words *O rare invention* has been hitherto given to Throat without any notice, and although both the quartos assign it to Beard, who, as appears subsequently, had advanced the sum he mentions.—*Collier.*

[3] So in "The Country Captain," by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51 : "When these wordes of command are rotten, we will sow some other military seedes ; *you beare a braine* and memory."

Again, the Nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet," says—

"Well *I do bear a brain*"

See Mr Steevens's note on this last passage.

At the Mitre door,[1] in Fleet Street. Away!
"To get rich wives, men must not use delay."

ACTUS III., SCÆNA 1.

Enter SIR OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, JUSTICE TUTCHIN.

JUS. TUT. A-hunting, Sir Oliver, and dry-foot too!

O. SMALL. We old men have our crotchets, our conundrums,
Our figaries, quirks, and quibbles,
As well as youth. Justice Tutchin, I go
To hunt no buck, but prick a lusty doe.
I go, in truth, a-wooing.

JUS. TUT. Then ride with me,
I'll bring you to my sister Sommerfield.

O. SMALL. Justice, not so; by her there hangs a tale.

JUS. TUT. That's true indeed.

O. SMALL. She has a daughter.

JUS. TUT. And what of that?

O. SMALL. I likewise have a son.
A villanous boy, his father up and down;[2]
What should I say? these velvet-bearded boys
Will still be doing, say what we old men can.

JUS. TUT. And what of this, Sir Oliver? be plain.

O. SMALL. A nimble-spirited knave, the villain boy

---

[1] [The Mitre Tavern in Bread Street, Cheapside, was a celebrated tavern at this time. From the present passage we learn that there was a second house so called in Fleet Street thus early.]

[2] [The image of his father.]

Has one trick of his sire, has got the wench,
Stol'n your rich sister's heir.
JUS. TUT. Sommerfield's heir?
O. SMALL. Has done the deed, has pierc'd the vessel's head,
And knows by this the vintage.
JUS. TUT. When should this be?
O. SMALL. As I am by my counsel well-informed,
This very day.
JUS. TUT. Tut, it cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maid last night.
O. SMALL. Maids may be maids to-night, and not to-morrow.
Women are free, and sell their maidenheads,
As men sell cloth by yard and handful ;
But if you chance to see your sister widow,
Comfort her tears, and say her daughter's match'd
With one that has a knocker to his father—
An honest, noble knight.
JUS. TUT. Stand close, knight, close,
And mark this captain's humour. His name is Puff.
He dreams as he walks, and thinks no woman

Enter CAPTAIN PUFF.

Sees him, but is in love with him.
PUFF. 'Twere brave,
If some great lady through a window spied me,
And straight should love me. Say, she should send
Five thousand pound unto my lodging,
And crave my company ! with that money
I would make three several cloaks, and line them
With black, crimson, and tawny three-pil'd velvet ;
I would eat at Chare's ordinary, and dice
At Antony's : then would I keep my whore
In beaten velvet, and have two slaves to tend her.
O. SMALL. Ha, ha, ha !
PUFF. What, my case of Justices?

What, are you eavesdropping? or do you think
Your tawny coats with greasy facings here
Shall carry it? Sir Oliver Small-shanks,
Know my name is Puff, knight; thee have I sought
To fright thee from thy wits.

JUS. TUT. Nay, good Sir Puff,
We have too many madmen already.

PUFF. How? I tell thee, Justice Tutchin, not all
Thy bailiffs, serjeants, busy constables,
Defeasants, warrants, or thy mittimuses,
Shall save his throat from cutting, if he presume
To woo the widow yclipped[1] Taffata:
She is my wife by oath. Therefore, take heed;
Let me not catch thee in the widow's house:
If I do, I'll pick thy head upon my sword,
And piss in thy very visnomy; beware, beware!
Come there no more; a captain's word
Flies not so fierce as doth his fatal sword.
[*Exit* PUFF.

O. SMALL. How like you this? shall we endure this thunder,
Or go no further?

JUS. TUT. We will on, Sir Oliver,
We will on; let me alone to touch him.
I wonder how my spirit did forbear
To strike him on the face: had this been spoke
Within my liberties, h' had died for it.

Re-enter CAPTAIN PUFF.

O. SMALL. I was about to draw.

PUFF. If you come there,
Thy beard shall serve to stuff those balls, by which
I get me heat at tennis.

JUS. TUT. Is he gone? [*Exit* PUFF.
I would he durst ha' stood to this a while.

[1] *i.e.*, Called.

Well, I shall catch him in a narrow room,
Where neither of us can flinch : if I do,
I'll make him dance a trenchmoor [1] to my sword.
Come, I'll along with you to the widow.
We will not be outbraved, take my word,
We'll not be wrong'd, while I can draw a sword.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THROAT *and two other* GENTLEMEN.

THROAT. Let the coach stay at Shoe Lane end ; be ready.
Let the boot stand open ; and when she's in,
Hurry towards Saint Giles's in the Fields,
As if the devil himself were waggoner.
Now for an arm of oak and heart of steel,
To bear away the wench, to get a wife,
A gentlewoman, a maid—nay, which is more,
An honest maid and, which is most of all,

---

[1] *Trenchmore* was a dance, of which (says Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," iv. 391) "frequent mention is made by our old dramatic writers. Thus, in the 'Island Princess' of Beaumont and Fletcher, act v., one of the Townsmen says—

'All the windows of the town dance a new *trenchmore*.'

In the 'Table Talk' of Selden, title *King of England*, is the following humorous passage :—'The Court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to *trenchmore* and the cushion-dance : and then all the company dance, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our Court . . . . in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore* and the cushion-dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite cum toite.' And in the comedy of 'The Rehearsal,' the earth, sun, and moon are made to dance the hey to the tune of *trenchmore*. From all which it may be inferred that the *trenchmore* was a lively movement."

The *trenchmore* is also mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim," act iv. sc. 3.

A rich and honest maid: O Jove! O Jove!
For a man to wed such a wife as this
Is to dwell in the suburbs of heaven.
1ST GENT. Is she so exquisite?
THROAT. Sir, she is rich,
And a great heir.
2D GENT. 'Tis the more dangerous.
THROAT. Dangerous? Lord! where be those gallant spirits?
The time has been, when scarce an honest woman,
Much less a wench, could pass an inn-of-court,
But some of the fry would have been doing
With her. I knew the day, when Shreds, a tailor,
Coming once late by an inn-of-chancery,
Was laid along, and muffled in his cloak,
His wife took in, stitch'd-up, turn'd out again,
And he persuaded all was but in jest.
Tut, those brave boys are gone; these which are left
Are wary lads, live poring on their books,
And give their linen to their laundresses;
By tail they now can save their purses:[1]
I knew, when every gallant had his man,
But now a twelvepenny weekly laundress
Will serve the turn to half a dozen of them.

Enter DASH.

Here comes my man; what news?
DASH. As you would wish;
The Lady Sommerfield is come to town.
Her horses yet are walking, and her men say
Her only daughter is conveyed away—
No man knows how. Now to it, master!

[1] [A double meaning is intended here, as the laundresses of the inns were not always very remarkable for chastity.]

You and your servant Dash are made for ever,
If you but stick to it now.
THROAT. Gentlemen,
Now show yourselves at full, and not a man
But shares a fortune with me, if I speed.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, *and* BEARD *with a torch.*

1ST GENT. Tut, fear not us; be sure you run away,
And we'll perform the quarrel.
THROAT. Stand close: they come.
W. SMALL. Art sure he will be here?
FRAN. Most sure.
W. SMALL. Beard.
BEARD. Sir.
W. SMALL. Bear up the torch, and keep your way apace
Directly to the Savoy.
T. SMALL. Have you a licence?
Look to that, brother, before you marry,
For fear the parson lose his benefice.
W. SMALL. Tut, our curate craves no licence; he swears
His living came to him by a miracle.
BOUT. How by [a] miracle?
W. SMALL. Why, he paid nothing for't:
He swears that few be free from simony,
But only Welshmen, and those he says, too,
Are but mountain priests.
BOUT. But hang him, fool, he lies:
What's his reason?
W. SMALL. His reason is this;
That all their livings are so rude and bare,
That not a man will venture his damnation
By giving money for them: he does protest,

There is but two pair of hose and shoes
In all his parish.

1ST GENT. Hold up your light, sir.

BEARD. Shall I be taught how to advance my torch?

W. SMALL. What's the matter, lieutenant?

2D GENT. Your lieutenant's an ass.

BEARD. How, an ass? die, men, like dogs?[1]

[*Draws.*

W. SMALL. Hold, gentlemen.

BEARD. An ass! an ass!

THROAT. Hold, brother, hold! lieutenant.
Put up, as you are men; your wife is gone.

W. SMALL. Gone?

BOUT. Gone.

W. SMALL. How? which way? this is some plot.

T. SMALL. Down toward Fleet Bridge.

ALL. Follow, follow, follow!

1ST GENT. So has the wench; let us pursue aloof,[2]
And see the event. This will prove good mirth,
When things unshap'd shall have a perfect birth.

[*Exit.*

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, *and* BEARD, *their swords drawn.*

W. SMALL. 'Tis a thing impossible they should be gone
Thus far, and we not see them.

T. SMALL. Upon my life,

---

[1] This expression is used by Pistol in the "Second Part of Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 4—

> "*Die men like dogs;* give crowns like pins,
> Have we not Hiren here?"

[2] [At a distance.]

They went in by the Greyhound, and so struck
Into Bridewell.
BOUT. What should she make there?
T. SMALL. Take water at the dock.
BEARD. Water at dock!
A fico for her dock! you'll not be rul'd,
You'll still be obstinate, I'll pawn my fate,
She took along Shoe Lane, and so went home.
W. SMALL. Home?
BEARD. Ay, home; how could she choose but go,
Seeing so many naked tools at once
Drawn in the street?
T. SMALL. What scurvy luck was this?
W. SMALL. Come, we will find her, or we'll fire the suburbs.
Put up your tools; let's first along Shoe Lane,
Then straight up Holborn; if we find her not,
We'll thence direct to Throat's; if she be lost,
I am undone, and all your hopes are cross'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, JUSTICE TUTCHIN, MISTRESS TAFFATA, ADRIANA.

O. SMALL. Widow, I must be short.
JUS. TUT. Sir Oliver,
Will you shame yourself, ha? you must be short!
Why, what a word was that to tell a widow?
O. SMALL. I meant I must be brief.
JUS. TUT. Why say so, then,
Yet that's almost as ill; go to, speak on.
O. SMALL. Widow, I must be brief; what old men do,
They must do quickly.
TAF. Then, good sir, do it;
Widows are seldom slow to put men to it.
O. SMALL. And old men know their cues: my love, you know,

Has been protested long, and now I come
To make my latest tender; an old-grown oak
Can keep you from the rain, and stands as fair
And portly as the best.

TAF. Yet search him well,
And we shall find no pith or hearty timber
To underlay a building. [*Aside.*

JUS. TUT. I would that oak
Had been a-fire: forward, good Sir Oliver,
Your oak is nought: stick not too much to that.
[*Aside.*

O. SMALL. If you can like, you shall be ladyfied,
Live at the court, and soon be got with child.
What, do you think we old men can do nothing?

JUS. TUT. This was somewhat like.

O. SMALL. You shall have jewels,
A baboon, parrot, and an Iceland [1] dog,
And I myself to bear you company.
Your jointure is five hundred pound by year,

---

[1] Or, as it was sometimes called, an *Island*, or *Isling*. So in "The Queen of Corinth," act iv. sc. 1—

> "Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the *Isling cur's*"

Again, in Massinger's "Picture," act v. sc. 1—

> "Would I might lie
> Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,
> So I might have my belly full of that
> Her *Iceland cur* refuses"

Abraham Fleming, in his tract "Of Englishe Dogges, the diversities, the names, the natures, and the properties," 1576, speaks of the introduction of *Iceland dogs*, and describes them. "Use and custome hath intertained other dogges of an outlandish kinde, but a few, and the same being of a pretty bygnesse, I meane *Iseland dogges*, curled and rough al over, which by reason of the length of their heare, make showe neither of face nor of body. And yet these curres, forsoothe, because they are so straunge, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken vp, and made of, many times in the roome of the Spaniell, gentle or comforter."—*Collier*. [Sig. F 4. Fleming's book is, however, only a translation from Caius, "De Canibus Britannicis."]

Besides your plate, your chains, and household-stuff,
When envious fate shall change this mortal life.
TAF. But shall I not be overcloy'd with love?
Will you not be too busy? shall I keep
My chamber by the month, if I be pleas'd
To take physic, to send for visitants,
To have my maid read Amadis de Gaul
Or Donzel del Phœbo [1] to me? shall I have
A coach of the last edition—
The coachman's seat a good way from the coach,
That, if some other ladies and myself
Chance to talk bawdy, he may not o'erhear us?
O. SMALL. All this, and more.
TAF. Shall we have two chambers?
And will you not presume unto my bed,
Till I shall call you by my waiting-maid?
O. SMALL. Not I, by heaven!
TAF. And when I send her,
Will you not entice her to your lust,
Nor tumble her, before you come to me?
ADRI. Nay, let him do his worst, make your match sure,
And fear not me; I never yet did fear [*Aside.*
Anything my master could do to me. [*Knock.*
TAF. What noise is that? go, see, Adriana,
And bring me word: I am so haunted
With a swaggering captain, that swears, God bless us,

Enter ADRIANA.

Like a very termagant: [2] a rascal knave,

[1] Heroes of romance. [By "Donzel del Phœbo" the lady intends, I conclude, the "Knight of the Sun," or the "Mirror of Knighthood."]

[2] *Tarmagant* or *Termagant* was, as Dr Percy observes, a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old

That says he will kill all men which seek to wed me.

ADRI. O mistress! Captain Puff, half-drunk, is now
Coming up-stairs.

O. SMALL. O God! have you no room
Beyond this chamber? h' has sworn to kill me,
And piss in my very visnomy.

TAF. What, are you afraid, Sir Oliver?

O. SMALL. Not afraid;
But of all men I love not to meddle with a drunkard:
Have you any room backwards?

TAF. None, sir.

JUS. TUT. Is there ne'er a trunk or cupboard for him?
Is there ne'er a hole backwards to hide him in?

CAPT. PUFF [*without*]. I must speak with her.

O. SMALL. O God! he comes!

ADRI. Creep under my mistress's farthingale, knight.
That's the best and safest place in the chamber.

moralities. He is frequently mentioned and alluded to in our ancient dramas and poems. Bishop Hall's "Satires" begin thus—

> "Not Ladies' wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
> Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight;
> Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
> Of mightie *Mahound* and great *Termagaunt*"

Mr Tyrwhitt says, the character is to be met with in an old romance, MSS. Bod. 1624, where it is constantly spelt *Tervagan*. (See notes to Chaucer, v. 13,741.)

See also "King and no King," act IV., and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," act V.

Again, Hamlet says, "I would have such a fellow whipt for o'erdoing *Termagant*."

See notes on this passage, edit. 1778; also Warton's Observations on Spenser, ii. 226; [Bishop Percy's folio MS., ii. 467; and Nares, 1859, arts. Termagant and Trivigant.]

JUS. TUT. Ay, there, there—that he will never mistrust.

ADRI. Enter, knight, keep close; gather yourself
Round like a hedgehog; stir not, whate'er you hear
See, or smell, knight. God bless us! here he comes.

Enter CAPTAIN PUFF.

CAPT. PUFF. Bless thee, widow and wife.

TAF. Sir, get you gone,
Leave my house, or I will have you conjur'd
With such a spell you never yet have heard of.
Have you no other place to vent your froth
But in my house? is this the fittest place
Your captainship can find to puff in, ha?

CAPT. PUFF. How? am I not thy spouse? didst thou not say
These arms should clip[1] thy naked body fast
Betwixt two linen sheets, and be sole lord
Of all thy pewter-work? Thy word is pass'd:
And know, that man is powder, dust and earth,
That shall once dare to think thee for his wife!

TAF. How now, you slave? One call the constable.

CAPT. PUFF. No constable with all his halberdiers
Dare once advance his head or peep up stairs,
If I cry but, keep down: have I not liv'd,
And march'd on sieged walls,
In thunder, lightning, rain, and snow,
And eke in shot of powdered balls,
Whose costly marks are yet to show?

TAF. Captain Puff, for my last husband's sake,
With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,

[1] Embrace.

I am content to wink at these rude tricks;
But hence! trouble me no more; if you do,
I shall lay you fast, where you shall see
No sun or moon.

CAPT. PUFF. Nor yet the northern pole!
A fico for the sun and moon: let me live in a hole,
So these two stars may shine.

TAF. Sir, get you gone,
You swaggering cheating Turnbull Street[1] rogue,
Or I will hale you to the common gaol,
Where lice shall eat you.

CAPT. PUFF. Go to, I shall spurn
And flesh[2] your petticoat.

TAF. Run to the Counter,
Fetch me a red-bearded serjeant:[3] I'll make
You, captain, think the devil of hell is come
To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.

CAPT. PUFF. Damn thee and thy serjeants, thou mercer's punk,
Thus will I kick thee and thy farthingales.
[*Kicks at her petticoat.*]

O. SMALL. Hold, captain!

CAPT. PUFF. What, do you cast your whelps?
What, have I found you, sir? have not I plac'd
My sakers, culverings, demi-culverings,
My cannons, demi-cannons, basilisks,
Upon her breach, and do I not stand
Ready with my pike to make my entry,
And are you come to man her?

O. SMALL. Good captain, hold.

CAPT. PUFF. Are not her bulwarks, parapets, trenches,
Scarps, counter-scarps,[4] fortifications,

[1] [A locality notorious for bad characters.]
[2] [Pierce it with my sword. Edits., *slash.*]
[3] See note to "The Spanish Tragedy," [v. 121.]
[4] [Edits., *scarfs, counter-scarfs.*]

Curtains, shadows, mines, counter-mines,
Rampiers,[1] forts, ditches, works, water-works,
And is not her half-moon mine? and do you bring
A rescue, goodman knight?

TAF. Call up my men.

Enter O. SMALL, *and two or three others with clubs.*

Where be these knaves? have they no ears or hearts?
Bear hence this rascal; some other fetch a warrant:
I'll teach him to know himself.

JUS. TUT. Down with the slave.

O. SMALL. 'Tis not your beard shall carry it; down with the rogue.

CAPT. PUFF. Not Hercules 'gainst twenty.

[*Exit* PUFF.

JUS. TUT. Ah, sirrah!
I knew[2] my hands no longer could forbear him:
Why did you not strike the knave, Sir Oliver?

O. SMALL. Why, so I did.

JUS. TUT. But then it was too late.

O. SMALL. What would you have me do, when I was down,
And he stood thundering with his weapon drawn,

Enter ADRIANA.

Ready to cut my throat?

ADRI. The rogue is gone,
And here's one from the lady Sommerfield,
To intreat you come with all the speed you can
To Saint John's Street.

JUS. TUT. Which I will do.

[1] [Ramparts. A common form.]

[2] Before printed *know*, adhering to the error of the edition of 1636.—*Collier.*

TAF. Gentlemen,
I am sorry you should be thus disturb'd
Within my house; but now all fear is pass'd,
You are most welcome: supper ended,
I'll give a gracious answer to your suit;
Meanwhile, let nought dismay or keep you mute.
[*Exit.*

Enter THROAT, FRANCES, *and* DASH.

THROAT. Pay the coachman, Dash, pay him well,
And thank him for his speed. Now *Vivat Rex*,
The knot is knit, which not the law itself,
With all his Hydra-heads and strongest nerves,
Is able to disjoin: now let him hang,
Fret out his guts, and swear the stars from heaven—
He never shall enjoy you; you shall be rich.
Your lady-mother this day came to town
In your pursuit: we will but shift some rags,
And straight go take her blessing.

FRAN. That must not be;
Furnish me with jewels, and then myself,
Attended by your man and honest Beard,
Will thither first, and with my lady-mother
Crave a peace for you.

THROAT. I like that well;
Her anger somewhat calm'd, I brisk and fine,
Some half hour after will present myself
As son-in-law unto her, which she must needs
Accept with gracious looks.

FRAN. Ay, when she knows
Before by me, from what an eminent plague
Your wisdom has preserv'd me.

THROAT. Ay, that, that—
That will strike it dead. But here comes Beard.

Enter BEARD.

BEARD. What, are you sure? tied fast by heart and hand?

THROAT. I now do call her wife, she now is mine,
Seal'd and deliver'd by an honest priest
At Saint Giles's in the Fields.

BEARD. God give you joy, sir.

THROAT. But where's mad Small-shanks?

BEARD. O, hard at hand,
And almost mad with loss of his fair bride;
Let not my lovely mistress be seen;
And see, if you can draw him to compound
For all his title to her: I have serjeants,
Ready to do the feat, when time shall serve.

THROAT. Stand you aside, dear love;[1] nay, I will firk
My silly novice, as he was never firk'd,
Since midwives bound his noddle: here they come.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, *and* BOUTCHER.

W. SMALL. O Master Throat, unless you speak good news,
My hopes are cross'd, and I undone for ever!

THROAT. I never thought you'd come to other end;
Your courses have been always so profane,
Extravagant and base.

W. SMALL. Nay, good sir, hear:
Did not my love return? came she not hither?
For Jove's love, speak.

---

[1] To Frances, who probably places herself out of view, or perhaps makes her *exit*, which, however, is not marked.—*Collier.*

THROAT. Sir, will you get you gone,
And seek your love elsewhere? for know, my house
Is not to entertain such customers
As you and your comrades.
W. SMALL. Is the man mad
Or drunk? Why, Master Throat, know you to whom
You talk so saucily?
THROAT. Why, unto you
And to your brother Small-shanks: will you be gone?
BOUT. Nay, good sir, hold us not in this suspense;
Answer directly: came not the virgin hither?
THROAT. Will you be gone directly? are you mad?
Come you to seek a virgin in Ram-Alley,
So near an inn-of-court, and amongst cooks,
Ale-men, and laundresses? why, are you fools?
W. SMALL. Sir, leave this firk of law, or, by this light,
I'll give your throat a slit. Came she not hither?
Answer to that point.
THROAT. What, have you lost her?
Come, do not gull your friends.
W. SMALL. By heaven, she's gone,
Unless she be return'd since we last left you.
THROAT. Nay, then, I cry you mercy; she came not hither,
As I am an honest man: is't possible,
A maid so lovely fair, so well-demean'd,
Should be took from you? what, you three—
So young, so brave, and valiant gentlemen—
Sure, it cannot be!
T. SMALL. Afore God, 'tis true.
W. SMALL. To our perpetual shame, 'tis now too true.
THROAT. Is she not left behind you in the tavern?

Are you sure you brought her out? were you not
drunk,
And so forgot her?
W. SMALL. A pox on all such luck!
I will find her, or, by this good light,
I'll fire all the city. Come, let's go:
Whoever has her shall not long enjoy her,
I'll prove a contract; let us walk the round.
I'll have her, if she keep above the ground. [*Exit.*
THROAT. Ha, ha, ha! he makes me sport, i' faith.
The gull is mad, stark-mad. Dash, draw the bond,
And a release of all his interest
In this my loved wife.
BEARD. Ay, be sure of that,
For I have certain goblins in buff jerkins[1]

Re-enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS *with the Serjeants.*

Lie in ambuscado for him.
OFFICER. I arrest you, sir.
W. SMALL. Rescue! rescue!
THROAT. O, he is caught.
W. SMALL. I'll give you bail:
Hang off, honest catchpoles. Master Throat, good,
wise,
Learned and honest Master Throat, now, now—
Now or never, help me.
THROAT. What's the matter?
W. SMALL. Here are two retainers, hangers-on,
sir,
Which will consume more than ten liveries;
If by your means they be not straight shook off—
I am arrested.
THROAT. Arrested! what's the sum?

[1] The dress of the serjeants at that time.

W. SMALL. But thirteen pounds, due to Beard the butler:
Do but bail me, and I will save you harmless.
THROAT. Why, here's the end of it[1]: I know the law;
If you be bail'd by me, the debt is mine,
Which I will undertake——
W. SMALL. La[2] there, rogues:
Foot! I knew he would not let me want
For thirteen pounds.
THROAT. Provided you seal a release
Of all your claim to Mistress Sommerfield.
W. SMALL. Serjeants, do your kind: hale me to the hole.
Seal a release? serjeants, come: to prison!
Seal a release for Mistress Sommerfield?
First I will stink in jail, be eat with lice,
Endure an object worse than the devil himself,
And that's ten serjeants peeping through the grates
Upon my lousy linen. Come to jail:
Foot, a release!
T. SMALL. There's no conscience in it.
BOUT. 'Tis a demand uncharitable.
THROAT. Nay, choose.

Enter FRANCES.

FRAN. I can hold no longer; impudent man—
W. SMALL. My wife! foot! my wife! let me go, serjeants.
FRAN. O thou perfidious man! dar'st thou presume
To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd?
What conquest hast thou got to wrong a maid,
A silly harmless maid? what glory is't,
That thou hast thus deceived a simple virgin,

[1] [Edits., *riot.*] [2] [Edits., *Law.*]

And brought her from her friends? what honour was't
For thee to make the butler lose his office,
And run away with thee! Your tricks are known;
Didst thou not swear thou shouldst be baronis'd?
And hadst both lands and fortunes, both which thou want'st?

W. SMALL. Foot, that's not my fault: I would have lands,
If I could get 'em.

FRAN. I know your tricks;
And know I now am wife unto this man.

OMNES. How?

THROAT. I thank her, sir, she has now vouchsaf'd
To cast herself on me.

FRAN. Therefore subscribe;
Take somewhat of him for a full release,
And pray to God to make you an honest man:
If not, I do protest by earth and heaven,
Although I starve, thou never shalt enjoy me.

BEARD. Her vow is pass'd, nor will she break her word;
Look to it, nicher.

FRAN. I hope he will compound.

W. SMALL. Foot, shall I give two thousand pounds a year
For nothing?

T. SMALL. Brother, come: be rul'd by me.
Better to take a little than lose all.

BOUT. You see she's resolute; y'had best compound.

W. SMALL. I'll first be damn'd, ere I will lose my right,
Unless he give me up my forfeit mortgage,
And bail me of this action.

FRAN. Sir, you may choose:
What is the mortgage worth?

W. SMALL. Let's have no whispering.

THROAT. Some forty pounds a year.
FRAN. Do it, do it.
Come, you shall do it, we will be rid of him
At any rate.
THROAT. Dash, go fetch his mortgage.
[*Exit* DASH.
So that your friends be bound, you shall not claim
Title, right, possession, in part or whole,
In time to come, in this my loved wife:
I will restore the mortgage, pay this debt,
And set you free.
W. SMALL. They shall not.
BOUT. We will.
Come, draw the bonds, and we will soon subscribe them.

Enter DASH.

THROAT. They're ready-drawn; here's his release.
Serjeants, let him go.
DASH. Here's the mortgage, sir.
W. SMALL. Was ever man thus cheated of a wife!
Is this my mortgage?
THROAT. The very same, sir.
W. SMALL. Well, I will subscribe. God give you joy,
Although I have but little cause to wish it,
My heart will scarce consent unto my hand.
'Tis done.
THROAT. You give this as your deed?
OMNES. We do.
THROAT. Certify them, Dash.
W. SMALL. What! am I free?
THROAT. You are: serjeants, I discharge you.
There's your fees.
BEARD. Not so; I must have money.
THROAT. I'll pass my word.

BEARD. *Foutre!* words are wind:
I say, I must have money.
THROAT. How much, sir?
BEARD. Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to-morrow.
THROAT. There's your sum. Now, officers, be gone,
Each take his way; I must to Saint John's Street,
And see my lady-mother: she's now in town,
And we to her shall straight present our duties.
T. SMALL. O Jove! shall we lose the wench thus?
W. SMALL. Even thus.
Throat, farewell: since 'tis thy luck to have her,
I still shall pray you long may live together.
Now each to his affairs.
THROAT. Good night to all.
[*Exeunt* W. S., T. S., *and* BOUT.
Dear wife, step in. Beard and Dash, come hither:
Here take this money: go borrow jewels
Of the next goldsmith: Beard, take thou these books,
Go both to the broker's in Fetter Lane,
Lay them in pawn for a velvet jerkin
And a double ruff: tell him, he shall have
As much for a loan to-night, as I do give
Usury for a whole circuit; which done,
You two shall man her to her mother's: go.
[*Exeunt* BEARD *and* DASH.
My fate looks big! methinks I see already
Nineteen gold chains, seventeen great beards, and ten
Reverend bald heads, proclaim my way before me.
My coach shall now go prancing through Cheapside,
And not be forc'd to hurry through the streets
For fear of serjeants; nor shall I need to try,
Whether my well-grass'd tumbling foot-cloth nag
Be able to outrun a well-breath'd catch-pole.

I now in pomp will ride, for 'tis most fit,
He should have state, that riseth by his wit. [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 1.

Enter SIR OLIVER, JUSTICE TUTCHIN, TAFFATA, *and* ADRIANA.

OLIVER. Good meat the belly fills, good wine the brain;
Women please men, men pleasure them again:
Ka me, ka thee: one thing must rub another:
English love Scots, Welshmen love each other.
JUS. TUT. You say very right, Sir Oliver, very right;
I have't in my noddle, i' faith. That's all the fault
Old justices have; when they are at feasts,
They will bib[1] hard; they will be fine sunburnt,
Sufficient fox'd or columber'd, now and then.
Now could I sit in my chair at home, and nod
A drunkard to the stocks by virtue of
The last statute rarely.[2]
TAF. Sir, you are merry.
JUS. TUT. I am indeed.
TAF. Your supper, sir, was light;
But I hope you think you're welcome.
JUS. TUT. I do.
A light supper, quoth you? pray God it be,
Pray God I carry it cleanly, I am sure it lies
As heavy in my belly as molt lead;
Yet I'll go see my sister Sommerfield.

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[1] These are cant phrases for being intoxicated.

[2] The statute here referred to is the 4th of James the First, 1606, which directs that any persons convicted of being drunk shall pay five shillings, or be set in the stocks during the space of six hours for the first offence; and for the second be bound in a recognizance for his good behaviour.

OLIVER. So late, good Justice?
JUS. TUT. Aye, even so late.
Night is the mother of wit, as you may see
By poets or rather constables
In their examinations at midnight.
We'll lie together without marrying,
Save the curate's fees[1] and the parish a labour;
'Tis a thriving course.
OLIVER. That may not be,
For excommunications then will flee.
JUS. TUT. That's true, they fly indeed like wild geese
In flocks, one in the breech of another;
But the best is, a small matter stays them.
And so farewell.
OLIVER. Farewell, good Justice Tutchin.
[*Exit* JUSTICE TUTCHIN.
Alas, good gentleman, his brains are crazed,
But let that pass. Speak, widow, is't a match?
Shall we clap it up?
ADRI. Nay, if't come to clapping,
Good night, i' faith. Mistress, look before you,
There's nothing more dangerous to maid or widow
Than sudden clappings-up; nothing hath spoiled
So many proper ladies as clappings-up.
Your shittle-cock, striding from tables to ground,
Only to try the strength of the back:
Your riding a hunting—ay, though they fall
With their heels upward, and lay as if
They were taking the height of some high star
With a cross-staff; no, nor your jumblings
In horselitters, coaches or carouches,[2]
Have spoiled so many women as clappings-up.

[1] The word *fees* was till now accidentally omitted, though inserted in both the old copies.—*Collier.*

[2] These names, which are generally considered as synonymous, appear from this passage to signify different kinds of

OLIVER. Why, then, we'll chop it up.
TAF. That's not allowed,
Unless you were son to a Welsh curate.
But faith, sir knight, I have a kind of itching
To be a lady; that, I can tell you, wooes,
And can persuade with better rhetoric
Than oaths, wit, wealth, valour, lands, or person:
I have some debts at Court, and, marrying you,
I hope the courtiers will not stick to pay me.
OLIVER. Never fear thy payment. This I will say
For courtiers, they'll be sure to pay each other,
Howe'er they deal with citizens.
TAF. Then here's my hand.
I am your wife, condition we be joined
Before to-morrow's sun.
OLIVER. Nay, even to-night,

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vehicles, or different sizes of the same. About this time they were come into general use. Dr Percy, in his Notes to the "Northumberland Household Book," p 448, says, from Anderson's "Origin of Commerce," that coaches were introduced into England by Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, A.D. 1580; but from the following passage in the works of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630, p. 240, they appear to have been used some years earlier:—"For in the yeere 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queene Elizabeth's coachman; for indeede a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement: some said it was a great crabshell brought out of China, and some imagin'd it to be one of the pagan temples, in which the cannibals adored the divell: but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade: so that now all the world may see they are as common as whores, and may be hired as easie as knights of the post." Dr Percy observes, they were first drawn with two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham who, about 1619, began to draw with six horses which, Wilson tells us ("Life of King James," 1653, fol. p. 130), "was wondered at then as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." About the same time, he introduced sedan chairs.

So you be pleas'd. With little warning, widow,
We old men can be ready, and thou shalt see,
Before the time that chanticleer
Shall call, and tell the day is near:
When wenches, lying on their backs,
Receive with joy their love-stol'n smacks;
When maids, awak'd from their first sleep,
Deceiv'd with dreams, begin to weep,
And think, if dreams such pleasure know,
What sport the substance them would show;
When a lady 'gins[1] white limbs to spread,
Her love but new-stol'n to her bed,
His cotton shoes yet scarce put off,
And dares not laugh, speak, sneeze, or cough;
When precise dames begin to think,
Why their gross louring[2] husbands stink;
What pleasure 'twere then to enjoy,
A nimble vicar or a boy;
Before this time thou shalt behold
Me quaffing out our bridal bowl.[3]

ADRI. Then, belike, before the morning sun
You will be coupled?

TAF. Yes, faith, Adriana.

ADRI. Well, I will look you shall have a clean smock,
Provided that you pay the fee, Sir Oliver.
Since my mistress, sir, will be a lady,
I'll lose no fees due to the waiting-maid.

OLIVER. Why, is there a fee belonging to it?

ADRI. A knight, and never heard of smock-fees?

[1] [Edits., *ladies 'gin.*]

[2] The 4to of 1611 reads—

"Why their gross *souring* husbands stink,"

which is perhaps right.—*Collier.*

[3] *Bridal bowl* is the reading of 1611, and not *bride ale-bowl*, as Mr Reed gave it.—*Collier.*

I would I had the monopoly of them,
So there were no impost set upon them.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

OLIVER. Whom have we here? what, my mad-headed son;
What makes he here so late? Say I am gone;
And I the whilst will step behind the hangings.

W. SMALL. God bless thee, parcel of man's flesh.

TAF. How, sir?

W. SMALL. Why, parcel of man's flesh! art not a woman?
But, widow, where's the old stinkard my father?
They say, widow, you dance altogether
After his pipe.

TAF. What then?

W. SMALL. Th' art a fool.
I'll assure thee there's no music in it.

TAF. Can you play better?

W. SMALL. Better, widow?
Blood, dost think I have not learnt my prick-song?
What, not the court prick-song? One up and another down:
Why, I have't to a hair: by this light,
I hope thou lovest him not.

TAF. I'll marry him, sir.

W. SMALL. How? marry him! foot, art mad, widow?
Woo't marry an old crazed man
With meagre looks, with visage wan,
With little legs and crinkled thighs,
With chap-fall'n gums and deep-sunk eyes?
Why, a dog, seiz'd on ten days by death,
Stinks not so loathsome as his breath;
Nor can a city common jakes,
Which all mens' breeches undertakes,

Yield fasting stomachs such a savour,
As doth his breath and ugly favour.
OLIVER. Rogue! [*Aside.*
ADRI. That's all one, sir; she means to be a lady.
W. SMALL. Does she so? and thou must be her waiting-woman?
Faith, thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,
To sit at a chamber-door, and look fleas
In my lady's dog, while she is shewing
Some slippery-breech'd courtier rare faces
In a bay [1]-window. Foot, widow,
Marry me—a young and complete gallant.
TAF. How a complete gallant? what? a fellow
With a hat tuck'd up behind, and, what we use
About our hips to keep our coats from dabbling,
He wears about his neck—a farthingale!
A standing collar to keep his neat band clean,
The whilst his shirt doth stink, and is more foul
Than an inn-of-chancery table-cloth:
His breeches must be plaited, as if he had
Some thirty pockets, when one poor half-penny purse
Will carry all his treasure; his knees all points,
As if his legs and hams were tied together;
A fellow that has no inside, but prates
By rote, as players and parrots use to do,
And, to define a complete gallant right,
A mercer form'd him, a tailor makes him,
A player gives him spirit.
W. SMALL. Why, so in my conscience to be a countess
Thou wouldst marry a hedge-hog: I must confess,
'Tis state to have a coxcomb kiss your hands,
While yet the chamber-lie [2] is scarce wip'd off;

[1] [Edits., *by.*]
[2] [*Lie* is strictly a mixture of water and alkaline salt; see the "Merie Tales of Skelton," No. 2 (Old English Jest-Books ii. 6). But here it signifies the water of the *pot de chambre.*]

To have an upright usher march before you
Bare-headed in a tuftafata jerkin,
Made of your old cast gown, shows passing well,
But when you feel your husband's pulse, that's hell;
Then you fly out, and bid strait smocks farewell.
TAF. I hope, sir, whate'er our husbands be,
We may be honest.
W. SMALL. May be! may, y' are:
Women and honesty are so near allied,
As parsons' lives are to their doctrines—
One and the same. But, widow, now be rul'd;
I hope the heavens will give thee better grace
Than to accept the father, and I yet live
To be bestowed: if you wed the stinkard,
You shall find the tale of Tantalus
To be no fable, widow.
OLIVER. How I sweat! [*Aside.*
I can hold no longer. [*Comes out.*] Degenerate bastard!
I here disclaim thee, cashier thee; nay, more,
I disinherit thee both of my love
And living: get thee a grey cloak and hat,
And walk in Paul's[1] among thy cashier'd mates
As melancholy as the best.
TAF. Come not near me,
I forbid thee my house, my out-houses,
My garden, orchard, and my back-side;[2]
Thou shalt not harbour near me.
[*Exeunt* TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA.
OLIVER. Nay, to thy grief

[1] St Paul's Cathedral, which at this period was open all day, and the resort of all the idle, profligate, or necessitous people in town.

Bishop Carleton tells us ("Thankful Deliverance," 1625, p. 101), that Babington's and Ballard's Conspiracy was "conferred upon in Paul's Church."—*Gilchrist.*

[2] [Back-yard.]

Know, varlet, I will be wed this morning,
Thou shalt not be there, nor once be grac'd
With a piece of rosemary.[1] I[2] cashier thee.
Do not reply: I will not stay to hear thee.
[*Exit* SIR OLIVER.

W. SMALL. Now may I go put me on a clean shirt,
And hang myself. Foot, who would have thought
The fox had earth'd so near me; what's to be done?
What miracle shall I now undertake
To win respective[3] grace with God and men?
What, if I turn'd courtier and liv'd honest?
Sure, that would do: I dare not walk the streets,
For I dwindle at a serjeant in buff
Almost as much as a new player does
At a plague-bill certified forty.[4]
Well, I like this widow: a lusty plump drab:
Has substance both in breech and purse,
And pity and sin it were she should be wed
To a furr'd cloak and a night-cap. I'll have her:
This widow I will have: her money
Shall pay my debts, and set me up again.
'Tis here, 'tis almost forg'd, which if it take,
The world shall praise my wit, admire my fate.
[*Exit.*

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[1] See ["Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," ii. 71.]

[2] [Old copies, *I'll.*]

[3] *i.e.*, Respectful. So, in "The Second Part of Amonio and Mellida," act iii. sc. 4—

"I give the noble duke *respective* thankes"

In "Every Man out of his Humour," act v. sc. 4—

"I am bound to pledge it *respectively*, sir,"

and in "Cynthia's Revels"—

"Methinks he did not this *respectively* enough."

[4] Meaning a bill announcing that the plague had occasioned forty deaths. During the plague, the theatres were closed; and, to a *new player* such an event was doubly calamitous.—*Collier.*

Enter BEARD, DASH, FRANCES, SERJEANT, DRAWER.

BEARD. Serjeants, beware; be sure you not mistake,
For if you do—
DASH. She shall be quickly bail'd,
She shall *corpus cum causa* be remov'd;
Your action entered first below shall shrink,
And you shall find, sir serjeant, she has friends
Will stick to her in the common place
SER. Sir,
Will you procure her bail?
BEARD. She shall be bail'd.
Drawer, bring up some wine, use her well,
Her husband is a gentleman of sort.
SER. A gentleman of sort! why, what care I?
A woman of her fashion shall find
More kindness at a lusty serjeant's hand
Than ten of your gentlemen of sort.
DASH. Sir, use her well; she's wife to Master Throat.
SER. I'll use her, sir, as if she were my wife:
Would you have any more?
BEARD. Drink upon that.
Whilst we go fetch her bail. Dash, fellow Dash,
With all the speed thou hast, run for our master;
Make haste, lest he be gone, before thou comest,
To Lady Sommerfield's: I'll fetch another;
She shall have bail.
DASH. And a firking writ
Of false imprisonment; she shall be sure
Of twelvepence damage, and five-and-twenty pound
For suits in law: I'll go fetch my master.
BEARD. And I another.
[*Exeunt* BEARD *and* DASH.
SER. Drawer, leave the room.
Here, mistress, a health!

FRAN. Let it come, sweet rogue.

[*The* DRAWER *stands aside.*

DRAWER. Ay, say you so? then must I have an eye;

These serjeants feed on very good reversions,
On capons, teals, and sometimes on a woodcock,
Hot from the shrieve's own table;[1] the knaves feed well,
Which makes them horrid lechers.

FRAN. This health is pledg'd;
And, honest serjeant, how does Master Gripe,
The keeper of the Counter? I do protest,
I found him always favourable to me,
He is an honest man; has often stood to me,
And been my friend; and let me go o' trust
For victual, when he has denied it knights. But come,
Let's pay, and then be gone: th' arrest, you know,
Was but a trick to get from nimble Dash,
My husband's man.

SER. True: but I have an action
At suit of Mistress Smell-smock, your quondam bawd:
The sum is eight good pound for six weeks' board,
And five weeks' loan for a red taffata gown,
Bound with a silver lace.

FRAN. I do protest,
By all the honesty 'twixt thee and me,
I got her in that gown in six weeks' space
Four pound, and fourteen pence given by a clerk
Of an inn-of-chancery that night I came
Out of her house; and does the filthy jade

[1] It was formerly customary for the counters in London to receive the remains of the sheriffs' dinners, for the use of the prisoners confined there.—See Stow's "Survey," vol. i. b. iii. p. 51. edit. 1720.

Send to me for money? [1] But, honest serjeant,
Let me go, and say thou didst not see me,
I'll do thee as great a pleasure shortly.
SER. Shall we embrace to-night?
FRAN. With all my heart.
SER. Sit on my knee, and kiss.

Enter BEARD.

BEARD. What news, boy? why stand you sentinel?
DRAWER. Do but conceal yourself, and we shall catch
My serjeant napping.
BEARD. Shall maids be here deflowered?
SER. Now kiss again.
DRAWER. Now, now.

Enter CAPTAIN, *and seeing the hurly-burly, runs away.*

BEARD. Deflower virgins! rogue? avaunt, ye slave,
Are maids fit subjects for a serjeant's mace?
So now are we once more free: there's for the wine. [*Exit* SERJEANT.
Now to our rendezvous: three pounds in gold
These slops [2] contain; we'll quaff in Venice glasses,[3]
And swear some lawyers are but silly asses.
[*Exeunt* BEARD *and* FRANCES.

[1] [Mistress Smell-smock advanced Frances the dress, the cost of which was to be repaid, and Frances says that she made up the money in six weeks.]

[2] Breeches. The term occurs in almost every writer of the times.

[3] In "Philocothonista," 1635, p. 46, it is said: "Of glasses to quaffe in, the fashions and sizes be almost without

Enter CAPTAIN FACE.

CAPT. FACE. Is the coast clear? Are these combustions ceas'd?
And may we drink canary sack in peace?
Shall we have no attendance here, you rogues?
Where be these rascals that skip up and down
Faster than virginal jacks?[1] Drawers!
DRAWER. Sir!
CAPT. FACE. On whom wait you, sir rogue?
DRAWER. Faith, captain,
I attend a conventicle of players.
CAPT. FACE. How, players? what is there e'er a cuckold among them?
DRAWER. Jove defend else; it stands with policy,
That one should be a notorious cuckold,
If it be but for the better keeping
The rest of his company together.
CAPT. FACE. When did you see Sir Theophrastus Slop,
The city dog-master?
DRAWER. Not to-day, sir.
CAPT. FACE. What have you for my supper?
DRAWER. Nothing ready,
Unless you please to stay the dressing, captain.
CAPT. FACE. Zounds! stay the dressing! you damned rogue,
What, shall I wait upon your greasy cook,
And wait his leisure? go down stairs, rogue;
Now all her other customers be serv'd,
Ask, if your mistress have a snip of mutton
Yet left for me.
DRAWER. Yes, sir.

number, some transported hither from *Venice* and other places, some made in the Citie by strangers." The manufactory of glass at *Venice* was then very considerable. See Howell's "Letters," 1754, p. 56.

[1] [See Nares, edit. 1859, p. 923.]

CAPT. FACE. And, good-man rogue,
See what good thing your kitchen-maid has left
For me to work upon; my barrow-guttlings grumble
And would have food: [*Exit Drawer.*] Say now, the vintner's wife
Should bring me up a pheasant, partridge, quail;
A pleasant banquet, and extremely love me,
Desire me to eat, kiss, and protest,
I should pay nothing for it; say she should drink
Herself three-quarters drunk to win my love,
Then give me a chain worth some three score pounds;
Say 'twere worth but forty—say, but twenty.
For citizens do seldom in their wooing
Give above twenty pounds—say then, 'tis twenty,
I'll go sell some fifteen pounds' worth of the chain
To buy some clothes, and shift my lousy linen.
And wear the rest as a perpetual favour
About my arm in fashion of a bracelet.
Say then her husband should grow jealous,
I'd make him drunk, and then I'll cuckold him.
But then a vintner's wife, some rogue will say,
Which sits at bar for the receipt of custom,
That smells of chippings and of broken fish,
Is love to Captain Face; which to prevent,
I'll never come but when her best-stitch'd hat,
Her bugle-gown, and best-wrought smock is on;
Then does she neither smell of bread, of meat,
Or droppings of the tap; it shall be so.

Enter BOUTCHER, WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, *and* CONSTANTIA.

BOUT. Now leave us, boy; bless you, Captain Face.
CAPT. FACE. I'll have no music.[1]

[1] Formerly there were a set of itinerant musicians who used to earn a scanty pittance by going about in winter

W. SMALL. Foot, dost take us for fiddlers?
CAPT. FACE. Then turn straight. Drawer, run down the stairs,
And thank the gods a gave me that great patience
Not to strike you.
BOUT. Your patience, sir, is great:
For you dare seldom strike. Sirrah, they say,
You needs will wed the widow Taffata,
Nolens volens?
CAPT. FACE. Do not urge my patience,
Awake not fury new-rak'd up in embers!
I give you leave to live.
W. SMALL. Men say y'have tricks,
Y' are an admirable ape, and you can do
More feats than three baboons: we must have some.
CAPT. FACE. My patience yet is great; I say, begone,
My tricks are dangerous.
BOUT. That's nothing,
I have brought you furniture. Come, get up
Upon this table: do your feats,

evenings to taverns and inns, playing for the entertainment of the company they found there. Sir John Hawkins ("History of Music," v 66) mentions a person who was an excellent performer, and yet submitted to get his living by this practice so late as the year 1735. It is said that some musicians attended the greater inns so constantly that they might in some sort be styled retainers to the houses.

A very curious and rare tract, with the title of "The Actors Remonstrance or Complaint for the Silencing of their Profession," 1643, has the following apposite passage:—"Our Musike that was held so delectable and precious that they scorned to come to a Taverne under twenty shillings salary for two houres, now wander with their Instruments under their cloaks, I meane such as haue any, into all houses of good fellowship, saluting every roome where there is company with *Will you have any musike, Gentlemen?*" Such was one consequence of the severity of Puritan discipline. —*Collier.* [Hazlitt's "English Drama and Stage," 1869, p. 263.]

Or I will whip you to them; do not I know
You are a lousy knave?

CAPT. FACE. How! lousy knave;
Are we not English bred?

BOUT. Y'are a coward rogue,
That dares not look a kitling in the face,
If she but stare or mew.

CAPT. FACE. My patience yet is great:
Do you bandy tropes? by Dis, I will be knight,
Wear a blue coat on great Saint George's day,[1]
And with my fellows drive you all from Paul's
For this attempt

BOUT. Will you yet get up?
I must lash you to it.

CAPT. FACE. By Pluto, gentlemen,
To do you pleasure, and to make you sport,
I'll do't.

W. SMALL. Come, get up then quick.

BOUT. I'll dress you, sir.

CAPT. FACE. By Jove, 'tis not for fear,
But for a love I bear unto these tricks.
That I perform it.

BOUT. Hold up your snout, sir:
Sit handsomely; by heaven, sir, you must do it.
Come, boy.

W. SMALL. No, by this good light, I'll play
Him that goes with the motions.

DRAWER. Where's the captain, gentlemen?

W. SMALL. Stand back, boy, and be a spectator.
Gentlemen,

---

[1] I find *blue coats* used to be worn on St George's day, but what order of people the fashion was confined to, I have not been able to discover. It is mentioned in epigram 33 of *Rubbe and a great cast. The second bowle, by Thomas Freeman*, 4to, 1614.

"With's coram nomine keeping greater sway,
Then a *court blue coat* on *Saint George's day*."

[Blue coats were worn by beadles. See Dyce's Middleton, i. 485.]

You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast,
That has but two legs, bearded like a man,
Nosed like a goose, and tongued like a woman,
Lately brought from the land of Cataia.[1]
A beast of much understanding, were it not given
Too much to the love of venery. Do I not do it well?

BOUT. Admirably!

W. SMALL. Remember, noble captain,
You skip, when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,
What can you do for the great Turk?
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?
Hark! he stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not;
What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?
[*He holds up his hands instead of praying.*

CON. Sure, this baboon is a great Puritan,

BOUT. Is not this strange?

W. SMALL. Not a whit; by this light
Banks[2] his horse and he were taught both in a stable.

DRAWER. O, rare!

CAPT. FACE. Zounds! I'll first be damn'd: shall [my] sport
Be laugh'd at? by Dis, by Pluto, and great Proserpine,
My fatal blade, once drawn, falls but with death:
Yet if you'll let me go, I vow, by Jove,
No widow, maid, wife, punk, or cockatrice,
Shall make me haunt your ghosts.

BOUT. 'Twill not serve, sir,
You must show more.

CAPT. FACE. I'll first be hang'd and damn'd.[3]

---

[1] Both the old copies name this country *Catita*, but the change is probably right.—*Collier.*

[2] See note to "The Parson's Wedding," act v. sc. 2.

[3] Here the Captain most likely jumped from the table, and made his escape; but we are left to infer it.—*Collier.*

W. SMALL. Foot, can he jump so well?
BOUT. Is he so quick?
I hope the slave will haunt no more the widow.
W. SMALL. As for that take no care, for by this light
She'll not have thee.
BOUT. Not have me?
W. SMALL. No, not have thee.
By this hand, flesh, and blood, she is resolv'd
To make my father a most fearful cuckold,
And he's resolv'd to save his soul by her.
BOUT. How, by her?
W. SMALL. Thus: all old men, which marry
Young wives, shall questionless be sav'd,
For while they're young, they keep other men's wives,
And when they're old, they keep wives for other men,
And so by satisfaction procure salvation.
Why, thou dejected tail of a crab!
Does not the fair Constantia Sommerfield[1]
Doat on thy filthy face? and wilt thou wed
A wanton widow? what can'st thou see,
To doat on her?
BOUT. Only this—I love her.
W. SMALL. Dost love her? then take a purgation,
For love, I'll assure thee, is a binder.
Of all things under heaven, there's no fitter
Parallels than a drunkard and a lover;
For a drunkard loses his senses, so does your lover;
Your drunkard is quarrelsome, so is your lover:
Your drunkard will swear, lie, and speak great
Words—so will your lover; your drunkard is most
Desirous of his lechery, and so is your lover.

[1] The metre of this line was spoiled by the omission of the article in it, arising from a non-attention to the old copy.—*Collier*.

Well, the night grows old; farewell.
I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While fair Constantia is resolv'd to wed thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, *and others.*

T. SMALL. Foot, shall we let the wench go thus?
My masters, now show yourselves gentlemen,
And take away the lawyer's wife.
Foot, though I have no wit, yet I can
Love a wench, and choose a wife.

GENT. Why, sir, what should you do with a wife, that are held none of the wisest? you'll get none but fools.

T. SMALL. How! fools? why may not I, a fool, get a wise child, as well as wise men get fools;[1] all lies but in the agility of the woman. In troth, I think all fools are got when their mothers sleep; therefore I'll never lie with my wife, but when she is broad waking. Stand to't, honest friends; knock down the lieutenant, and then hurry the wench to Fleet Street; there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter BEARD *and* FRANCES.

GENT. Stand close: they come.

BEARD. By Jove, the night grows dark, and Luna looks
As if this hour some fifty cuckolds were making.
Then let us trudge.

GENT. Down with 'em, down with 'em: away

[1] Till now it ran "Why may not I, a fool, get a wise child, as a wise man get fools," according to the corrupt reading of the copy of 1636.—*Collier*

with her, Master Small-shanks, to Fleet Street;
go, the curate there stays for you. [*Exeunt.*

BEARD. And stays the curate?
What's here? knock'd down, and blood of men let out?
Must men in darkness bleed? then, Erebus, look big,
And, Boreas, blow the fire of all my rage
Into his nose. Night, thou art a whore,
Small-shanks a rogue; and is my wench took from me?
Sure, I am gull'd; this was no cockatrice.
I never saw her, before this daylight peep'd:
What, dropp'st thou, head? this surely is the heir,
And mad Will Small-shanks lay in ambuscado,
To get her now from me. Beard! Lieutenant Beard,
Thou art an ass; what a dull slave was I,
That all this while smelt not her honesty!
Pate, I do not pity thee: hadst thou brains,
Lieutenant Beard had got this wealthy heir
From all these rogues. Blood! to be thus o'er-reach'd,
In pate and wench! revenge! revenge! come up,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard.
Small-shanks, I will betray thee. I will[1] trudge
To Saint John Street, to inform the Lady Sommer-field,
Where thou art; I will prevent the match.
Thou art to Fleet Street gone, revenge shall follow;
And my incensed wrath shall, like great thunder,
Disperse thy hopes and thy brave wife asunder.
[*Exit.*

Enter LADY SOMMERFIELD *and* JUSTICE TUTCHIN.

JUS. TUT. Say as I say, widow; the wench is gone,

[1] [Old copies, *now will.*]

But I know whither stol'n she is; well—
I know by whom; say as I say, widow.
I have been drinking hard—why, say so too,
Old men they can be fine with small ado.
The law is not offended. I had no punk;
Nor in an alehouse have I made me drunk.
The statute is not broke,[1] I have the skill
To drink by law; then say as I say still.

LADY SOM. To what extremes doth this licentious time
Hurry unstayed youth! Nor gods nor laws,
Whose penal scourges are enough to save
Ev'n damn'd fiends, can in this looser age
Confine unbounded youth. Who durst presume
To steal my youth's delight, my age's hope,
Her father's heir and the last noble stem
Of all her ancestors? fear they or gods or laws?

JUS. TUT. I say as you say, sister; but for the laws,
There are so many, that men do stand in awe
Of none at all. Take heed they steal not you.
Who woos a widow with a fair full moon
Shall surely speed; beware of full moons, widow:
Will Small-shanks has your daughter—no word but mum?
My warrant you shall have, when time shall come.

LADY SOM. Your warrant?

JUS. TUT. Aye, my warrant, widow;
My warrant can stretch far; no more, but so,
'Twill serve to catch a knave or fetch a doe.

Enter SERVING-MAN.

SERV.-MAN. Here's a gentleman much desirous to see you, madam.

---

[1] In the statute of 4 James I., cap. 5, sect. 4, is a penalty on any person continuing drinking or tippling in inns, victualling-houses, or ale-houses, &c.

LADY SOM. What is he for a man?

SERV.-MAN. Nothing for a man, but much for a beast.

I think him lunatic; for he demands
What plate of his is stirring i' the house!
He calls your men his butlers, cooks, and stewards:
Kisses your women, and makes exceeding much
Of your coachman's wife.

JUS. TUT. Then he's a gentleman, for 'tis a true note of a gentleman to make much of other men's wives: bring him up. Ah, sirrah, makes he much of your coachman's wife? This gear will run a-wheels then shortly: a man may make much more of another man's wife than he can do of 's own.

LADY SOM. How much, brother?

JUS. TUT. A man may make with ease a punk, a child, a bastard, a cuckold, of another man's wife all at a clap; and that is much, I think.

Enter SERVING-MAN *and* THROAT.

SERV.-MAN. That's my lady.

THROAT. For that thou first hast brought me to her sight,
I here create thee clerk of the kitchen:
No man shall beg it from thee.

SERV.-MAN. Sure, the fellow's mad.

LADY SOM. What would you, sir? I guess your long profession [1]
By your scant suit; your habit seems to turn
Your inside outward to me; y'are, I think,
Some turner of the law.

THROAT. Law is my living,
And on that ancient mould I wear this outside:
Suit upon suit wastes some, yet makes me thrive,
First law, then gold, then love; and then we wive.

[1] [Lawyers are still called gentlemen of the long-robe.]

JUST. TUT. A man of form, like me. But what's your business?

LADY SOM. Be brief, good sir; what makes this bold intrusion?

THROAT. Intrude I do not, for I know the law;
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coin, coin gets me friends,
Your son-in-law hath law at's fingers' ends.

LADY SOM. My son-in-law!

THROAT. Madam, your son-in-law.
Mother, I come (be glad I call you so),
To make a gentle breach into your favour,
And win your approbation of my choice:
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renown'd
For beauty, virtue and a wealthy dower)
I have espous'd.

LADY SOM. How? you espouse my daughter?

THROAT. *Noverint universi*, the laws of heaven,
Of nature, church, and chance, have made her mine;
Therefore deliver her by these presents.

JUST. TUT. How's this? made her yours, sir, *per quam regulam?*
Nay, we are letter'd, sir, as well as you,
Redde rationem; per quam regulam?

THROAT. *Fœminæ*[1] *ludificantur viros:*
By that same rule these lips have taken seizin:
Tut, I do all by statute-law and reason.

LADY SOM. Hence, you base knave! you petty-fogging groom!
Clad in old ends, and piec'd with brokery:
You wed my daughter!

JUST. TUT. You, sir Ambi-dexter!
A sumner's[2] son, and learn'd in Norfolk wiles:
Some common bail or counter-lawyer,
Marry my niece! your half-sleeves shall not carry her.

---

[1] [Edits., *Femini.*]

[2] [Edits., *summer's*; but compare p. 378.]

THROAT. These storms will be dissolv'd in tears of joy,
Mother, I doubt it not. Justice, to you,
That jerk at my half-sleeves, and yet yourself
Do never wear but buckram out of sight:
A flannel waist-coat or a canvas truss,
A shift of thrift, I use it: let's be friends,
You know the law has tricks—ka me, ka thee!
Viderit utilitas, the mot to these half-arms,
Corpus cum causa, need no bumbasting:
We wear small hair, yet have we tongue and wit,
Lawyers close-breech'd have bodies politic.

LADY SOM. Speak, answer me, sir Jack: stole you my daughter?

THROAT. Short tale to make, I fingered have your daughter:
I have ta'en livery and seisin of the wench.
Deliver her then: you know the statute-laws;
She's mine without exception, bar, or clause;
Come, come, restore.

LADY SOM. The fellow's mad, I think.

THROAT. I was not mad before I married;
But, *ipso facto*, what the act may make me,
That know I not.

JUST. TUT. Fellows, come in there.

Enter two or three SERVANTS.

By this, sir, you confess you stole my niece,
And I attach you here of felony.
Lay hold on him! I'll make my mittimus,
And send him to the gaol; have we no bar
Nor clause to hamper you? away with him,
Those claws shall claw you to a bar of shame,
Where thou shalt show thy goll.[1] I'll bar your claim,

[1] Hand.

If I be Justice Tutchin.
THROAT. Hands off, you slaves!
O, favour my jerkin, though you tear my flesh.
I set more store by that: my *Audita*
Querela shall be heard, and with a *Certiorari*
I'll fetch her from you with a pox.

Enter BEARD.

BEARD. What's here to do? is all the world in arms?
More tumults, brawls, and insurrections?
Is blood the theme, whereon our time must treat?
THROAT. Here's Beard your butler: a rescue, Beard; draw.
BEARD. Draw? not so: my blade's as ominously drawn
Unto the death of nine or ten such grooms,
As is a knife unsheath'd, with th' hungry maw,
Threat'ning the ruin of a chine of beef:
But for the restless toil it took of late,
My blade shall sleep awhile.
THROAT. Help.
BEARD. Stop thy throat.
And hear me speak, whose bloody characters
Will show I have been scuffling. Briefly thus:
Thy wife, your daughter, and your lovely niece,
Is hurri'd now to Fleet Street: the damn'd crew
With glaves and clubs have rapt her from these arms.
Throat, thou art bobb'd; although thou bought'st the heir,
Yet hath the slave made a re-entry.
JUS. TUT. Sirrah, what are you?
THROAT. My lady's butler, sir.
BEARD. Not I, by heaven!
THROAT. By this good light, he swore it,
And for your daughter's love he ran away.

BEARD. By Jove, I gull'd thee, Throat.
JUS. TUT. More knavery yet?
Lay hands on him, pinion them both,
And guard them hence towards Fleet Street: come away!
BEARD. Must we be led like thieves, and pinion'd walk?
Spent I my blood for this? is this my hire?
Why then burn, rage: set Beard and Nose on fire.
JUS. TUT. On, on, I say.
THROAT. Justice, the law shall firk you.

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 1.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

W. SMALL. On this one hour depends my hopes and fortunes.
Foot, I must have this widow: what should my dad
Make with a wife that scarce can wipe his nose,
Untruss his points, or hold a chamber-pot
Steady, till he pisses? the doors are fast;
'Tis now the midst of night; yet shall this chain
Procure access, and conference with the widow.
What, though I cheat my father; all men have sins,
Though in their several kinds: all ends in this—
So they get gold, they care not whose it is.
Begging the court, use bears the city out,
Lawyers their quirks: thus goes the world about.
So that our villainies have but different shapes,
Th' effects all one, and poor men are but apes
To imitate their betters: this is the difference—
All great men's sins must still be humoured,
And poor men's vices largely punished.
The privilege that great men have in evil,

Is this, they go unpunish'd to the devil.
Therefore I'll in; this chain I know will move;
Gold and rich stones win coyest ladies' love.
[*Knocks.*

Enter ADRIANA [*above*].

ADR. What would you, sir, that you do knock so boldly?
W. SMALL. I must come in to the widow.
ADR. How! come in?
The widow has no entrance for such mates.
W. SMALL. Dost hear, sweet chambermaid? by heaven, I come
With letters from my father; I have brought her stones,
Jewels and chains, which she must use to-morrow.
ADR. Y'are a needy knave, and will lie:
Your father has cashier'd you, nor will he trust you,
Be gone, lest I do wash you hence.[1]
W. SMALL. Dost hear?
By this good night, my father and I are friends,
Take but this chain for token, give her that,
And tell her I have other things for her,
Which by my father's will I am commanded
To give to her own hands.
ADR. Say you so?
In troth, I think you'll prove an honest man,
Had you once got a beard; let me see the chain.
W. SMALL. Dost think I lie? By this light, Adriana,
I love her with my soul; here's letters
And other jewels sent her from my father.
Is she a-bed?
ADR. By my virginity,
She is uncas'd, and ready to slip in

[1] [Meaning that she will throw something on his head.]

Betwixt the sheets ; but I will bear her this,
And tell her what you say. [*Exit.*
W. SMALL. But make some haste.
Why so, 'twill take : heart ! how a waiting-maid
Can shake a fellow up, that is cashier'd,
And has no money ? Foot, should she keep the chain,
And not come down, I must turn citizen,
Be bankrout, and crave the king's protection.
But here she comes.

Enter TAFFATA [*in her smock*] *and* ADRIANA.

TAF. What would you, sir, with us,
That on the sudden and so late you come ?
W. SMALL. I have some secrets to acquaint you with ;
Please you to let the chamber-maid shake off,
And stand as sentinel.
TAF. It shall not need.
I hope I have not brought her up so ill,
But that she knows how to contain your secrets,
As well as I her mistress : therefore on.
W. SMALL. It is not fit, forsooth, that I should on,
Before she leave the room.
ADR. 'Tis not indeed,
Therefore I'll wait in the with-drawing room,
Until you call. [*Exit.*
TAF. Now, sir, what's your will ?
W. SMALL. Dear widow, pity the state of a young,
Poor, yet proper gentleman : by Venus' pap,
Upon my knees I'd creep unto your lap
For one small drop of favour : and though this face
Is not the finest face, yet t'as been prais'd
By ladies of good judgment in faces.

TAF. Are these your secrets?
W. SMALL. You shall have secrets
More pleasing: nay hear, sweet widow;
Some wantons do delight to see men creep,
And on their knees to woo them.
TAF. I am none of those;
Stand up, I more desire a man should stand,
Than cringe and creep, that means to win my love:
I say, stand up, and let me go, ye had best.
W. SMALL. For ever let me creep upon the ground,
Unless you hear my suit.
TAF. How now, sir sauce?
Would you be cap'ring in your father's saddle?
Away, you cashier'd younger brother, be gone!
Do not I know the fashions of you all?
When a poor woman has laid open all
Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy;
But when wise maids dissemble, and keep close,
Then you poor snakes come creeping on your bellies,
And with all oiled looks prostrate yourselves
Before our beauties' sun where, once but warm,
Like hateful snakes you strike us with your stings,
And then forsake us. I know your tricks—be gone!
W. SMALL. Foot, I'll first be hang'd: nay, if you go,
You shall leave your smock behind you, widow;
Keep close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,
Nor speak, cough, sneeze, or stamp; for, if you do,
By this good blade I'll cut your throat directly.
Peace! stir not, by heaven I'll cut your throat
If you but stir; speak not, stand still, go to,
I'll teach coy widows a new way to woe.
Come, you shall kiss; why so; I'll stab, by heaven,
If you but stir; now hear—first kiss again.

Why so; stir not. Now come I to the point.
My hopes are past, nor can my present state
Afford a single halfpenny: my father
Hates me deadly; to beg, my birth forbids;
To steal, the law, the hangman and the rope
With one consent deny: to go o'trust,
The city common-council has forbid it,
Therefore my state is desperate—stir not—
And I by much will rather choose to hang,
Than in a ditch or prison-hole to starve.
Resolve, wed me, and take me to your bed,
Or by my soul I'll straight cut off your head,
Then kill myself; for I had rather die,
Than in a street live poor and lousily.
You don't—I know, you cannot [1]—love my father?
A widow that has known the *quid* of things,
To doat upon an old and crazed man,
That stinks at both ends worse than an elder-pipe!
Who, when his blood and spirit are at the height,
Hath not a member to his palsy body,
But is more limber than a King's-head pudding,
Took from the pot half-sod; do I not know this?
Have you not wealth enough to serve us both?
And am not I a pretty handsome fellow
To do your drudgery? Come, come, resolve.
For, by my blood, if you deny your bed,
I'll cut your throat without equivocation.
If you be pleas'd, hold up your finger; if not,
By heaven I'll gar my whinyard [2] through your womb!
Is't a match?

TAF. Hear me but speak.

W. SMALL. You'll prate too loud.

TAF. No.

W. SMALL. Nor speak one word against my honest suit?

---

[1] [Edits., *Do not, I know you cannot.*] [2] Sword.

TAF. No, by my worth.
W. SMALL. Kiss upon that, and speak.
TAF. I dare not wed; men say y'are naught, you'll cheat,
And you do keep a whore.
W. SMALL. That is a lie;
She keeps herself and me; yet I protest,
She's not dishonest.
TAF. How could she maintain you?
W. SMALL. Why, by her comings-in; a little thing
Her friends have left her, which with putting to best use,
And often turning, yields her a poor living.
But what of that? she's now shook off; to thee
I'll only cleave: I'll be thy merchant,
And to this wealthy fair I'll bring my ware,
And here set up my standing: therefore resolve.
Nought but my sword is left: if't be a match,
Clap hands, contract, and straight to bed:
If not, pray, forgive, and straight goes off your head.
TAF. I take thy love.
W. SMALL. Then straight let's both to bed.
TAF. I'll wed to-morrow.
W. SMALL. You shall not sleep upon't.
An honest contract is as good as marriage.
A bird in hand—you know the proverb, widow.
TAF. O,[1] let me tell thee, I'll love thee, while I live,
For this attempt; give me that lusty lad,
That wins his widow with his well-drawn blade,
And not with oaths and words: a widow's wooing,
Not in bare words, but should consist in doing—
I take thee to my husband—
W. SMALL. I thee to wife.
Now to thy bed, and there we'll end this strife.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] [Edits., *To.*]

Enter SIR OLIVER *and Fiddlers.*

OLIVER. Warm blood, the young man's slave, the old man's god,
Makes me to stir thus soon; it stirs, i' faith,
And with a kind of itching pricks me on
To bid my bride *bon jour;* O, this desire
Is even another filch'd Promethean fire,
By which we old men live; performance, then,
Is that poor old men's bane, that in old men
Comes limping off more lame, God knows, than he
Which in a close, a hot, and dangerous fight,
Has been dismembered, and craves by letters patents.
Yet scarce a woman that considers this,
Women have tricks, firks and farthingales:
A generation are they full of subtlety,
And all most honest, where they want the means
To be otherwise. Therefore, I'll have an eye,
My widow goes not oft to visit kinsfolk:
By birth she is a Ninny; and that I know
Is not in London held the smallest kindred.
I must have wits and brains; come on, my friends.
Out with your tools, and to't! a strain of mirth,
And a pleasant song to wake the widow.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS *above, in his shirt.*

W. SMALL. Musicians! minstrels! foot, rogues,
For God's love, leave your filthy squeaking noise,
And get you gone: the widow and myself
Will scamble out the shaking of the sheets[1]
Without music; we have no need of fiddlers
To our dancing. Foot, have you no manners?

[1] *The shaking of the sheets* was a dance. A *double-entendre* is designed here, and the same is often to be found in old plays. See "How to choose a good Wife from a bad," 1602; Massinger's "City Madam," act ii. sc. 1; "A Woman kill'd with Kindness," act i. sc. 1.

Cannot a man take his natural rest
For your scraping? I shall wash your gut-strings,
If you but stay a while: yet, honest rascals,
If you'll let us have t'other crash,
The widow and I'll keep time; there's for your pains. [*Throws them down money.*

OLIVER. How's this? will the widow and you keep time?
What trick? what quiddit? what fegary is this?
My cashier'd son speak from the widow's chamber,
And in his shirt? ha! sure she is not there!
'Tis so; she has took him in for pity,
And now removes her chamber. I will home,
On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,
Eat cloves, eringoes, and drink some *aqua vitæ*
To sweeten breath, and keep my weam from wambling;
Then, like the month of March, come blust'ring in,
Marry the widow, shake up this springal,
And then, as quiet as a sucking lamb,
Close by the widow will I rest all night.[1]
As for my breath I have crotches and devices,
"Ladies' rank breaths are often help'd with spices."

Enter ADRIANA *and another, strawing herbs.*[2]

ADR. Come, straw apace; Lord, shall I never live
To walk to church on flowers? O, 'tis fine,

---

[1] The copy of 1636 makes nonsense of these two lines, thus—

"And then *I'te* as quiet as a sucking lamb,
Close by the widow *will I rest* all night:"

and thus it stood till now.—*Collier.*

[2] It was formerly a custom to strew herbs and flowers from the house where persons betrothed resided to the church where they were married. See ["Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," ii. 69, 70.]

To see a bride trip it to church so lightly,
As if her new chopines[1] would scorn to bruise
A silly flower: and now, I pr'ythee, tell me,
What flower thinkest thou is likest to a woman?

1ST WOMAN. A mary-gold, I think.

ADR. Why a mary-gold?

1ST WOMAN. Because a little heat makes it to spread,
And open wide his leaves.

ADR. Th'art quite wide:
A mary-gold doth open wide all day,
And shuts most close at night: I hope thou knowest
All wenches do the contrary: but, sirrah,

---

[1] A *choppine*, or *chioppine*, was a high shoe worn by the Italians. Tom Coriate calls them *chapineys*, and gives the following account of them: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the Signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome; which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, *a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some redde, some yellow. It is called a chapiney, which they weare under their shoes.* Many of them are curiously painted; some also I have seene fairly gilt; so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pitty this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the citie. *There are many of these chapineys of a great heighth, even half a yard high*, which maketh many of their women that are very short seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard that this is observed among them, that by how much the nobler a women is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or women when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall."—"Crudities," 1611, p. 262. See also Mr Steevens's note on "Hamlet," act ii. sc. 2, [and Hazlitt's "Venice," iv. 234.]

How does thy uncle the old doctor?
Dost think he'll be a bishop?
1ST WOMAN. O, questionless!
For h'as got him a young wife, and carried her
To court already: but now, I pr'ythee, say,
Why will the widow wed so old a knight?
ADR. Why? for his riches.
1ST WOMAN. For riches only?
Why, riches cannot give her her delight.
ADR. Riches, I hope, can soon procure her one
Shall give her her delight: that's the devil.
That's it, i'faith, makes us waiting-gentlewomen
Live maids so long.
1ST WOMAN. Think you so?
ADR. Yes, in faith.
Married women quite have spoiled the market,
By having secret friends besides their husbands;
For if these married wives would be content
To have but one a piece, I think, in troth,
There would be doings enough for us all;
And, till we get an act of parliament
For that, our states are desperate.

Enter BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

Come, straw apace.
CON. So-ho-ho, master.
BOUT. Boy.
CON. In troth, I thought y' had been more fast asleep
Than a midwife or a Puritan tailor
At a Sunday evening's lecture: but, sir,
Why do you rise so soon?
BOUT. To see the widow.
CON. The weaker you; you are forbid a widow,
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.
Me thinks a young clear-skinn'd country gentlewoman,

That never saw baboons, lions, or courtiers,
Might prove a handsome wife; or what do you say
To a citizen's daughter, that never was in love
With a player, that never learnt to dance,
That never dwelt near any inn-of-court—
Might not she in time prove an honest wife?
Faith, take a maid, and leave the widow, master.
Of all meats I love not a gaping oyster.

BOUT. God speed your works, fair maids.

ADR. You much mistake:
'Tis no work.

BOUT. What then?

ADR. A preparation
To a work, sir.

BOUT. What work, sweet ladies?

ADR. Why, to a marriage; that's a work, I think.

BOUT. How? a preparation to a marriage?
Of whom, kind maids, of whom?

ADR. And why kind maids?
I hope you have had no kindness at our hand
To make you say so: but, sir, understand
That Sir Oliver Small-shanks, the noble knight,
And Mistress Taffata, the rich widow,
Must this day be coupled, conjoined,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or, as the Puritan says, put together;
And so, sir, to the shifting of our clean smocks
We leave you.

[*Exeunt* ADRIANA *and the other women.*

BOUT. Married! and to-day?
Dissension, jealousy, hate, beggary,
With all the dire events which breed dislike
In nuptial beds, attend her bridal steps!
Can vows and oaths with such protesting action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their souls were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?

Have I for her contemn'd my fixéd fate,
Neglected my fair hopes, and scorn'd the love
Of beauteous, virtuous, and honour'd Constantia?
CON. Now works it with my wish: my hopes are full. [*Aside.*
BOUT. And I engag'd my worth, and ventur'd life
On yonder buffling[1] face, to have men scorn,
And point at my disgrace? first will I leave to live!
There take my purse, live thou to better fate,
[BOUTCHER *hangs himself.*
Better thus die than live unfortunate.
CON. Ay me accurs'd! help, help, murther! murther!
Curs'd be the day and hour that gave me breath!
Murther, murther! if any gentleman
Can hear my plaints, come forth, and assist me.
W. SMALL.[2] *What out-cries call me from my naked bed?*
Who calls Jeronimo? speak, here I am.
CON. Good sir, leave your struggling and acting,
And help to save the life of a distressed man;
O, help, if you be gentlemen!
W. SMALL. *What's here?*
A man hang'd up, and all the murtherers gone,
And at my door, to lay the guilt on me?
This place was made to pleasure citizens' wives,
And not to hang up honest gentlemen.

Enter TAFFATA.

TAF. Where be these lazy knaves? some raise the house.
What meant the cry of murther? where's my love?

[1] [Edits., *buffolne.*]
[2] The lines printed in italics are taken from "The Spanish Tragedy," [v. 54.]

W. SMALL. *Come, Isabella, help me to lament,*
For sighs are stopp'd, and all my tears are spent.
These clothes I oft have seen, ay me, my friend!
Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.
CON. It shall not need; he stirs; give him breath.
W. SMALL. *Is there yet life? Horatio, my dear boy:*
Horatio, Horatio, what hast thou misdone,
To lose thy life, when life was new-begun?
BOUT. 'S heart! a man had as good be hang'd outright,
As to endure this clapping. Shame to thy sex,
Perfidious perjur'd woman, where's thy shame?
How can thy modesty forbear to blush,
And know'st I know thee an adulteress?
Have not thy vows made thee my lawful wife
Before the face of heaven? where is thy shame?
But why speak I of shame to thee, whose face
Is steel'd with custom'd sin; whose thoughts want grace,
The custom of thy sin so lulls thy sense.
Women ne'er blush, though ne'er so foul th' offence.
To break thy vow to me, and straight to wed
A doating stinkard!
W. SMALL. But hold your tongue,
Or by this light I'll truss you up again.
'Heart! rail on my wife! am I [1] a stinkard,
Or do I doat? speak such another word,
And up you truss again. Am I a stinkard?
BOUT. The knight your father is.
W. SMALL. Why, who denies it?
He supplanted [2] thee, and I supplanted him.
Come, come, you shall be friends: come, forgive her;
For by this light there is no remedy,
Unless you will betake you to my leavings.

[1] [Not in Edits.]
[2] [Edits., *supplants.*]

CON. Rather than so, I'll help you to a wife,
Rich, well-born, and by some accounted fair;
And for the worth of her virginity,
I dare presume to pawn my honesty:
What say you to Constantia Sommerfield?
W. SMALL. Dost know where she is, boy?
CON. I do; nay more,
If he but swear to embrace her constant love,
I'll fetch her to this place.
W. SMALL. He shall do it, boy.

Enter Sir OLIVER *and fiddlers.*

He shall do it, go fetch her, boy. Foot, my father.
[*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Stand to't now, old wench, stand to't now.
OLIVER. Now fresh and youthful as the month of May,
I'll bid my bride good-morrow. Musicians, on:
Lightly, lightly; and by my knighthood-spurs,
This year you shall have my protection,
And yet not buy your livery coat yourselves.
Good morrow, bride, fresh[1] as the month of May,
I come to kiss thee on thy wedding-day.
W. SMALL. Saving your tale, sir, I'll show you how
April showers bring May flowers,
So merrily sings the cuckoo.
The truth is, I have laid my knife aboard.
The widow, sir, is wedded.
OLIVER. Ha!
W. SMALL. Bedded.
OLIVER. Ha!
W. SMALL. Why, my good father, what should you do with a wife?

[1] [Edits. unnecessarily repeat *fresh*, to the injury of the metre.]

Would you be crested? Will you needs thrust your head
In one of Vulcan's helmets? Will you perforce
Wear a city cap and a court feather?

OLIVER. Villain, slave, thou hast wrong'd my wife.

W. SMALL. Not so;
Speak, my good wench, have I not done thee right?

TAF. I find no fault; and I protest, Sir Oliver,
I'd not have lost the last two hours' sleep
I had by him for all the wealth you have.

OLIVER. Villain—slave, I'll hang thee by the statute;
Thou hast two wives.

W. SMALL. Be not so furious, sir.
I have but this: the other was my whore,
Which now is married to an honest lawyer.

OLIVER. Thou villain—slave, thou hast abus'd thy father.

BOUT. "Your son, i' faith, your very son, i' faith!
The villain-boy has one trick of his sire,
Has firk'd away the wench, has pierc'd the hogs-head,
And knows by this the vintage."[1]

OLIVER. I am undone.

BOUT. You could not love the widow, but her wealth.

OLIVER. The devil take my soul, but I did love her.

TAF. That oath doth show you are a Northern knight,
And of all men alive, I'll never trust
A northern man in love.

OLIVER. And why, and why, slut?

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[1] [He quotes Sir Oliver's own words against him. See p. 314.]

TAF. Because the first word he speaks is, the devil
Take his soul; and who will give him trust,
That once has given his soul unto the devil?
W. SMALL. She says most true, father; the soul once gone,
The best part of man is gone.
TAF. And, i' faith,
If the best part of a man is gone,
The rest of the body is not worth a rush,
Though it be ne'er so handsome.

Enter LADY SOMMERFIELD, THROAT *and* BEARD *bound, and* JUSTICE TUTCHIN.

LADY SOM. Bring them away.
W. SMALL. How now?
My lawyer pinion'd! I begin to stink
Already.
LADY SOM. Cheater, my daughter!
W. SMALL. She's mad.
THROAT. My wife, sir, my wife!
W. SMALL. They're mad, stark mad:
I am sorry, sir, you have lost those happy wits,
By which you liv'd so well. The air grows cold:
Therefore I'll take my leave.
LADY SOM. So, stay him, officers.
Sir, 'tis not your tricks of wit can carry it.
Officers, attach him and this gentleman
For stealing away my heir.
W. SMALL. You do me wrong;
Heart! I never saw your heir.
THROAT. That's a lie:
You stole her, and by chance I married her.
W. SMALL. God give you joy, sir.
THROAT. Ask the butler else.
Therefore, widow, release me; for by no law,
Statute, or book-case of *Vicesimo*

Edwardi secundi, nor by the statute
Of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*,
Nor by any book-case of *decimo*
Of the late queen, am I accessory,
Part, or party-confederate, abettor,
Helper, seconder, persuader, forwarder,
Principal, or maintainer of this late theft,
But by law. I forward, and she willing,
Clapp'd up the match, and by a good statute
Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,
She is my leeful, lawful, and my true
Married wife, *teste* Lieutenant Beard.

W. SMALL. Who lives would think that you could prate so fast,
Your hands being bound behind you? foot, he talks
With as much ease, as if he were in's shirt.

OLIVER. I am witness thou hadst the heir.

JUS. TUT. So am I.

THROAT. And so is my man Dash.

BOUT. Hear me but speak;
Sit you as judges. Undo the lawyer's hands,
That he may freely act, and I'll be bound
That William Small-shanks shall put your throat to silence,
And overthrow him at his own weapon.

JUS. TUT. Agreed: take each his place, and hear the case
Argued betwixt them two.

OMNES. Agreed, agreed.

JUS. TUT. Now, Throat, or never, stretch yourself.

THROAT. Fear not.

W. SMALL. Here stand I for my client this gentleman.

THROAT. I for the widow.

W. SMALL. Begin.

THROAT. Right worshipful,
I say that William Small-shanks, madman,

Is by a statute made in Octavo
Of Richard Cordelion guilty to the law
Of felony for stealing this lady's heir.
That he stole her, the proof is most pregnant—
He brought her to my house, confessed himself
He made great means to steal her. I lik'd her,
And finding him a novice (truth to tell),
Married her myself, and (as I said),
By a statute Richardi Quarti,
She is my lawful wife.

W. SMALL. For my client
I say, the wench I brought unto your house
Was not the daughter to rich Sommerfield.

OLIVER. What proof of that?

W. SMALL. This gentleman.

THROAT. Tut, tut,
He is a party in the cause. But, sir,
If 't were not the daughter to this good widow,
Who was it? answer that.

W. SMALL. An arrant whore,
Which you have married, and she is run
Away with all your jewels—this is true;
And this Lieutenant Beard can testify:
It was the wench I kept in Hosier Lane.

BEARD. What, was it she?

W. SMALL. The very same.

JUS. TUT. Speak, sirrah Beard, if all he says be true?

BEARD. She said she was a punk, a rampant whore,
Which in her time had been the cause of parting
Some fourteen bawds; he kept her in the suburbs.
Yet I do think this wench was not the same.

BOUT. The case is clear with me.

OMNES. O strange!

THROAT. Sir, sir.
This is not true: how liv'd you in the suburbs,
And scap'd so many searches?

W. SMALL. I answer,
That most constables in our out-parishes
Are bawds themselves, by which we scap'd the searches.
OLIVER. This is most strange!
LADY SOM. What's become of this woman?
BEARD. That know not I. As I was squiring her
Along the street, Master Small-shanks set upon me,
Beat me down, and took away the maid,
Which I suppose was daughter to the widow.
W. SMALL. He lies; let me be hanged, if he lie not.
OLIVER. What confusion is this?

Enter CONSTABLE.

CON. Bring them forward.

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS *and* FRANCES.

[1] God preserve your worship. [*To* L. SOM.] And it like you, madam?
[*To* SIR O.] We were commanded by your[1] deputy
That, if we took a woman in the watch,
To bring her straight to you: and hearing there
You were come hither, hither we brought them.
OLIVER. The one is my son; I do acknowledge him.
What woman's that?
T. SMALL. The widow's daughter, sir.
W. SMALL. Blood! is he gull'd too.
T. SMALL. My brother stole her first,
Throat cosen'd him, and I had cosen'd Throat,
Had not the constable took us in the watch.
She is the widow's daughter, had I had luck.

[1] [Edits., *our*.]

THROAT. And my espoused wife.
LADY SOM. Unmask her face.
My daughter? I defy her.
W. SMALL. Your worship's wife.
THROAT. I am gull'd and abus'd; and by a statute
Of *Tricesimo* of the late Queen
I will star-chamber you all for cosenage,
And be by law divorc'd.
W. SMALL. Sir, 'twill not hold:
She's your leeful, lawful, and true-wedded wife,
Teste Lieutenant Beard.
BEARD. Was't you that brake my head?
W. SMALL. But why shouldst think much to die a cuckold,
Being born a knave? As good lawyers as you
Scorn not horns.
THROAT. I am gull'd, ay me accurs'd!
Why should the harmless men be vex'd with horns,
When women most deserve them?
W. SMALL. I'll show you, sir:
The husband is the wife's head, and, I pray,
Where should the horns stand but upon the head?
Why, wert not thou begot (thou foolish knave)
By a poor sumner on a serjeant's widow?
Wert not thou a Puritan, and put in trust
To gather relief for the distress'd Geneva[ns]?
And didst not thou leave thy poor brethren,
And run away with all the money? Speak,
Was not that thy first rising? Go,
Y' are well-coupled: by Jove, ye are. She is
But a younger sister newly come to town:
She's current metal, not a penny the worse
For a little use: whole within the ring,
By my soul.
BEARD. Will he take her, think'st thou?
BOUT. Yes, faith upon her promise of amendment.
JUS. TUT. The lawyer is gull'd.

THROAT. Am I thus over-reach'd to have a wife,
And not of the best neither?
FRANCES. Good sir, be content,
A lawyer should make all things right and straight;
All lies but in the handling; I may prove
A wife that shall deserve your best of love.
OLIVER. Take her, Throat, you have a better jewel now
Than ever. Kiss her, kiss her, man; all friends.
LADY SOM. Yet, in this happy close, I still have lost
My only daughter.
W. SMALL. Where's thy page, Boutcher?

Enter CONSTANTIA.

CON. Here I present the page: and that all doubt
May here be cleared, here in my proper shape,
That all your joys may be complete and full,
I must make one. With pardon, gentle mother,
Since all our friends so happily are met,
Here will I choose a husband: this be the man
Whom, since I left your house in shape of page,
I still have followed.
W. SMALL. Foot, would I had known so much,
I would have been bold to have lain with your page.
CON. Say, am I welcome?
BOUT. As is my life and soul.
LADY SOM. Heaven give you joy,
Since all so well succeeds, take my consent.
W. SMALL. Then are we all pair'd: I and my lass;
You and your wife; the lawyer and his wench:
And, father, fall you aboard of the widow:
But then my brother——
T. SMALL. Faith, I am a fool.

W. SMALL. That's all one: if God had not made
Some elder brothers fools, how should witty
Younger brothers be maintain'd?
Strike up, music; let's have an old song:
Since all my tricks have found so good success,
We'll sing, dance, dice, and drink down heaviness.

EPILOGUS.

Thus two hours have brought to end
What many tedious hours have penn'd:
He dares not glory nor distrust;
But he (as other writers must)
Submits the tensures[1] of his pains
To those, whose wit and nimble brains
Are able best to judge: and as for some
Who, filled with malice, hither come
To belch their poison on his labour,
Of them he doth entreat no favour;
But bids them hang or soon amend,
For worth shall still itself defend.
And for ourselves we do desire,
You'll breathe on us that glowing[2] fire,
By which in time we may obtain
Like favours which some others gain;
For be assur'd our loves shall tend
To equal theirs, if not transcend.

[1] [Exertions.] [2] [Old copies, *growing*.]

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY.

PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION.[1]

THIS is one of the MSS. plays which escaped the fatal hands of Warburton's cook, and is printed from a manuscript book of that gentleman in the Lansdowne Collection. No title page is prefixed to the manuscript, nor is the name of "The Second Maiden's Tragedy" in the same handwriting as the play. From the tenor of the licence to act, indeed, it is probable that this name was given to it by the Master of the Revels; that licence is in the following words: "This Second Maiden's Tragedy (for it hath no name inscribed) may, with the reformations, bee acted publickly. 31 October, 1611, G. Buc." Why it is called "The Second Maiden's Tragedy" does not appear; there is no trace of any drama having the title of "The First Maiden's Tragedy," and it does not bear any resemblance to the "Maid's Tragedy" of Beaumont and Fletcher. There is reason therefore to believe that the name, by which it is now known, was adopted merely for the purpose of distinguishing it from other plays licensed to be acted, as the words, "for it hath no name inscribed," can hardly be supposed to refer to the want of the author's name, which is as difficult to be ascertained as that of his play. At the back of the manuscript, it is said to be by a person whose name, on a close

[1] [This piece was first printed (very incorrectly) from Lansdowne MS., 807, in Baldwin's "Old English Drama," 1824-5, 2 vols. 12°.]

inspection, appears to have been William (afterwards altered to Thomas) Goughe. This name has been nearly obliterated, and that of "George Chapman" substituted, which in its turn has been scored through, for the purpose of making room for "Will. Shakspear." That it does not belong to Thomas Goff,[1] the author of the "Raging Turk," is abundantly obvious. He was at the time it was licensed not more than nineteen years of age, and besides was totally incapable of producing anything of the kind; nor has Chapman, in our opinion, a better title to it. Many of the scenes are distinguished by a tenderness and pathos which are not to be found in the productions of either of those authors; but although it possesses merits of no ordinary kind, it cannot be pretended that it approaches the character of the dramas of Shakespeare, whose name indeed is written in a much more modern hand. The subordinate plot is founded upon the story of the *Curious Impertinent* in "Don Quixote," from which it differs very little, except in the catastrophe. Various parts of the play have been struck out, some for the purpose of being omitted in the representation, and others, which were probably considered dangerous or offensive to royalty, apparently by Sir George Buc; for example, in the second scene of the last act, the exclamation of the Tyrant, "Your King's poisoned!" is altered to "I am poisoned;" the *propriety* of which reformation is manifest from the answer of Memphonius, viz., "The King of Heaven be praised for it!" In both cases the original text has been restored in the present publication.

[1] Mr Robert Goughe appears from the MS. to have acted the part of the Tyrant in this play. [John Gough, author of the "Strange Discovery," 1640, and, according to Bliss, editor of the "Academy of Compliments," 1640, is not known to have written so early as 1611.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

THE USURPING TYRANT.
GOVIANUS, *the deposed King.*
ANSELMUS, *his Brother.*
VOTARIUS, *the friend of Anselmus*
HELVETIUS, }
MEMPHONIUS, } *Nobles.*
SOPHONIRUS, }
BELLARIUS, *the lover of Leonella.*

THE LADY, *the Daughter of Helvetius.*
THE WIFE OF VOTARIUS.
LEONELLA, *her Woman.*

Nobles, Soldiers, and Attendants.

[1] [Not in the MS.]

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter the new usurping TYRANT; *the nobles of his faction,* MEMPHONIUS, SOPHONIRUS, HELVETIUS, *with others, the right heir* GOVIANUS, *deposed.*

TYR. Thus high, my lords, your powers and constant loves
Have fix'd our glories like unmoved stars,
That know not what it is to fall or err.
We're now the kingdom's love: and he, that was
Flatter'd awhile so, stands before us now
Readier for doom than dignity.

GOV. So much
Can the adulterate friendship of mankind,
False Fortune's sister, bring to pass in kings,
And lay usurpers sunning in their glories,
Like adders in warm beams.

TYR. There was but one,
In whom my heart took pleasure amongst women:
One in the whole creation, and in her
You dar'd to be my rival! Was't not bold?
Now we are king, she'll leave the lower path
And find the way to us. Helvetius!
It is thy daughter. Happier than a king—
And far above him, for she kneels to thee

Whom we have kneel'd to—richer in one smile
That came from her, than she in all thy blessings;
If thou be'st proud, thou art to be forgiven.
'Tis no deadly sin in thee; while she lives,
High lust is not more natural to youth
Than that to thee; be not afraid to die in't.
'Tis but the sign of joy; there is no gladness,
But has a pride it lives by; that's the oil
That feeds it into flames. Let her be sent for,
And honourably attended, as beseems
Her that we make our queen. My lords Memphonius
And Sophonirus, take into your care
The royal business of my heart; conduct her
With a respect equal with that to us—
If more, it shall be pardon'd; so still err.
You honour us, but ourself honours her.

MEM. Strange fortune! does he make his queen of her? [*Exit* MEMPH.

SOPH. I have a wife; would she were so preferr'd!
I could be but her subject, so I'm now;
I allow her her own friend to stop her mouth,
And keep her quiet, quit him his table free,
And the huge feeding of his great stone horse,
On which he rides in pomp about the city,
Only to speak to gallants in bay-windows;
Marry, his lodging he pays dearly for:
He gets me all my children, there I save by't:
Beside, I draw my life out by the bargain
Some twelve years longer than the times appointed;
When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
At one-and-thirty, and lies dead and rotten
Some five-and-forty years, before I'm coffin'd.
'Tis the right way to keep a woman honest,
One friend is barricado to a hundred,
And keeps 'em out: nay, more—a husband's sure
To have his children all of one man's getting,

And he that performs best, can have no better.
I'm e'en as happy then, that save a labour.
[*Exit* SOPHONIRUS.
TYR. Thy honours with thy daughter's love shall rise,
I shall read thy deservings in her eyes.
HEL. O, may they be eternal books of pleasure,
To show you all delight!
GOV. The loss of her sits closer to my heart
Than that of kingdom or the whorish pomp
Of this world's titles, that with flattery swells us,
And makes us die like beasts fat for destruction.
O, she's a woman, and her eye will stand
Upon advancement, never weary wonder.[1]
But when she turns her head by chance, and sees
The fortunes that are my companions,
She'll snatch her eyes off, and repent the looking.
TYR. 'Tis well-advis'd; we doom thee, Govianus,
To banishment for ever from our kingdom.
GOV. What could be worse to one whose heart is lock'd
Up in another's bosom? Banishment!
And why not death? Is that too easy for me?
TYR. But that the world would call our way to dignity
A path of blood, it should be the first act in all our reign.
GOV. She's lost for ever; farewell, virtuous men,
Too honest for your greatness! now you're mightier
Than when we knew the kingdom; your style's heavier
Than ponderous nobility. Farewell!
3D NOB. How's that, sir?
GOV. O sir! is it you?

[1] [MS. and former edit., *yonder.*]

I knew you one-and-twenty and a lord,
When your discretion[1] suck'd; is't come from nurse yet?
You scorn to be a scholar: you were born better.
You have good lands—that's the best grounds of learning.
If you can construe but your doctor's bill,
Parse your wife's waiting-women, and decline your tenants,
Till they're all beggars, with new fines and rackings;
You're scholar good enough for a lady's son,
That's born to living; if you list to read,
Ride but to th' city and bestow your looks
On the court library, the mercer's books,
They'll quickly furnish you; do but entertain
A tailor for your tutor, to expound
All the hard stuff to you, by what name and title
Soever they be call'd.

3D NOB. I thank you, sir.

GOV. 'Tis happy you have learnt so much manners,
Since you have so little wit. Fare you well, sir!

TYR. Let him be stay'd awhile!

4TH NOB. Stay!

3D NOB. You must stay, sir.

GOV. He's not so honest, sure, to change his mind,
Revoke his doom; hell has more hope on him.

TYR. We have not ended yet, the worst part's coming,
Thy banishment were gentle, were that all;
But, to afflict thy soul before thou goest,
Thou shalt behold the heav'n that thou must lose
In her that must be mine.
Then to be banish'd, then to be depriv'd,
Shows the full torment we provide for thee.

[1] [So MS. The former edit. printed *destruction*.]

GOV. He's a right tyrant now, he will not bate me
Th' affliction of my soul; he'll have all parts

Enter the LADY *clad in black, with attendants.*

Suffer together; now I see my loss:
I never shall recover 't; my mind's beggar'd.
TYR. Whence rose that cloud? Can such a thing be seen
In honour's glorious day, the sky so clear?
Why mourns the kingdom's mistress? Does she come
To meet advancement in a funeral garment?
Back! [*To the attendants.*] She forgot herself, 'twas too much joy,
That bred this error, and we heartily pardon't.
Go, bring her hither like an illustrious bride
With her best beams about her; let her jewels
Be worth ten cities: that beseems our mistress,
And not a widow's case—a suit to weep in.
LADY. I am not to be alter'd.
TYR. How!
LADY. I have a mind
That must be shifted, ere I cast off these,
Or I shall wear strange colours. 'Tis not titles,
Nor all the bastard honours of this frame,
That I am taken with; I come not hither
To please the eye of glory, but of goodness,
And that concerns[1] not you, sir; you're for greatness.
I dare not deal with you: I have found my match,
And I will never lose him.
GOV. If there be man
Above a king in fortunes, read my story,
And you shall find him there. Farewell, poor kingdom!
Take it to help thee; thou hast need on't now;

[1] [Former edit. reads, with the MS., *concern'd.*]

I see thee in distress, more miserable
Than some thou lay'st taxations on, poor subjects
Thou'rt all beset with storms, more overcast
Than ever any man that brightness flatter'd.
'Tis only wretchedness to be there with thee,
And happiness to be here.

TYR. Sure, some dream crown'd me,
If it were possible to be less than nothing,
I wake the man you seek for. There's the kingdom
Within yon valley fix'd; while I stand here,
Kissing false hopes upon a frozen mountain
Without the confines. I am he, that's banish'd;
The king walks yonder, chose by her affections,
Which is the surer side; for when she goes,
Her eye removes the court; what is he here
Can spare a look? They're all employed on her.
Helvetius!—thou art not worth the waking neither;
I lose but time in thee; go, sleep again—
Like an old man, thou can'st do nothing;
Thou tak'st no pains at all to earn thine honours;
Which way shall we be able to pay thee
To thy content, when we receive not ours?
The master of the work must needs decay,
When he wants means, and sees his servants play.

HEL. [*To his Daughter.*] Have I bestowed so many blessings on thee,
And do they all return to me in curses?
Is that the use I've for them? be not to me
A burden ten times heavier than my years!
Thou'dst wont to be kind to me and observe,
What I thought pleasing; go, entreat the king!

LADY. I will do more for you, sir, you're my father;
I'll kiss him too. [*She kisses* GOVIANUS.

HEL. How am I dealt withal?

LADY. Why, that's the usurper, sir, this is the king;
I happen'd righter than you thought I had;

And were all kingdoms of the earth his own,
As sure as this is not, and this dear gentleman
As poor as virtue and almost as friendless,
I would not change this misery for that sceptre,
Wherein I'd part with him ; sir, be cheerful,
'Tis not the reeling fortune of great state
Or low condition, that I cast mine eye at,
It is the man I seek, the rest I lose,
As things unworthy to be kept or noted;
Fortunes are but the outsides of true worth,
It is the mind that sets his master forth.

TYR. Have there so many bodies been hewn down,
Like trees, in progress to cut out a way
That was ne'er known, for us and our affections,
And is our game [1] so cross'd ? There stands the first
Of all her kind, that e'er refused greatness !
A [2] woman to set light by sovereignty !
What age can bring her forth, and bide that shock ! [3]
'Tis their desire most commonly to rule
More than their part comes to—sometimes their husbands.

HEL. 'Tis in your pow'r, my lord, to force her to you,
And pluck her from his arms.

TYR. Thou talk'st unkindly ;
That had been done, before thy thought begot it,
If my affection could be so hard-hearted,
To stand upon such payment ; it must come
Gently and kindly, like a debt of love,
Or 'tis not worth receiving. [*Aside to* HELVETIUS.
Gov. Now, usurper !

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[1] [So MS. Former edit., *gain.*]

[2] [This and the next three lines have been lightly struck through in the MS.]

[3] [MS. and former edit. have *hide—book*, which appears to be nonsense; nor is the text, as amended, satisfactory.]

I wish no happier freedom than the banishment
That thou hast laid upon me.

TYR. O! he kills me
At mine own weapon; 'tis I that live in exile,
Should she forsake the land; I'll feign some cause
Far from the grief itself, to call it back.—
[*Aside to* GOVIANUS.
That doom of banishment was but lent to thee
To make a trial of thy factious spirit,
Which flames in thy desire; thou wouldst be gone?
There is some combination betwixt thee
And foreign plots; thou hast some powers to raise,
Which to prevent thy banishment we revoke,
Confine thee to thy house nearest the court,
And place a guard about thee. Lord Memphonius,
See it effected.

MEM. With best care, my lord.

GOV. Confine me? here's my liberty in mine arms,
I wish no better to bring me content,
Lovers' best freedom is imprisonment.
[*Exeunt* LADY *and* GOVIANUS.

TYR. Methinks the day e'en darkens at her absence,
I stand as in a shade, when a great cloud
Muffles the sun, whose beauties shine far off
On tow'rs and mountains; but I keep the vallies,
The place that is last serv'd.

HEL. My lord!
[TYRANT *and* HELVETIUS *converse apart.*

TYR. Your reason, sir?

HEL. Your Grace is mild to all but your own bosom;
They should have both been sent to several prisons,
And not committed to each other's arms.
There's a hot durance: he'll ne'er wish more freedom.

TYR. 'Tis true; let 'em be both forc'd back!
[*To the Officers.*
Stay, we command you.
Thou talk'st not like a statesman; had my wrath
Took hold of such extremity at first,
They'd liv'd suspectful still, warn'd by their fears,
When now, that liberty makes them more secure,
I'll take them at my pleasure; it gives thee
Freer access to play the father for us,
And ply her to our will.
Nay, more: to vex his soul, give command straight
They be divided into several rooms,
Where he may only have a sight of her
To his mind's torment, but his arms and lips
Lock'd up, like felons, from her.
HEL. Now you win me.
I like that cruelty passing well, my lord.
TYR. Give order with all speed.
HEL. Though I be old,
I need no spur, my lord; honour pricks me.
I do beseech your majesty, look cheerful,
You shall not want content, if it be lock'd
In any blood of mine; the key's your own.
You shall command the wards.
TYR. Say'st thou so, sir?
I were ungrateful, then, should I see thee
Want power, that provides content for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter L. ANSELMUS, *the deposed King's brother, with his friend* VOTARIUS.

VOT. Pray, sir, confine your thoughts and excuse me,
Methinks the depos'd king your brother's sorrow,
Should find you business enough.

ANS. How, Votarius!
Sorrow for him? weak ignorance talks not like thee.
Why, he was never happier.
VOT. Pray, prove that, sir.
ANS. He's lost the kingdom, but his mind's restor'd;
Which is the larger empire? prythee, tell me:
Dominions have their limits; the whole earth
Is but a prisoner, as[1] the sea her jailor,
That with a silver hoop locks in her body.
They're fellow-prisoners, though the sea looks bigger,
Because it is in office; and pride swells him.
But the unbounded kingdom of the mind
Is as unlimitable as heav'n, that glorious court of spirits.
Sir, if thou lov'st me, turn thine eye to me,
And look not after him that needs thee not:
My brother's well-attended; peace and pleasure
Are never from his sight; he has his mistress.
She brought those servants, and bestow'd them on him;
But who brings mine?
VOT. Had you not both long since
By a kind worthy lady, your chaste wife?
ANS. That's it that I take pains with thee to be sure of.
What true report can I send to my soul
Of that I know not? We must only think
Our ladies are good people, and so live with 'em:
A fine security for them! our own thoughts
Make the best fools of us: next to them, our wives.
But say she's all chaste, yet is that her goodness?
What labour is't for woman to keep constant,
That's never tried or tempted? Where's her fight?

[1] [The MS. reads *nor*, with the edition of 1824.]

The war's within her breast, her honest anger
Against the impudence of flesh and hell:
So let me know the lady of my rest,
Or I shall never sleep well; give not me
The thing that is thought good, but what's approv'd so.
So wise men choose. O, what a lazy virtue
Is chastity in a woman, if no sin
Should lay temptation to't! prythee, set to her,
And bring my peace along with thee.

VOT. You put to me
A business that will do my words more shame,
Than ever they got honour among women.
Lascivious courtings among sinful mistresses
Come ever seasonable, please best.
But let the boldest ruffian touch the ear
Of modest ladies with adulterous sounds,
Their very looks confound him, and force grace
Into that cheek, where impudence sets her seal;
That work is never undertook with courage,
That makes his master blush. However, sir,
What profit can return to you by knowing
That which you do already with more toil?
Must a man needs, in having a rich diamond,
Put it between a hammer and an anvil,
And not believing the true worth and value,
Break it in pieces to find out the goodness,
And in the finding lose it? Good sir, think on't—
Nor does it taste of wit to try their strengths
That are created sickly, nor of manhood.
We ought not to put blocks in women's ways,
For some too often fall upon plain ground.
Let me dissuade you, sir!

ANS. Have I a friend,
And has my love so little interest in him,
That I must trust some stranger with my heart,
And go to seek him out!

VOT. Nay, hark you, sir!

I am so jealous of your weaknesses,
That rather than you should lie prostituted
Before a stranger's triumph, I would venture
A whole hour's shaming for you.
ANS. Be worth thy word then.

Enter WIFE.

Yonder she comes. I'll have an ear to you both;
I love to have such things at the first hand.
[*Aside and Exit.*
VOT. I'll put him off with somewhat; guile in this
Falls in with honest dealing. O, who would move
Adultery to yon face! so rude a sin
May not come near the meekness of her eye;
My client's cause looks so dishonestly,
I'll ne'er be seen to plead in't. [*Aside.*
WIFE. What, Votarius!
VOT. Good morrow, virtuous madam.
WIFE. Was my Lord
Seen lately here?
VOT. He's newly walked forth, lady.
WIFE. How was he attended.
VOT. Faith, I think with none, madam.
WIFE. That sorrow for the king his brother's fortune
Prevails too much with him, and leads him strangely
From company and delight.
VOT. How she's beguiled in him!
There's no such natural touch, search all his bosom. [*Aside.*
That grief's too bold with him, indeed, sweet madam,
And draws him from the pleasure of his time,
But 'tis a business of affection,
That must be done. We owe a pity, madam,
To all men's misery, but especially

To those afflictions that claim kindred of us;
We're forc'd to feel 'em; all compassion else
Is but a work of charity: this of nature,
And ties our pity in a bond of blood.

WIFE. Yet there is a date set to all sorrows;
Nothing is everlasting in this world.
Your counsel will prevail: persuade him, good sir,
To fall into life's happiness again,
And leave the desolate path. I want his company.
He walks at midnight in thick shady woods,
Where scarce the moon is starlight; I have watch'd him
In silent nights, when all the earth was dress'd
Up like a virgin, in white innocent beams:
Stood in my window, cold and thinly clad,
T' observe him through the bounty of the moon,
That liberally bestow'd her graces on me,
And when the morning dew began to fall,
Then was my time to weep; h' has lost his kindness,
Forgot the way of wedlock, and become
A stranger to the joys and rites of love.
He's not so good as a lord ought to be.
Pray tell him so from me, sir. [*Exit* WIFE.

VOT. That will I, madam.
Now must I dress a strange dish for his honour.

ANS. Call you this courting? 'life! not one word near it.
There was no syllable but was twelve score off.
My faith, [a] hot temptation! woman's chastity
In such a conflict had great need of one
To keep the bridge; 'twas dangerous for the time.
Why, what fantastic faiths are in these days
Made without substance; whom should a man trust
In matters about love?

VOT. Mass! here he comes too.

Enter ANSELMUS.

ANS. How now, Votarius! what's the news for us?

VOT. You set me to a task, sir, that will find
Ten ages work enough, and then unfinish'd.
Bring sin before her! why, it stands more quaking,
Than if a judge should frown on't; three such fits
Would shake it into goodness, and quite beggar
The under kingdom. Not the art of man,
Woman, or devil—

ANS. O, peace, man! prythee, peace!—

VOT. Can make her fit for lust.

ANS. Yet again, sir?
Where lives that mistress of thine, Votarius?
That taught thee to dissemble: I'd fain learn.
She makes good scholars.

VOT. How, my lord!

ANS. Thou art the son of falsehood: prythee, leave me.
How truly constant, charitable and helpful
Is woman unto woman in affairs,
That touch affection and the peace of spirit!
But man to man how crooked and unkind!
I thank my jealousy, I heard thee all,
For I heard nothing: now thou'rt sure I did.

VOT. Now, by this light, then, wipe but off this score,
Since you're so bent, and if I ever run
In debt again to falsehood and dissemblance,
For want of better means, tear the remembrance of me
From your best thoughts.

ANS. For thy vows' sake, I pardon thee.
Thy oath is now sufficient watch itself
Over thy actions: I discharge my jealousy:
I've no more use for't now; to give thee way,
I'll have an absence made purposely for thee,

And presently take horse. I'll leave behind me
An opportunity, that shall fear no starting,
Let but thy pains deserve it.

VOT. I am bound to't.

ANS. For a small time farewell, then. Hark thee! [ANSELMUS *whispers to him; and Exit.*

VOT. O good sir!

It will do wondrous well. What a wild seed
Suspicion sows in him, and takes small ground for't!
How happy were this lord, if he would leave
To tempt his fate, and be resolved he were so!
He would be but too rich.
Man has some enemy still, that keeps him back
In all his fortunes, and his mind it is;[1]
And that's a mighty adversary. I had rather
Have twenty kings my enemies than that part.
For let me be at war with earth and hell,
So that be friends with me. I've sworn to make
A trial of her faith; I must put on
A brazen face, and do't—

Enter WIFE.

Mine own will shame me.

WIFE. This is most strange of all! how one distraction
Seconds another!

VOT. What's the news, sweet madam?

WIFE. He's took his horse, but left his leave untaken.
What should I think on't, sir? did ever lord
Depart so rudely from his lady's presence!

VOT. Did he forget your lip?

WIFE. He forgot all,
That nobleness remembers.

VOT. I'm asham'd of him.

[1] [MS. and former edit., *is his.*]

Let me help, madam, to repair his manners,
And mend that unkind fault.
WIFE. Sir! pray, forbear!
You forget worse than he.
VOT. So virtue save me,
I have enough already. [*Aside.*
WIFE. 'Tis himself
Must make amends, good sir, for his own faults.
VOT. I would he'd do't then, and ne'er trouble me in't; [*Aside.*
But, madam, you perceive he takes the course
To be far off from that, he's rode from home;
But his unkindness stays, and keeps with you;
Let who will please his wife, he rides his horse:
That's all the care he takes. I pity you, madam,
You've an unpleasing lord; would 'twere not so;
I should rejoice with you.
You're young; the very spring's upon you now.
The roses on your cheeks are but new-blown.
Take you together, you're a pleasant garden,
Where all the sweetness of man's comfort breathes.
But what is it to be a work of beauty,
And want the part, that should delight in you.
You still retain your goodness in yourself,
But then you lose your glory, which is all.
The grace of every benefit is the use,
And is't not pity you should want your grace?
Look you like one, whose lord should walk in groves
About the place[1] of midnight? Alas! madam,
'Tis to me wondrous, how you should spare the day
From amorous clips, much less the general season,
When all the world's a gamester!
That face deserves a friend of heart and spirit,
Discourse and motion, indeed such a one
That should observe you, madam, without ceasing,
And not a weary lord.

[1] [Former edit., *peace.*]

WIFE. Sure, I was married, sir,
In a dear year of love; when scarcity
And famine of affection vex'd poor ladies,
Which makes my heart so needy, it ne'er knew
Plenty of comfort yet.
VOT. Why, that's your folly,
To keep your mind so miserably, madam:
Change into better times, I'll lead you to 'em.
What bounty shall your friend expect for this?
O you, that can be hard to your own heart,
How would you use your friend's? If I thought, kindly,
I'd be the man myself should serve your pleasure.
WIFE. How, sir!
VOT. Nay, and ne'er miss you too. I'd not come sneaking
Like a retainer once a week or so,
To show myself before you for my livery;
I'd follow business like a household servant,
Carry my work before me, and despatch
Before my lord be up, and make no words on't—
The sign of a good servant.
WIFE. 'Tis not friendly done, sir,
To take a lady at advantage thus;
Set all her wrongs before her, and then tempt her.
VOT. Heart! I grow fond myself! 'twas well she wak'd me,
Before the dead sleep of adultery took me;
'Twas stealing on me; up, you honest thoughts,
And keep watch for your master! I must hence;
I do not like my health, 't has a strange relish;
Pray heav'n I pluck'd mine eyes back time enough.
I'll never see her more: I prais'd the garden,
But little thought a bed of snakes lay hid in't.
[*Aside, as he is retiring.*
WIFE. I know not how I am! I'll call my woman—
Stay! for I fear thou art too far gone already.

VOT. I'll see her but once more; do thy worst, love!
Thou art too young, fond boy, to master me.
[*Aside.*

VOTARIUS *returns.*

I come to tell you, madam, and that plainly,
I'll see your face no more, take't how you please.
WIFE. You will not offer violence to me, sir,
In my lord's absence? what, does that touch you,
If I want comfort?
VOT. Will you take your answer?
WIFE. It is not honest in you to tempt woman;
When her distresses take away her strength.
How is she able to withstand her enemy?
VOT. I would fain leave your sight, an' I could possibly.
WIFE. What is't to you, good sir, if I be pleased
To weep myself away; and run thus violently
Into the arms of death, and kiss destruction:
Does this concern you now?
VOT. Ay, marry, does it.
What serve these arms for, but to pluck you back?
These lips but to prevent all other tasters,
And keep that cup of nectar for themselves?
I'm [1] beguil'd again, forgive me, heaven?
My lips have been naught with her,
I will be master once, and whip the boy
Home to his mother's lap. [*Aside.*] Fare, fare thee well! [*Exit* VOTARIUS.
WIFE. Votarius! Sir! my friend!—thank heaven, he's gone.
And he shall never come so near again,
I'll have my frailty watch'd ever; henceforward

[1] [The metre halts much here, in consequence of alterations having been made, and passages scored out, without proper care.]

I'll no more trust it single ; it betrays me
Into the hands of folly. Where's my woman ?

Enter LEONELLA.

My trusty Leonella !
LEO. Call you, madam ?
WIFE. Call I ? I want attendance, where are you ?
LEO. Never far from you, madam.
WIFE. Pray be nearer,
Or there is some that will, and thank you too,
Nay, perhaps bribe you to be absent from me.
LEO. How, madam ?
WIFE. Is that strange to a lady's woman,
There are such things i' the world, many such buyers
And sellers of a woman's name and honour,
Though you be young in bribes, and never came
To the flesh market yet. Beshrew your heart
For keeping so long from me !
LEO. What ail you, madam ?
WIFE. Somewhat commands me, and takes all the power
Of myself from me.
LEO. What should that be, lady ?
WIFE. When did you see Votarius ?
LEO. Is that next ?
Nay, then I have your ladyship in the wind.
[*Aside.*
I saw him lately, madam.
WIFE. Whom didst see ?
LEO. Votarius.
WIFE. What have I to do with him
More than another man ? Say he be fair,
And has parts proper both of mind and body,
You praise him but in vain in telling me so.

LEO. Yes, madam; are you prattling in your sleep?
'Tis well my lord and you lie in two beds. [*Aside.*

WIFE. I was ne'er so ill. I thank you, Leonella,
My negligent woman, here you show'd your service!

LEO. Have I power or means to stop a sluice
At a high water? what would sh' have me do in't?
[*Aside.*

WIFE. I charge thee, while thou liv'st with me henceforward,
Use not an hour's absence from my sight.
[*Exit* LADY.

LEO. By my faith, madam, you shall pardon me;
I have a love of mine own to look to,
And he must have his breakfast.

Enter BELLARIUS, *muffled in his cloak.*

BEL. Leonella?

LEO. Come forth, and show yourself a gentleman,
Although most commonly they hide their heads,
As you do there, methinks! And why a taffaty muffler?
Show your face, man! I'm not asham'd on you.

BEL. I fear the servants.

LEO. And they fear their mistress, and ne'er think on you,
Their thoughts are upon dinner and great dishes.
If one thing hap—impossible to fail too
(I can see so far in't)—you shall walk boldly, sir,
And openly in view through every room
About the house; and let the proudest meet thee,
I charge you give no way to 'em.

BEL. How thou talk'st!

LEO. I can avoid the fool, and give you reason for't.

BEL. 'Tis more than I should do, if I asked more
On thee. I prythee, tell me how?
LEO. With ease, i' faith, sir,
My lady's heart is wondrous busy, sir!
About the entertainment of a friend too,
And she and I must bear with one another,
Or we shall make but a mad-house betwixt us.
BEL. I'm bold to throw my cloak off at this news,
Which I ne'er durst before, and kiss thee freelier.
What is he, sirrah?
LEO. Faith, an indifferent fellow
With good long legs, a near friend of my lord's.
BEL. A near friend of my lady's, you would say;
His name, I prythee?
LEO. One Votarius, sir.
BEL. What say'st thou?
LEO. He walks under the same title.
BEL. The only enemy that my life can show me.
LEO. Your enemy? Let my spleen then alone with him.
Stay you your anger: I'll confound him for you.
BEL. As how, I prythee?
LEO. I'll prevent his venery;
He shall ne'er lie with my lady.
BEL. Troth, I thank you.
Life! that's the way to save him; art thou mad?
Whereas the other way he confounds himself,
And lies more naked to revenge and mischief.
LEO. Then let him lie with her, and the devil go with him,
He shall have all my furtherance.
BEL. Why, now you pray heartily and speak to purpose. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.,[1] SCENE 1.

Enter the LADY OF GOVIANUS *with a Servant.*

LADY. Who is't would speak with us?
SERV. My lord your father.
LADY. Pray make haste; he waits too long.
Entreat him hither. In despite of all
[*Exit Servant.*
The tyrant's cruelties, we have got the[2] friendship
E'en of the guard that he has plac'd about us,
My lord and I have free access together,
As much as I would ask of liberty;
They'll trust us largely now, and keep sometimes
Three hours from us, a rare courtesy
In jailers' children; some mild news, I hope,
Comes with my father.

Enter HELVETIUS.

No, his looks are sad;
There is some further tyranny; let it fall!
Our constant sufferings shall amaze it all.
[*She kneels.*
HEL. Rise.
I will not bless thee: thy obedience
Is after custom, as most rich men pray,
Whose saint is only fashion and vainglory;
So 'tis with thee in thy dissembled duty,
There's no religion in't, no reverent love:
Only for fashion and the praise of men.
LADY. Why should you think so, sir?

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[1] The beginning of this act, down to the line *Comes with my father*, is inserted, like some other passages further on, on a separate slip in the MS., as if it were an afterthought.]
[2] The MS. reads *that*.]

HEL. Think? I know't and see't.
I'll sooner give my blessing to a drunkard,
Whom the ridiculous power of wine makes humble,
As foolish use makes thee. Base-spirited girl,
That can'st not think above disgrace and beggary,
When glory is set for thee and thy seed,
Advancement for thy father, beside joy
Able to make a latter spring in me
In this my fourscore-summer, and renew me
With a reversion yet of heat and youth!
But the dejection of thy mind and spirit
Makes me (thy father) guilty of a fault
That draws thy birth in question, and e'en wrongs
Thy mother in her ashes, being at peace
With heav'n and man. Had not her life and virtues
Been seals unto her faith, I should think thee now
The work of some hir'd servant, some house-tailor,
And no one part of my endeavour in thee.
Had I neglected greatness; or not rather
Pursu'd ['t] almost to my eternal hazard,
Thou'dst ne'er been a lord's daughter!

LADY. Had I been
A shepherd's, I'd been happier and more peaceful.

HEL. Thy very seed will curse thee in thy age,
When they shall hear the story of thy weakness:
How in thy youth thy fortunes tender'd thee
A kingdom for thy servant, which thou left'st
Basely to serve thyself; what dost thou in this,
But merely cosen thy posterity
Of royalty and succession, and thyself
Of dignity present?

LADY. Sir, your king did well
'Mongst all his nobles to pick out yourself,
And send you with these words: his politic grace
Knew what he did, for well he might imagine
None else should have been heard; they'd had their answer,

Before the question had been half-way through.
But, dearest sir, I owe to you a reverence,
A debt which both begins and ends with life:
Never till then discharg'd, 'tis so long lasting.
Yet could you be more precious than a father,
(Which next a husband is the richest treasure
Mortality can show us) you should pardon me,
And yet confess too that you found me kind
To hear your words, though I withstood your mind.

HEL. Say you so, daughter? Troth, I thank you kindly.

I am in hope to rise well by your means,
Or you to raise yourself; we're both beholding to you.
Well, since I cannot win you, I commend you:
I praise your constancy, and pardon you.
Take Govianus to you, make the most of him,
Pick out your husband there, so you'll but grant me
One light request that follows.

LADY. Heaven forbid else, sir!

HEL. Give me the choosing of your friend, that's all.

LADY. How, sir, my friend?—a light request indeed!

Somewhat too light, sir, either for my wearing
Or your own gravity, an' you look on't well!

HEL. Pish! Talk like a woman, girl, not like a fool!

Thou knowest the end of greatness, and hast wit
Above the flight of twenty feather'd mistresses,
That glister in the sun of princes' favours.
Thou hast discourse in thee fit for a king's fellowship,
A princely carriage and astonishing presence.
What should a husband do with all this goodness?
Alas! one end on't is too much for him,
Nor is it fit a subject should be master

Of such a jewel. 'Tis in the king's power
To take it for the forfeit; but I come
To bear thee gently to his bed of honours,
All force forgotten. The king commends him to thee
With more than the humility of a servant,
That since thou wilt not yield to be his queen,
Be yet his mistress; he shall be content
With that or nothing—he shall ask no more;
And with what easiness that is perform'd.
Most of you women know, having a husband.
That kindness costs thee nothing, you've that in,
All over and above to your first bargain,
And that's a brave advantage for a woman,
If she be wise, as I suspect not thee.
And having youth and beauty, and a husband,
Thou'st all the wish of woman. Take thy time, then:
Make thy best market.

LADY. Can you assure me, sir,
Whether my father spake this, or some spirit
Of evil-wishing, that has for a time
Hir'd his voice of him to beguile me that way,
Presuming on his power and my obedience?
I'd gladly know, that I might frame an answer
According to the speaker.

HEL. How now, baggage!
Am I in question with thee? Does thy scorn cast
So thick an ignorance before thine eyes,
That I'm forgotten too? Who is't speaks to thee,
But I, thy father?

Enter GOVIANUS, *discharging a pistol.*

GOV. The more monstrous he!
[HELVETIUS *falls.*
Art down but with the bare voice of my fury?
Up, ancient sinner! thou'rt but mock'd with death,

I miss'd thee purposely, thank this dear creature.
O, hadst thou been anything beside her father,
I'd made a fearful reparation [1] on thee;
I would have sent thy soul to a darker prison
Than any made of clay, and thy dead body
As a token to the lustful king thy master.
Art thou struck down so soon with the short sound
Of this small earthly instrument, and dost thou
So little fear the eternal noise of hell?
What's she? Does she not bear thy daughter's name?
How stirs thy blood, sir? Is there a dead feeling
Of all things fatherly and honest in thee?
Say, thou couldst be content, for greatness' sake,
To end the last act of thy life in pandrism,
Must it needs follow that unmanly sin
Can work upon the weakness of no woman
But her, whose name and honour natural love
Bids thee preserve more charily than eyesight,
Health, or thy senses? Can promotion's thirst
Make such a father? turn a grave old lord
To a white-headed squire? make him so base
To buy his honours with his daughter's soul
And the perpetual shaming of his blood?
Hast thou the leisure, thou forgetful man,
To think upon advancement at these years?
What wouldst thou do with greatness? dost thou hope
To fray death with't? or hast thou that conceit,
That honour will restore thy youth again?
Thou art but mock'd, old fellow! 'tis not so;
Thy hopes abuse thee, follow thine own business.
And list not to the syren of the world.
Alas! thou hadst more need kneel at an altar
Than to a chair of state,
And search thy conscience for thy sins of youth:
That's work enough for age, it needs no greater.

[1] [Former edit., *separation*.]

Thou'rt call'd within, thy very eyes look inward,
To teach thy thoughts the way; and thy affections
But miserable notes that conscience sings,
That cannot truly pray for flattering kings.

HEL. This was well-search'd indeed, and without favouring;
Blessing reward thee! such a wound as mine
Did need a pitiless surgeon. Smart on, soul!
Thou'lt feel the less hereafter. Sir, I thank you,
I ever saw myself in a false glass
Until this friendly hour. With what fair faces
My sins would look on me! but now truth shows 'em,
How loathsome and how monstrous are their forms!
Be you my king and master still! henceforward
My knee shall know no other earthly lord.
Well may I spend this life to do you service,
That sets my soul in her eternal path!

GOV. Rise, rise, Helvetius!

HEL. I'll see both your hands
Set to my pardon first.

GOV. Mine shall bring her's.

LADY. Now, sir, I honour you for your goodness chiefly,
You're my most worthy father, you speak like him;
The first voice was not his; my joy and reverence
Strive which should be most seen; let our hands, sir,
Raise you from earth thus high, and may it prove
[*They raise him up.*
The first ascent of your immortal rising,
Never to fall again!

HEL. A spring of blessings
Keep ever with thee, and the fruit thy lord's!

GOV. I have lost an enemy, and have found a father. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VOTARIUS, *sadly.*

VOT. All's gone; there's nothing but the prodigal left;
I have played away my soul at one short game,
Where e'en the winner loses.
Pursuing sin, how often did I shun thee!
How swift art thou afoot, beyond man's goodness,
Which has a lazy pace! so was I catch'd—
A curse upon the cause; man in these days
Is not content to have his lady honest,
And so rest pleased with her without more toil,
But he must have her try'd, forsooth, and tempted;
And when she proves a quean, then he lies quiet,
Like one that has a watch of curious making,
Thinking to be more cunning than the workman,
Never gives over tampering with the wheels,
'Till either spring be weaken'd, balance bow'd,
Or some wrong pin put in, and so spoils all.
How I could curse myself! most business else
Delights in the despatch, that's the best grace to't,
Only this work of blind repented lust
Hangs shame and sadness on his master's cheek:
Yet wise men take no warning.

Enter WIFE.

Nor can I now:
Her very sight strikes my repentance backward.
It cannot stand against her. Chamber-thoughts
And words that have sport in 'em—they're for ladies!

WIFE. My best and dearest servant!

VOT. Worthiest mistress.

Enter LEONELLA.

Madam——

WIFE. Who's that? my woman—
Proceed, sir——

LEO. Not if you love your honour, madam,
I came to give you warning my lord's come——
VOT. How!
WIFE. My lord?
LEO. Alas! poor vessels, how this tempest tosses 'em,
They're driven both asunder in a twinkling.
Down goes the sails here, and the main-mast yonder,
Here rides a bark with better fortune: yet
I fear no tossing, come what weather will,
I have a trick to hold on water still. [*Aside.*
VOT. His very name shoots like a fever through me,
Now hot, now cold: which cheek shall I turn toward him,
For fear he should read guiltiness in my looks?
I would he would keep from hence, like a wise man:
'Tis no place for him now; I would not see him
Of any friend alive! it is not fit
We two should come together, we have abus'd
Each other mightily; he used me ill
T'employ me thus, and I have used him worse;
I'm too much even with him——

Enter ANSELMUS.

Yonder's a sight of him.
WIFE. My lov'd and honour'd lord? Most welcome, sir.
LEO. O, there's a kiss! methinks my lord might taste
Dissimulation rank in't, if he had wit.
He takes but of the breath of his friend's life,
A second kiss is hers, but that she keeps
For her first friend: we women have no cunning!
[*Aside.*
WIFE. You parted strangely from me.

ANS. That's forgotten!
Votarius, I make speed to be in thine arms.
VOT. You never come too soon, sir.
ANS. How goes business? [*Aside.*]
VOT. Pray, think upon some other subject, sir.
What news at court?
ANS. Pish! answer me. [*Aside.*]
VOT. Alas! sir, would you have me work my wonders,
To strike fire out of ye? y' are a strange lord, sir:
Put me to possible things, and find 'em finish'd
At your return to me; I can say no more. [*Aside.*]
ANS. I see by this thou didst not try her throughly. [*Aside.*]
VOT. How, sir, not throughly! by this light, he lives not,
That could make trial of a woman better. [*Aside.*]
ANS. I fear thou wast too slack. [*Aside.*]
VOT. Good faith, you wrong me, sir.
She never found it so. [*Aside.*]
ANS. Then I've a jewel,
And nothing shall be thought too precious for her.
I may advance my forehead, and breathe[1] purely:
Methinks I see her worth with clear eyes now.
O, when a man's opinion is at peace,
'Tis a fine life to marry! no state's like it. [*Aside.*]
My worthy lady, freely I confess
To thy wrong'd heart my passion had a-late
Put rudeness on me, which I now put off:
I will no more seem so unfashionable
For pleasure and the chamber of a lady.
WIFE. I'm glad you're chang'd so well, sir.
[*Exeunt* WIFE *and* ANSELMUS.
VOT. Thank himself for't.
LEO. This comes like physic, when the party's dead.

[1] [MS. reads *boast.*]

Flows kindness now, when 'tis so ill-deserv'd?
This is the fortune still: well, for this trick
I'll save my husband and his friend a labour:
I'll never marry as long as I am honest,
For commonly queans have the kindest husbands.
[*Exit* LEONELLA, *manet* VOTARIUS.

VOT. I do not like his company now, 'tis irksome:
His eye offends me; methinks it is not kindly,
We two should live together in one house;
And 'tis impossible to remove me hence:
I must not give way first, she is my mistress,
And that's a degree kinder than a wife;
Women are always better to their friends
Than to their husbands, and more true to them;
Then let the worst give place, whom she's least need on—
He that can best be spar'd—and that's her husband.
I do not like his overboldness with her;
He's too familiar with the face I love.
I fear the sickness of affection;
I feel a grudging on't: I shall grow jealous
E'en of that pleasure which she has by law.
I shall go so near with her;—

Enter BELLARIUS, *passing over the stage.*

Ha! what's he!
'Tis Bellarius, my rank enemy;
Mine eye snatch'd so much sight of him. What's his business?
His face half-darkened: stealing through the house
With a whoremaster's pace—I like it not.
This lady will be serv'd, like a great woman,
With more attendants, I perceive, than one.
She has her shift of friends—my enemy one!

Do we both shun each other's company
In all assemblies public, at all meetings,
And drink to one another in one mistress?
My very thought's my poison; 'tis high time
To seek for help. Where is our head physician,
A doctor of my making and that lecher's?
O woman! when thou once leav'st to be good,
Thou car'st not who stands next thee; every sin
Is a companion for thee: for thy once-crack'd honesty
Is like the breaking of whole money:
It never comes to good, but wastes away.

Enter ANSELMUS.

ANS. Votarius!
VOT. Ha!
ANS. We miss'd you, sir, within.
VOT. I miss'd you more without. Would you had come sooner, sir!
ANS. Why, what's the business?
VOT. You should have seen a fellow,
A common bawdy-house ferret, one Bellarius,
Steal through this room, his whorish barren face
Three quarters muffled: he is somewhere hid
About the house, sir.
ANS. Which way took the villain,
That marriage felon—one that robs the mind
Twenty times worse than any highway-striker,
Speak, which way took he?
VOT. Marry, my lord, I think,—
Let me see, which way wast now? up yon stairs——
ANS. The way to chamb'ring; did not I say still
All thy temptations were too faint and lazy;
Thou didst not play 'em home.
VOT. To tell you true, sir,
I found her yielding, 'ere I left her last,
And wav'ring in her faith.

ANS. Did not I think so?
VOT. That makes me suspect him.
ANS. Why, partial man,
Couldst thou hide this from me, so dearly sought for,
And rather waste thy pity upon her?
Thou'rt not so kind as my heart prais'd thee to me. Hark!
VOT. 'Tis his footing, certain.
ANS. Are you chamber'd?
I'll fetch you from aloft. [*Exit* ANSELMUS.
VOT. He takes my work,
And toils to bring me ease: this use I'll make of him;
His care shall watch to keep all strange thieves out,
Whilst I familiarly go in and rob him,
Like one that knows the house.
But how has rashness and my jealousy us'd me!
Out of my vengeance to mine enemy,
Confess'd her yielding: I have lock'd myself
From mine own liberty with that key; revenge
Does no man good, but to his greater harm;
Suspect and malice, like a mingled cup,
Made me soon drunk; I knew not what I spoke;
And that may get me pardon. [*Exit.*

Enter ANSELMUS, *a dagger in his hand, with* LEONELLA.

LEO. Why, my lord!
ANS. Confess, thou mystical panderess! Run, Votarius,
To the back gate, the guilty slave leap'd out,
And 'scap'd me so; this strumpet lock'd him up
In her own chamber. [*Exit* VOTARIUS.
LEO. Hold, my lord—I might.
He is my husband, sir!
ANS. O soul of cunning!

Came that arch subtlety from thy lady's counsel
Or thine own sudden craft? Confess to me,
How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,
Or all thy light goes out?

LEO. My lord, believe me—
In truth, I love a man too well myself
To bring him to my mistress.

ANS. Leave thy sporting!
Or my next offer makes thy heart weep blood.

LEO. O, spare that strength, my lord, and I'll reveal
A secret that concerns you; for this does not.

ANS. Back, back, my fury, then!
It shall not touch thy breast; speak freely, what is't?

LEO. Votarius and my lady are false gamesters;
They use foul play, my lord.

ANS. Thou liest.

LEO. Reward me then for altogether; if it prove not so,
I'll never bestow time to ask your pity.

ANS. Votarius and thy lady? 'twill ask days
Ere it be settled in belief. So, rise!
Go, get thee to thy chamber! [*Exit.*

LEO. A pox on you!
You hind'red me of better business: thank you.
He's fray'd a secret from me; would he were whipp'd!
Faith, from a woman a thing's quickly slipp'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the TYRANT *with* SOPHONIRUS, MEMPHONIUS, *and other nobles. A flourish.*

TYR. My joys have all false parts, there's nothing true to me,

That's either kind or pleasant. I'm hardly dealt withal;
I must not miss her, I want her sight too long.
Where's this old fellow?

SOPH. Here's one, my lord, of threescore and seventeen.

TYR. Pish! That old limber ass puts in his head still.
Helvetius! where is he?

MEM. Not yet return'd, my lord.

Enter HELVETIUS.

TYR. Your lordship lies;
Here comes the kingdom's father. Who amongst you
Dares say this worthy man has not made speed?
I would fain hear that fellow!

SOPH. I'll not be he;
I like the standing of my head too well
To have it mended!

TYR. Thy sight quickens me.
I find a better health when thou art present,
Than all times else can bring me. Is the answer
As pleasing as thyself?

HEL. Of what, my lord?

TYR. Of what? fie now! He did not say so, did he?

SOPH. O, no, my lord, not he; he spoke no such word.
I'll say, as he would have't, for I'd be loth
To have my body used like butchers' meat. [*Aside.*]

TYR. When comes she to our bed?

HEL. Who, my lord?

TYR. Hark! You heard that plain amongst you?

SOPH. O my lord, as plain as my wife's tongue,

That drowns a saunce bell.[1]
Let me alone to lay about for honour:
I'll shift for one.
TYR. When comes the lady, sir,
That Govianus keeps?
HEL. Why, that's my daughter!
TYR. O, is it so! Have you unlock'd your memory?
What says she to us?
HEL. Nothing.
TYR. How thou tempt'st us!
What didst thou say to her, being sent from us?
HEL. More than was honest, yet it was but little.
TYR. How cruelly thou work'st upon our patience,
Saving advantage, 'cause thou art her father!
But be not bold too far; if duties leave thee,
Respect will fall from us.
HEL. Have I kept life
So long, till it looks white upon my head;
Been threescore years a courtier; and a flatterer
Not above threescore hours, which time's reputed
Amongst my greatest follies; and am I at these days
Fit for no place but bawd to mine own flesh?
You'll prefer all your old courtiers to good services.
If your lust keep but hot some twenty winters,
We are like to have a virtuous world of wives,
Daughters and sisters, besides kinswomen
And cousin-germans remov'd up and down,
Where'er you please to have 'em! Are white hairs
A colour fit for panders and flesh-brokers,
Which are the honour'd ornaments of age,
To which e'en kings owe reverence, as they're men,

[1] [Saunce bell, soul bell, or parting bell. See "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," ii. 159, 160.

And greater in their goodness than their greatness?
And must I take my pay all in base money?
I was a lord born, set by all court grace:
And am I thrust now to a squire's place?

TYR. How comes the moon to change so in this manner.
That was in full, but now, of all performance,
And swifter than our wishes? I beshrew that virtue,
That busied herself with him: she might have found
Some other work. The man was fit for me,
Before she spoil'd him. She has wrong'd my heart in't,
And marr'd me a good workman. Now his art fails him,
What makes the man at court? This is no place
For fellows of no parts; he lives not here,
That puts himself from action, when we need him.
[*Aside.*]
I take off all thy honours, and bestow 'em
On any of this rank that will deserve 'em.

SOPH. My lord, that's I: trouble your grace no further.
I'll undertake to bring her to your bed
With some ten words. Marry, they're special charms:
No lady can withstand 'em—a witch taught me 'em.
If you doubt me, I'll leave my wife in pawn
For my true loyalty, and your majesty
May pass away the time, till I return.
I have a care in all things.

TYR. That may thrive best,
Which the least hope looks after; but, however,
Force shall help nature; I'll be so sure now
Thy willingness may be fortunate. We employ thee.

SOPH. Then I'll go fetch my wife, and take my journey.

TYR. Stay! we require no pledge: we think thee honest.

SOPH. Troth, the worse luck for me; we had both been made by't;
It was the way to make my wife great too.

TYR. [*to* HELVETIUS.] I'll teach thee to be wide and strange to me—
I'll not leave thee
A title to put on, but the bare name
That man must call thee by, and know thee miserable.

HEL. 'Tis miserable, king, to be of thy making,
And leave a better workman; if thy honours
Only keep life in baseness, take 'em to thee,
And give them to the hungry; there's one gapes.

SOPH. One that will swallow you, sir, for that jest,
And all your titles after.

HEL. The devil follow them!
There's room enough for him too. Leave me, thou king,
As poor as Truth, the mistress I now serve,
And never will forsake her for her plainness,
That shall not alter me.

TYR. No? Our guard within there!

Enter GUARD.

GUARD. My lord!

TYR. Bear that old fellow to our castle, prisoner;
Give charge he be kept close.

HEL. Close prisoner!
Why, my heart thanks thee; I shall have more time
And liberty to virtue in one hour,
Than all those threescore years I was a courtier.

So by imprisonment I sustain great loss;
Heav'n opens to that man the world keeps close.
[*Exit with* GUARD.
SOPH. But I'll not go to prison to try that,
Give me the open world: there's a good air!
TYR. I would fain send death after him, but I dare not—
He knows I dare not; that would give just cause
Of her unkindness everlasting to me.
His life may thank his daughter. Sophonirus!
Here, take this jewel, bear it as a token
To our heart's saint, 'twill do thy words no harm;
Speech may do much, but wealth's a greater charm
Than any made of words; and to be sure,
If one or both should fail, I provide farther.
Call forth those resolute fellows, whom our clemency
Sav'd from a death of shame in time of war
For field offences: give them charge from us
They arm themselves with speed, beset the house
Of Govianus round; that if thou fail'st,
Or stay'st beyond the time thou leav'st with them,
They may with violence break in themselves,
And seize her for our use.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* SOPHONIRUS.
SOPH. They're not so savage
To seize her for their own, I hope,
As there are many knaves will begin first,
And bring their lords the bottom; I have been serv'd so
A hundred times myself by a scurvy page
That I kept once; but my wife lov'd him,
And I could not help it. [*Exit.*

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter GOVIANUS, *with his* LADY *and a servant. A flourish.*

GOV. What is he?
SER. An old lord come from the court.
GOV. He should be wise by's years; he will not dare
To come about such business; 'tis not man's work.
Art sure he desir'd to speak with thy lady?
SER. Sure, sir.
GOV. Faith, thou'rt mistook, 'tis with me certain.
Let's do the man no wrong: go, know it truly, sir!
SER. This is a strange humour, we must know things twice. [*Aside. Exit.*]
GOV. There's no man is so dull, but he will weigh
The work he undertakes, and set about it
E'en in the best sobriety of his judgment,
With all his senses watchful; then his guilt
Does equal his for whom 'tis undertaken.

Enter SERVANT.

What says he now?
SER. E'en as he said at first, sir.
He's business with my lady from the king.
GOV. Still from the king! he will not come near, will he?
SER. Yes, when he knows he shall, sir.
GOV. I cannot think it,
Let him be tried!
SER. Small trial will serve him, I warrant you, sir.
GOV. Sure, honesty has left man; has fear forsook him?
Yes, faith, there is no fear, where there's no grace.

LADY. What way shall I devise to giv'm his answer?
Denial is not strong enough to serve, sir.
GOV. No, 't must have other helps.—

Enter SOPHONIRUS.

I see, he dares!
O patience, I shall lose a friend of thee!
SOPH. I bring thee, precious lady, this dear stone
And commendations from the king my master.
GOV. I set before thee, panderous lord, this steel,
And much good do't thy heart; fall to, and spare not! [*He stabs* SOPHONIRUS.
LADY. 'Las! what have you done, my lord?
GOV. Why, sent a bawd
Home to his lodging; nothing else, sweetheart.
SOPH. Well! you have kill'd me, sir, and there's an end:
But you'll get nothing by the hand, my lord,
When all your cards are counted; there be gamesters
Not far off will set upon the winner,
And make a poor lord of you, ere they've left you.
I'm fetch'd in like a fool to pay the reckoning,
Yet you'll save nothing by't.
GOV. What riddle's this?
SOPH. There she stands by thee now, who yet ere midnight
Must lie by the king's side!
GOV. Who speaks that lie?
SOPH. One hour will make it true, she cannot 'scape
No more than I from death: you've a great game on't,
An' you look well about you—that's my comfort.
The house is round-beset with armed men,

That know their time when to break in and seize her.

LADY. My lord!

GOV. 'Tis boldly done to trouble me
When I've such business to despatch. Within there!

Enter SERVANT.

SER. My lord!

GOV. Look out, and tell me what thou see'st!

SOPH. How quickly now my death will be revenged!
Before the king's first sleep! I depart laughing
To think upon the deed. [*Dies.*]

GOV. 'Tis thy banquet;
Down, villain, to thy everlasting weeping,
That canst rejoice so in the rape of virtue,
And sing light tunes in tempests, when near shipwreck'd,
And have no plank to save you!

Enter SERVANT.

Now, sir, quickly.

SER. Which way soe'er I cast mine eye, my lord,
Out of all parts o' th' house, I may see fellows
Gather'd in companies, and all whispering,
Like men for treachery busy.

LADY. 'Tis confirm'd.

SER. Their eyes still fix'd upon the doors and windows.

GOV. I think thou'st never done, thou lov'st to talk on't.
'Tis fine discourse: prythee, find other business.

SER. Nay, I am gone, I'm a man quickly sneap'd.[1] [*Exit.*

[1] [Checked, rebuked.]

GOV. H' has flatter'd me with safety for this hour.
LADY. Have you leisure to stand idle? why, my lord,
It is for me they come.
GOV. For thee, my glory,
The riches of my youth—it is for thee!
LADY. Then is your care so cold? will you be robb'd,
And have such warning of the thieves? Come on, sir!
Fall to your business, lay your hands about you:
Do not think scorn to work; a resolute captain
Will rather fling the treasure of his bark
Into whales' throats, than pirates should be gorg'd with't.
Be not less man than he; thou art master yet,
And all's at thy disposing; take thy time,
Prevent mine enemy, away with me,
Let me no more be seen. I'm like that treasure,
Dangerous to him that keeps it—rid thy hands on't!
GOV. I cannot lose thee so.
LADY. Shall I be taken,
And lost the cruellest way? then wouldst thou curse
That love that sent forth pity to my life!
Too late thou wouldst!
GOV. O this extremity!
Hast thou no way to 'scape them, but in soul?
Must I meet peace in thy destruction,
Or will it ne'er come at me?
'Tis a most miserable way to get it!
I had rather be content to live without it,
Than pay so dear for't, and yet lose it too.
LADY. Sir, you do nothing: there's no valour in you!
You're the worst friend to a lady in affliction,

That ever love made his companion:
For honour's sake, despatch me! thy own thoughts
Should stir thee to this act more than my weakness.
The sufferer should not do't: I speak thy part,
Dull and forgetful man, and all to help thee!
Is it thy mind to have me seized upon,
And borne with violence to the tyrant's bed?
There forc'd unto the lust of all his days.

GOV. O no, thou liv'st no longer, now I think on't:
I take thee at all hazard.

LADY. O, stay—hold, sir!

GOV. Lady, what had you made me done now?
You never cease, till you prepare me cruel
'Gainst my heart,
And then you turn't upon my hand,
And mock me.

LADY. Cowardly flesh!
Thou show'st thy faintness still: I felt thee shake,
E'en when the storm came near thee; thou'rt the same:
But 'twas not for thy fear I put death by;
I had forgot a chief and worthy business,
Whose strange neglect—would have made me forgotten.
I will be ready straight, sir. [*She kneels in prayer.*

GOV. O poor lady!
Why might not she expire now in that prayer,
Since she must die, and never try worse ways;
'Tis not so happy, for we often see
Condemn'd men sick to death; yet 'tis their fortune
To recover to their execution,
And rise again in health to set in shame.
What, if I steal a death unseen of her now,
And close up all my miseries, with mine eyes! O, fie,
And leave her here alone! that were unmanly.

LADY. My lord, be now as sudden as you please, sir!
I am ready for your hand.
GOV. But that's not ready.
'Tis the hardest work that ever man was put to;
I know not which way to begin to come to't.
Believe me, I shall never kill thee well:
I shall but shame myself; it were but folly,
Dear soul, to boast of more than I can perform.
I shall not have the power to do thee right in't:
Thou deserv'st death with speed, a quick despatch,
The pain but of a twinkling, and so sleep.
If I do't, I shall make thee live too long,
And so spoil all that way; I prythee, excuse me.
LADY. I should not be disturb'd, an' you did well, sir:
I have prepar'd myself for rest and silence,
And took my leave of words; I am like one
Removing from her house, that locks up all;
And rather than she would displace her goods,
Makes shift with anything for the time she stays;
Then look not for more speech, th' extremity speaks
Enough to serve us both, had we no tongues.
Hark! [*Knocking within.*
WITHIN. Lord Sophonirus!
GOV. Which hand shall I take?
LADY. Art thou yet ignorant! There is no way
But through my bosom.
GOV. Must I lose thee, then?
LADY. They're but thine enemies, that tell thee so.
His lust may part me from thee, but death never;
Thou canst not lose me then; for, dying thine,
Thou dost enjoy me still. Kings cannot rob thee.
[*Knocking.*

WITHIN. Do you hear, my lord?
LADY. Is it yet time, or no?
Honour, remember thee!
GOV. I must—come, prepare thyself!—
LADY. Never more dearly welcome,—
[*He runs at her, and falls by the way in a swoon.*
Alas, sir!
My lord, my love!—O thou poor-spirited man!
He's gone before me; did I trust to thee,
And hast thou serv'd me so? left all the work
Upon my hand, and stole away so smoothly?
There was not equal suffering shown in this,
And yet I cannot blame thee; every man
Would seek his rest; eternal peace sleep with thee!
[*She takes up the sword of* GOVIANUS.
Thou art my servant now; come! thou hast lost
A fearful master, but art now preferr'd
Unto the service of a resolute lady,
One that knows how t' employ thee, and scorns death
As much as some men fear it. Where's hell's ministers,
The tyrant's watch and guard? 'tis of much worth,
When with this key the prisoner can slip forth.—
[*Kills herself. Knocking.*
GOV. How now! What noise is this? I heard doors beaten. [*A great knocking again.*
Where are my servants let men knock so loud,
Their master cannot sleep!
WITHIN. The time's expir'd,
And we'll break in, my lord!
GOV. Ha! where's my sword?
I had forgot my business. O, 'tis done,
And never was beholding to my hand!
Was I so hard to thee? so respectless of thee,
To put all this to thee? why, it was more
Than I was able to perform myself,
With all the courage that I could take to me.

It tir'd me; I was fain to fall and rest;
And hast thou, valiant woman, overcome
Thy honour's en'mies with thine own white hand,
Where virgin-victory sits, all without help?
Eternal praise go with thee! Spare not now,
Make all the haste you can. I'll plant this bawd
Against the door, the fittest place for him;
That when with ungovern'd weapons they rush in,
Blinded with fury, they may take his death
Into the purple number of their deeds,
And wipe it off from mine;—

[*Places the corpse of* SOPHONIRUS *against the door.*[1] *Knocking within.*

How now, forbear,
My lord's at hand!

WITHIN. My lord, and ten lords more:
I hope the king's officers are above them all.

Enter the FELLOWS, *well-weaponed.*

GOV. Life! what do you do, take heed! Bless the old man!—
My Lord All-ass, my lord, he's gone!

1ST OFFICER. Farewell he then.
We have no eyes to pierce thorough inch boards.
'Twas his own folly; the king must be serv'd,
And shall; the best is, we shall ne'er be hang'd for't,
There's such a number guilty.

GOV. Poor my lord!
He went some twice embassador, and behav'd himself
So wittily in all his actions.

2D OFFICER. My lord! what's she?

GOV. Let me see!
What should she be? Now I remember her—

[1] [Compare Hazlitt's "Popular Poetry," iii. 131.]

O, she was a worthy creature,
Before destruction grew so inward[1] with her!
1ST OFFICER. Well, for her worthiness, that's no work of ours—
You have a lady, sir; the king commands her
To court with speed, and we must force her thither.
GOV. Alas! she'll never strive with you, she was born
E'en with the spirit of meekness; is't for the king?
1ST OFFICER. For his own royal and most gracious lust,
Or let me ne'er be trusted.
GOV. Take her, then!
2D OFFICER. Spoke like an honest subject, by my troth!
I'd do the like myself to serve my prince.
Where is she, sir?
GOV. Look but upon yon face,
Then do but tell me where you think she is?
2D OFFICER. She's not here.
GOV. She's yonder.
1ST OFFICER. Faith, she's gone
Where we shall ne'er come at her, I see that.
GOV. No, nor thy master neither; now I praise
Her resolution: 'tis a triumph to me,
When I see those about her.
2D OFFICER. How came this, sir?
The king must know.
GOV. From yon old fellow's prattling
All your intents; he reveal'd largely to her,
And she was troubled with a foolish pride
To stand upon her honour, and so died.
1ST OFFICER. We have done the king good service to kill him—
More than we were aware of; but this news
Will make a mad court: 'twill be a hard office

[1] [Familiar.]

To be a flatterer now, his grace will run
Into so many moods, there'll be no finding of him:
As good seek a wild hare without a hound now.
A vengeance of your babbling! these old fellows
Will hearken after secrets as their lives,
But keep 'em in, e'en as they keep their wives.

FEL. We have watch'd fairly.

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* GOVIANUS.

GOV. What a comfort 'tis
To see 'em gone without her; faith, she told me
Her everlasting sleep would bring me joy,
Yet I was still unwilling to believe her,
Her life was so sweet to me, like some man
In time of sickness, that would rather wish
(To please his fearful flesh) his former health
Restor'd to him than death, when after trial,
If it were possible, ten thousand worlds
Could not entice him to return again,
And walk upon the earth from whence he flew:
So stood my wish, joy'd in her life and breath,
Now gone, there is no heav'n but after death.
Come, thou delicious treasure of mankind,
To him that knows what virtuous woman is,
And can discreetly love her! the whole world
Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks
And caves beneath the deep! O thou fair spring
Of honest and religious desires,
Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee
After death's marble lip! thou'rt cold enough
To lie entomb'd now by thy[1] father's side
Without offence in kindred; there I'll place thee
With one I lov'd the dearest next to thee;
Help me to mourn, (all that love chastity.) [*Exit.*

[1] [MS. and former edit., *my*]

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter VOTARIUS, *with* ANSELMUS'S *Lady.*

VOT. Pray, forgive me, madam; come, thou shalt!

WIFE. I' faith, 'twas strangely done, sir.

VOT. I confess it.

WIFE. Is that enough to help it, sir? 'tis easy
To draw a lady's honour in suspicion,
But not so soon recover'd, and confirm'd
To the first faith again, from whence you brought it:
Your wit was fetch'd out about other business,
Or such forgetfulness had never seiz'd you.

VOT. 'Twas but an overflowing, a spring tide
In my affection, rais'd by too much love;
And that's the worst words you can give it, madam.

WIFE Jealous of me?

VOT. You'd 've sworn yourself, madam,
Had you been in my body, and chang'd cases,
To see a fellow with a guilty pace
Glide through the room, his face three-quarters nighted,
As if a deed of darkness had hung on him.

WIFE. I tell you twice, 'twas my bold woman's friend:
Hell take her impudence!

VOT. Why, I have done, madam.

WIFE. You've done too late, sir. Who shall do the rest now?
Confess'd me yielding! was thy way too free?
Why, didst thou long to be restrain'd? Pray, speak, sir!

VOT. A man cannot cosen you of the sin of weakness,
Or borrow it of a woman for one hour,
But how he's wonder'd at! when search your lives,

We shall ne'er find it from you ; we can suffer you
To play away your days in idleness,
And hide your imperfections with our loves,
Or the most part of you would appear strange creatures;
And now 'tis but our chance to make an offer,
And snatch at folly running : yet to see,
How earnest you're against us, as if we'd robb'd you
Of the best gift your natural mother left you.

WIFE. 'Tis worth a kiss, i' faith, and thou shalt hav't,
Were there not one more left for my lord's supper:
And now, sir, I've bethought myself.

VOT. That's happy !

WIFE. You say we're weak ; but the best wits of you all
Are glad of our advice, for ought I see
And hardly thrive without us.

VOT. I'll say so too,
To give you encouragement, and advance your virtues.
'Tis not good always to keep down a woman.

WIFE. Well, sir, since you've begun to make my lord
A doubtful man of me, keep on that course,
And ply his faith still with that poor belief,
That I'm inclining unto wantonness,
Take heed you pass no further now.

VOT. Why, dost think
I'll be twice mad together in one moon?
That were too much for any freeman's son
After his father's funeral.

WIFE. Well then thus, sir:
Upholding still the same, as being embolden'd
By some loose glance of mine, you shall attempt,
After you've plac'd my lord in some near closet,
To thrust yourself into my chamber rudely,

As if the game went forward to your thinking,
Then leave the rest to me. I'll so reward thee
With bitterness of words, but (prythee, pardon me)
My lord shall swear me into honesty
Enough to serve his mind all his life after;
Nay, for a need, I'll draw some rapier forth,
That shall come near my hand as 'twere by chance,
And set a lively face upon my rage;
But fear thou nothing: I too dearly love thee
To let harm touch thee.

VOT. O, it likes me rarely,
I'll choose a precious time for it. [*Exit* VOTARIUS.

WIFE. Go thy ways; I'm glad I had it for thee.

Enter LEONELLA.

LEO. Madam, my lord entreats your company.

WIFE. Pshaw, ye!

LEO. Pshaw, ye! My lord entreats your company.

WIFE. What now?
Are ye so short-heel'd?

LEO. I am as my betters are, then.

WIFE. How came you by such impudence a-late, minion?
You're not content to entertain your playfellow
In your own chamber closely, which I think
Is large allowance for a lady's woman;
There's many a good man's daughter is in service,
And cannot get such favour of her mistress,
But what she has by stealth; she and the chamber-maid
Are glad of one between them, and must you
Give such bold freedom to your long-nos'd fellow,
That every room must take a taste of him?

LEO. Does that offend your ladyship?

WIFE. How think you, forsooth?

LEO. Then he shall do't again.

WIFE. What?

LEO. And again, madam :
So often, till it please your ladyship ;
And when you like it, he shall do't no more.
WIFE. What's this ?
LEO. I know no difference, virtuous madam,
But in love all have privilege alike.
WIFE. You're a bold quean.
LEO. And are not you my mistress ?
WIFE. This is well, i' faith.
LEO. You spare not your own flesh, no more than I ;
Hell take me, an' I spare you.
WIFE. O, the wrongs
That ladies do their honours, when they make
Their slaves familiar with their weaknesses ;
They're ever thus rewarded for that deed ;
They stand in fear e'en of the grooms they feed.
I must be forc'd to speak my woman fair now,
And be first [1] friends with her—nay, all too little.
She may undo me at her pleasure else ;
She knows the way so well, myself not better,
My wanton folly made a key for her
To all the private treasure of my heart ;
She may do what she list [*Aside*]. Come, Leonella.
I am not angry with thee.
LEO. Pish !
WIFE. Faith, I am not.
LEO. Why, what care I, an' you be '
WIFE. Prythee, forgive me ?
LEO. I have nothing to say to you.
WIFE. Come, thou shalt wear this jewel for my sake,
A kiss and friends : we'll never quarrel more.
LEO. Nay, choose you, faith ; the best is, an' you do,
You know who'll have the worst on't.

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[1] [*i.e.*, First-rate.]

WIFE. True, myself. [*Aside.*
LEO. Little thinks she, I have set her forth already;
I please my lord, yet keep her in awe too. [*Aside.*
WIFE. One thing I had forgot; I prythee, wench,
Steal to Votarius closely, and remember him
To wear some privy armour then about him,
That I may feign a fury without fear.
LEO. Armour! when, madam?
WIFE. See now, I chid thee
When I least thought upon thee; thou'rt my best hand;
I cannot be without thee. Thus then, sirrah:
To beat away suspicion from the thoughts
Of under-listening servants 'bout the house,
I have advis'd Votarius at fit time
Boldly to force his way into my chamber,
The admittance being denied him, and the passage
Kept strict by thee, my necessary woman.
(La! there I should have miss'd thy help again!)
At which attempt I'll take occasion
To dissemble such an anger, that the world
Shall ever after swear us to their thoughts
As clear and free from any fleshly knowledge,
As nearest kindred are, or ought to be,
Or what can more express it, if that fail'd.
LEO. You know I'm always at your service, madam,
But why some privy armour?
WIFE. Marry, sweetheart,
The best is yet forgotten; thou shalt have
A weapon in some corner of the chamber,
Yonder, or there——
LEO. Or anywhere: why, i' faith, madam,
Do you think I'm to learn how[1] to hang a weapon?
As much as I'm incapable of what follows!

[1] [MS. *now*, and so former edit.]

I've all your mind without book: think it done, madam.

WIFE. Thanks, my good wench, I'll never call thee worse. [*Exit* WIFE.

LEO. Faith, you're like to have't again, an' you do, madam.

Enter BELLARIUS.

BEL. What, art alone?

LEO. Curse me, what makes you here, sir?
You're a bold long-nos'd fellow.

BEL. How!

LEO. So my lady says.
Faith, she and I have had a bout for you, sir.
But she got nothing by't.

BEL. Did not I say still, thou wouldst be too adventurous!

LEO. Ne'er a whit, sir. I made her glad to seek my friendship first.

BEL. By my faith, that show'd well; if you come off
So brave a conqueress, to't again, and spare not.
I know not which way you should get more honour.

LEO. She trusts me now to cast a mist, forsooth,
Before the servants' eyes. I must remember
Votarius to come once with privy armour
Into her chamber, when with a feign'd fury
And rapier drawn, which I must lay a-purpose
Ready for her dissemblance, she will seem
T' act wonders for her juggling honesty.

BEL. I wish no riper vengeance! can'st conceive me?
Votarius is my enemy.

LEO. That's stale news, sir.

BEL. Mark what I say to thee! forget of purpose
That privy armour; do not bless his soul
With so much warning, nor his hated body

With such sure safety. Here express thy love ;
Lay some empoisoned weapon next her hand,
That in that play he may be lost for ever ;
I'd have him kept no longer, away with him.
One touch will set him flying : let him go.

LEO. Bribe me but with a kiss ; it shall be so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TYRANT, *wondrous discontentedly.* NOBLES *afar off.*

1ST NOBLE. My lord !

TYR. Begone, or never see life more !
I'll send thee far enough from court. Memphonius !
Where's he now ?

MEM. Ever at your highness' service.

TYR. How dar'st thou be so near, when we have threaten'd
Death to thy fellow ? Have we lost our power,
Or thou thy fear ? Leave us in time of grace :
'Twill be too late anon.

MEM. I think 'tis so with thee already. [*Aside.*

TYR. Dead ! And I so healthful !
There's no equality in this. Stay !

MEM. Sir !

TYR. Where is that fellow brought the first report to us ?

MEM. He waits without.

TYR. I charge thee give command,
That he be executed speedily,
As thou'lt stand firm thyself.

MEM. Now, by my faith,
His tongue has help'd his neck to a sweet bargain.

[*Exit* MEMPHONIUS.

TYR. Her own fair hand so cruel ! Did she choose

Destruction before me? was I no better?
How much am I exalted to my face,
And when I would be grac'd, how little worthy!
There's few kings know how rich they are in goodness,
Or what estate they have in grace and virtue:
There is so much deceit in glosers' tongues,
The truth is taken from us; we know nothing
But what is for their purpose. That's our stint;
We are allow'd no more. O wretched greatness!
I'll cause a sessions for my flatterers,
And have them all hang'd up. 'Tis done too late.
O, she's destroy'd, married to death and silence,
Which nothing can divorce—riches nor laws,
Nor all the violence that this frame can raise.
I've lost the comfort of her sight for ever,
I cannot call this life that flames within me,
But everlasting torment lighted up,
To show my soul her beggary. A new joy
Is come to visit me in spite of death!
It takes me of that sudden, I'm asham'd
Of my provision, but a friend will bear. Within there!

Enter SOLDIERS.

1ST SOL. Sir?

2D SOL. My lord!

TYR. The men I wish'd for for secresy and employment.
Go, give order that Govianus be releas'd.

4TH SOL. Releas'd, sir?

TYR. Set free; and then I trust he will fly the kingdom,
And never know my purpose. Run, sir!
[*Exit* 4TH SOLDIER.
You
Bring me the keys of the cathedral.

1ST SOL. Are you so holy now, do you curse all day,
And go to pray at midnight? [*Aside and Exit.*
TYR. Provide you, sirs, close lanthorns and a pickaxe.
Away: be speedy.
2D SOL. Lanthorns and a pickaxe?
Does he mean to bury himself alive too?
[*Exeunt* 2D *and* 3D SOLDIERS.
TYR. Death nor the marble prison my love sleeps in,
Shall keep her body lock'd up from mine arms,
I must not be so cosen'd; though her life
Was like a widow's state, made o'er in policy
To defeat me and my too confident heart;
'Twas a most cruel wisdom to herself,
As much to me that lov'd her. What, return'd?

Enter 1ST SOLDIER.

1ST SOL. There be the keys, my lord.
TYR. I thank thy speed;
Here comes the rest full-furnish'd. Follow me,
And wealth shall follow you.

Enter 2D *and* 3D SOLDIERS.

1ST SOL. Wealth! by this light,
We go to rob a church; I hold my life
The money will ne'er thrive; that's a sure saw:
What's got from grace, is ever spent in law.
2D SOL. What strange fits grow upon him here a-late!
His soul has got a very dreadful leader.
What should he make in the cathedral now,
The hour so deep in night? all his intents
Are contrary to man in spirit or blood.
He waxes heavy in his noble mind;

His moods are such they cannot bear the weight,
Nor will not long, if there be truth in whispers?
The honourable father of the state,
Noble Helvetius, all the lords agree
By some close policy shortly to set free. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the TYRANT [*and* SOLDIERS] *at a farther door, which opened, brings them to the tomb, where the lady lies buried. The tomb here discovered, richly set forth.*

TYR. Softly, softly!
Let's give this place the peace that it requires;
The vaults e'en chide our steps with murmuring sounds,
For making bold so late: it must be done.

1ST SOL. I fear nothing but the whorish ghost of a quean I kept once; she swore she would so haunt me, I should never pray in quiet for her, and I have kept myself from church these fifteen years to prevent her.

TYR. The monument woos me; I must run and kiss it.
Now trust me, if the tears do not e'en stand
Upon the marble: what slow springs have I!
'Twas weeping to itself before I came;
How pity strikes e'en through insensible things,
And makes them shame our dulness.
Thou house of silence and the calms of rest,
After tempestuous life, I claim of thee
A mistress, one of the most beauteous sleepers
That ever lay so cold, not yet due to thee
By natural death, but cruelly forc'd hither,
Many a year before the world could spare her!
We miss her amongst the glories of our court,

When they be number'd up. All thy still strength,
Thou grey-ey'd monument, shall not keep her from us!
Strike, villain! though the echo rail us all
Into ridiculous deafness; pierce the jaws
Of this cold ponderous creature.
2D SOL. Sir!
TYR. Why strik'st thou not?
2D SOL. I shall not hold the axe fast, I'm afraid, sir.
TYR. O shame of men, a soldier and so fearful?
2D SOL. 'Tis out of my element to be in a church, sir.
Give me the open field, and turn me loose, sir.
TYR. True, thou then hast room enough to run away!
Take thou the axe from him.
1ST SOL. I beseech your grace,
'Twill come to a worse hand. You'll find us all
Of one mind for the church, I can assure you, sir.
TYR. Nor thou?
3D SOL. I love not to disquiet ghosts
Of any people living.
TYR. O slaves of one opinion: give me't from thee,
Thou man made out of fear.
2D SOL. By my faith, I'm glad I'm rid on't—
I that was ne'er before in [a] cathedral,
And have the battering of a lady's tomb,
Lies hard upon my conscience at first coming;
I should get much by that; it shall be a warning to me,
I'll ne'er come here again.
TYR. No? wilt not yield? [*Strikes at the tomb.*
Art thou so loth to part from her?
1ST SOL. What means he?
Has he no feeling with him? By this light, if I be not afraid to stay any longer! very fear will go

nigh to turn me of some religion or other, and so make me forfeit my lieutenantship.

TYR. O, have we got the mastery? Help, you vassals!

Freeze you in idleness, and can see us sweat?

2D SOL. We sweat with fear, as much as work can make us.

TYR. Remove the stone, that I may see my mistress!

Set to your hands, you villains, and that nimbly,
Or the same axe shall make you all fly open!

ALL. O good my lord!

TYR. I must not be delay'd.

1ST SOL. This is ten thousand times worse than entering on a breach:

'Tis the first stone that ever I took off
From any lady; marry, I have brought 'em many:
Fair diamonds, sapphires, rubies.

[*They raise the stone.*]

TYR. O bless'd object!

I never shall be weary to behold thee;
I could eternally stand thus and see thee.
Why, 'tis not possible, death should look so fair.
Life is not more illustrious,[1] when health smiles on't;
She's only pale, the colour of the court,
And most attractive; mistresses most strive for't;
And their lascivious servants most affect it.
Lay to your hands again!

ALL. My lord?

TYR. Take up her body!

1ST SOL. How, my lord?

TYR. Her body.

1ST SOL. She's dead, my lord.

TYR. True, if she were alive,

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[1] [Lustrous, bright.]

Such slaves as you should not come near to touch her:
Do't, and with all best reverence place her here.
1ST SOL. Not only, sir, with reverence, but with fear;
You shall have more than your own asking once.
I am afraid of nothing, but she'll rise
At the first jog, and save us all a labour.
2D SOL. Then we were best take her up, and never touch her.
1ST SOL. How can that be? does fear make thee mad?
I've took up many a woman in my days,
But never with less pleasure, I protest.
TYR. O, the moon rises! what reflection
Is thrown about this sanctified building,
E'en in a twinkling! How the monuments glister,
As if death's palaces were all massy silver,
And scorn'd the name of marble! Art thou cold?
I have no faith in't yet: I believe none.
Madam! 'tis I, sweet lady: prythee, speak,
'Tis thy love calls on thee—thy king, thy servant.
No! not a word? all prisoners to pale silence!
I'll prove a kiss.
2D SOL. Here's fine chill venery;
'Twould make a pander's heels ache, I'll be sworn;
All my teeth chatter in my head to see't. [*Aside.*]
TYR. Thou'rt cold indeed, beshrew thee for't,
Unkind to thine own blood, hard-hearted lady!
What injury hast thou offer'd to the youth
And pleasure of thy days? refuse the court,
And steal to this hard lodging! was that wisdom?
O, I could chide thee with mine eye brimful,
And weep out my forgiveness, when I've done!
Nothing hurt thee but want of woman's counsel;
Hadst thou but ask'd th' opinion of most ladies,
Thou'dst never come to this! they would have told thee,

How dear a treasure life and youth had been ;
'Tis that they fear to lose : the very name
Can make more gaudy tremblers in a minute,
Than heaven, or sin, or hell—these are last thought on.
And where gott'st thou such boldness from the rest
Of all thy timorous sex, to do a deed here
Upon thyself would plunge the world's best soldier
And make him twice bethink him and again,
And yet give over ? Since thy life has left me,
I'll clasp the body for the spirit that dwelt in it,
And love the house still for the mistress' sake.
Thou art mine now, spite of destruction
And Govianus ; and I will possess thee.
I once read of a Herod, whose affection
Pursued a virgin's love, as I did thine :
Who, for the hate she owed him, kill'd herself,
As thou too rashly didst without all pity,
Yet he preserv'd her body dead in honey,
And kept her long after her funeral ;
But I'll unlock the treasure-house of art
With keys of gold, and bestow all on thee.
Here, slaves ! receive her humbly from our arms.
Upon your knees, you villains ! all's too little,
If you should sweep the pavement with your lips.

1ST SOL. What strange brooms he invents !
[*Aside.*

TYR. So ! reverently !
Bear her before us gently to the palace.
Place you the stone again, where first we found it.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* 1ST SOLDIER.

1ST SOL. Must this on now to deceive all comers.
And cover emptiness ? 'tis, for all the world,
Like a great city-pie brought to a table,
Where there be many hands that lay about.
The lid's shut close, when all the meat's pick'd out,
Yet stands to make a show, and cosen people.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter GOVIANUS *in black, a book in his hand, his* PAGE *carrying a torch before him.*

GOV. Already mine eye melts; the monument
No sooner stood before it, but a tear
Ran swiftly from me to express her duty.
Temple of honour! I salute thee early,
The time that my griefs rise; chamber of peace!
Where wounded virtue sleeps, lock'd from the world,
I bring. to be acquainted with thy silence,
Sorrows that love no noise; they dwell all inward,
Where truth and love in every man should dwell.
Be ready, boy! give me the strain again,
'Twill show well here whilst, in my grief's devotion,
At every rest mine eye lets fall a bead,
To keep the number perfect.

[GOVIANUS *kneels at the tomb. His* PAGE *sings.*

The Song.

If ever pity were well-plac'd
On true desert and virtuous honour,
It could ne'er be better grac'd;
Freely then bestow't upon her.
Never lady earn'd her fame
In virtue's war with greater strife;
To preserve her constant name,
She gave up beauty, youth, and life.
There she sleeps;
And here he weeps,
The lord unto so rare a wife.
Weep, weep, and mourn! lament,
You virgins that pass by her!
For if praise come by death again,
I doubt few will lie nigh her.

GOV. Thou art an honest boy, 'tis like one
That has a feeling of his master's passions
And the unmatch'd worth of his dead mistress.
Thy better years shall find me good to thee,
When understanding ripens in thy soul,
Which truly makes the man, and not long time.
Prythee, withdraw a little, and attend me
At the cloister door.

PAGE. It shall be done, my lord. [PAGE *retires.*

GOV. Eternal maid of honour, whose chaste body
Lies here, like virtue's close and hidden seed,
To spring forth glorious to eternity
At the everlasting harvest!

A VOICE WITHIN. I am not here.

GOV. What's that? who is not here? I'm forc'd to question it,
Some idle sounds the beaten vaults send forth.

[*On a sudden, in a kind of noise like a wind, the doors clattering, the tombstone flies open, and a great light appears in the midst of the tomb; his lady as*[1] *went out, standing before him all in white, stuck with jewels, and a great crucifix on her breast.*][2]

GOV. Mercy, look to me! Faith, I fly to thee!
Keep a strong watch about me! (now thy friendship!)
O, never came astonishment and fear
So pleasing to mankind! I take delight
To have my breast shake, and my hair stand stiff.
If this be sorrow, let it never die!
Came all the pains of hell in that shape to me,

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[1] [So in the MS. We should regard this form of expression as a vulgarism.]

[2] [The printed copy of 1824 does not follow the MS. here. In the margin of the original is written, *Enter Lady Rich. Robinson*, by which, I suppose, is meant that the lady was to enter here, and that the part was taken by a person of that name.]

I should endure them smiling! keep me still
In terror, I beseech thee! I'd not change
This fever for felicity of man,
Or all the pleasures of ten thousand ages.
GHOST. Dear lord, I come to tell you all my wrongs.
GOV. Welcome! Who wrongs the spirit of my love?
Thou art above the injuries of blood,
They cannot reach thee now; what dares offend thee?
No life that has the weight of flesh upon't,
And treads as I do, can now wrong my mistress
GHOST. The peace that death allows me is not mine,
The monument is robb'd. Behold! I'm gone,
My body taken up.
GOV. [*Lifts the stone.*] 'Tis gone, indeed,
What villain dares so fearfully run in debt
To black eternity?
GHOST. He that dares do more—the tyrant.
GOV. All the miseries below
Reward his boldness!
GHOST. I am now at court
In his own private chamber: there he wooes me.
And plies his suit to me with as serious pains,
As if the short flame of mortality
Were lighted up again in my cold breast;
Folds me within his arms, and often sets
A sinful kiss upon my senseless lip;
Weeps when he sees the paleness of my cheek,
And will send privately for a hand of art,
That may dissemble life upon my face,
To please his lustful eye.
GOV. O piteous wrongs!
Inhuman injuries, without grace or mercy!
GHOST. I leave them to thy thought, dearest of men!
My rest is lost; thou must restore't again.

GOV. O, fly me not so soon!
GHOST. Farewell, true lord.
[*The* GHOST *disappears.*
GOV. I cannot spare thee yet. I'll make myself
Over to death too, and we'll walk together
Like loving spirits; I pray thee, let's do so.
She's snatch'd away by fate, and I talk sickly;
I must despatch this business upon earth,
Before I take that journey.
I'll to my brother for his aid or counsel.
So wrong'd? O heaven, put armour on my spirit!
Her body I will place in her first nest,
Or in th' attempt lock death into my breast. [*Exit.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter VOTARIUS, *with* ANSELMUS.

VOT. You shall stand here, my lord, unseen,
And hear all; do I deal now like a right
Friend with you?
ANS. Like a most faithful.
VOT. You shall have her mind, e'en as it comes to me,
Though I undo her by't; your friendship, sir,
Is the sweet mistress that I only serve;
I prize the roughness of a man's embrace
Before the soft lips of a hundred ladies.
ANS. And that's an honest mind of thee.
VOT. Lock yourself, sir,
Into that closet, and be sure none see you.
Trust not a creature; we'll have all round clear,
E'en as the heart affords it.
ANS. 'Tis a match, sir. [*Exit.*
VOT. Troth, he says true then, 'tis a match indeed.
He does not know the strength of his own words;

For, if he did, there were no masering on him.
He's cleft the pin in two with a blind man's eyes;
Though I shoot wide, I'll cosen him of the game.[1]
[*Exit.*

Enter LEONELLA *above in a gallery, with her lover* BELLARIUS.

LEO. Dost thou see thine enemy walk?
BEL. I would I did not.
LEO. Prythee, rest quiet, man; I have fee'd one for him,
A trusty catchpole, too, that will be sure of him,
Thou know'st this gallery? well, 'tis at thy use now,
'T 'as been at mine full often; thou may'st sit
Like a most private gallant in yon corner
For all the play, and ne'er be seen thyself.
BEL. Therefore I chose it.
LEO. Thou shalt see my lady
Play her part naturally—more to the life
Than she's aware on.
BEL. Then must I be pleased.
Thou'rt one of the actors: thou'lt be miss'd anon.
LEO. Alas! a woman's action's always ready;
Yet I'll down, now I think on't.
BEL. Do: 'tis time, i' faith. [LEONELLA *descends.*
ANS. I know not yet, where I should plant belief:
I am so strangely toss'd between two tales.
I'm told by my wife's woman the deed's done,
And in Votarius' tongue 'tis yet to come.
The castle is but upon yielding yet,
'Tis not deliver'd up. Well, we shall find
The mystery shortly; I will entertain
The patience of a prisoner i' th' meantime.
[*Locks himself in.*

[1] [Should we not read *prize*, to rhyme with *eyes*?]

Enter ANSELMUS' *Lady, with* LEONELLA.

WIFE. Is all set ready, wench?
LEO. Push! madam! all.
WIFE. Tell not me so; she lives not for a lady,
That has less peace than I.
LEO. Nay, good sweet madam.
You would not think how much this passion alters you;
It drinks up all the beauty of your cheek.
I promise you, madam, you have lost much blood.
WIFE. Let it draw death upon me, for till then
I shall be mistress of no true content:
Who could endure hourly temptation,
And bear it as I do?
LEO. Nay, that's most certain:
Unless it were myself again: I can do't,
I suffer the like daily; you should complain, madam.
WIFE. Which way, were that wisdom? prythee, wench, to whom?
LEO. To him that makes all whole again—my lord.
To one that, if he be a kind, good husband,
Will let you bear no more than you are able.
WIFE. Thou know'st not what thou speakest; why, my lord's he
That gives him the house's freedom, all his boldness—
Keeps him o' purpose here to war with me.
LEO. Now I hold wiser of my lord than so:
He knows the world; he would not be so idle.
WIFE. I speak sad truth to thee; I am not private
In mine own chamber, such his impudence is:
Nay, my repenting-time is scarce bless'd from him—
He will offend my prayers.
LEO. Out upon him!
I believe, madam, he's of no religion.

WIFE. He serves my lord, and that's enough for him :
And preys upon poor ladies like myself—
There's all the gentleman's devotion.
LEO. Marry, the devil of hell give him his blessing !
WIFE. Pray, watch the door, and suffer none to trouble us,
Unless it be my lord.
LEO. 'Twas finely spoke, that !
My lord indeed is the most trouble to her.
Now must I show a piece of service here :
How do I spend my days ? shall I never
Get higher than a lady's doorkeeper ?
I must be married (as my lady is) first,
And then my maid may do as much for me.
[*Aside.*
WIFE. O miserable time ! except my lord
Do wake in honourable pity to me,
And rid this vicious gamester from his house.
Whom I have check'd so often : here I vow
I'll imitate my noble sister's fate,
Late mistress to the worthy Govianus,
And cast away my life, as she did hers.

Enter VOTARIUS *to the door within.*

LEO. Back, you're too forward, sir ! there's no coming for you.
VOT. How, Mistress Len, my lady's smock-woman,
Am I no further in your duty yet ?
LEO. Duty ! look for't of them you keep under, sir.
VOT. You'll let me in ?
LEO. Who would you speak withal ?
VOT. Why, the best lady you make courtesy to.
LEO. She will not speak with you.

VOT. Have you her mind?
I scorn to take her answer of her broker.
LEO. Madam?
WIFE. What's there? How now, sir, what's your business?
We see your boldness plain.
VOT. I came to see you, madam.
WIFE. Farewell, then! though 'twas impudence too much,
When I was private.
VOT. Madam!
WIFE. He was born
To beggar all my patience.
VOT. I'm bold
Still to prefer my love; your woman hears me not.
WIFE. Where's modesty and honour? Have I not thrice
Answer'd thy lust?
LEO. By'r lady, I think oft'ner. [*Aside.*
WIFE. And darest thou yet look with temptation on us?
Since nothing will prevail, come, death—come, vengeance—
I will forget the weakness of my kind,
And force thee from my chamber.
[*She thrusts at* VOTARIUS *with the sword.*
VOT. How now, lady!
'Ud's life, you prick me, madam!
WIFE. Prythee, peace!
I will not hurt thee; will you yet be gone, sir?
LEO. He's upon going, I think.
VOT. Madam, you deal false with me; O, I feel it;
You're a most treacherous lady! this thy glory!
My breast is all a-fire! O—— [*Dies.*
LEO. Ha, ha, ha!
ANS. Ha! I believe her constancy too late,
Confirm'd e'en in the blood of my best friend;

Take thou my vengeance, thou bold, pernicious strumpet, [*Kills* LEONELLA.

Enter BELLARIUS.

That durst accuse thy virtuous lady falsely!
BEL. O deadly poison after a sweet banquet!
What make I here? I had forgot my part;[1]
I am an actor too, and never thought on't,
The blackness of this season cannot miss me.
Sirrah, you lord!
WIFE. Is he there? welcome, ruin!
BEL. There is a life due to me in that bosom
For this poor gentlewoman.
ANS. And art thou then receiver!
I'll pay thee largely, slave, for thy last 'scape.
[*They make a dangerous pass at one another, the lady purposely runs between them, and is killed.*
WIFE. I come, Votarius!
ANS. Hold, if manhood guide thee!
O, what has fury done now?
BEL. What has it done now?
Why, kill'd an honourable whore, that's all.
ANS. Villain! I'll seal that lie upon thy heart.
A constant lady—— [*He kneels at his wife's side.*
BEL. ——to the devil, as could be!
Must I prick you forward; either up
Or, sir, I'll take my chance; thou couldst kill her
Without repenting, that deserv'd more pity;
And spend'st thy time and tears upon a quean.
ANS. Slave!
BEL. That was deceiv'd once in her own deceit,
[*They fight: both are mortally wounded.*
As I am now; the poison I prepar'd
Upon that weapon for mine enemy's bosom,

[1] [The MS. has *hart.*]

Is bold to take acquaintance of my blood too,
And serves us both to make up death withal.
ANS. I ask no more of destiny, but to fall
Close by the chaste side of my virtuous mistress:
If all the treasure of my weeping strength
Be left so wealthy but to purchase that,
I have the dear wish of a great man's spirit,
Yet favour me, O, yet—I thank thee, fate,
I expire cheerfully, and give death a smile.
[ANSELMUS *dies.*
BEL. O rage! I pity now mine enemy's flesh.

Enter GOVIANUS, *with Servants.*

GOV. Where should he be?
1ST SER. My lady, sir, will tell you.
She's in her chamber here.
2D SER. O my lord!
GOV. Peace—my honourable brother—madam—all?
So many dreadful deeds, and not one tongue
Left to proclaim 'em.
BEL. Yes, here, if a voice
Some minutes' long may satisfy your ear,
I have that time allowed it.
GOV. 'Tis enough,
Bestow it quickly, ere death snatch it from thee.
BEL. That lord, your brother, made his friend Votarius
To tempt his lady; she was won to lust,
The act reveal'd here by her serving-woman;
But that wise close adultress, stor'd with art
To prey upon the weakness of that lord,
Dissembled a great rage upon her love,
And indeed kill'd him, which so won her husband,
He slew this right discoverer in his fury,
Who (being my mistress) I was mov'd in haste

To take some pains with him, and he's paid me
for it.
As for the cunning lady, I commend her;
She perform'd that which never woman tried:
She ran upon our weapons, and so died.
Now you have all, I hope I shall sleep quiet. [*Dies.*
ANS. O thunder! that awakes me e'en from
death,
And makes me curse my confidence with cold lips;
I feel his words in flames about my soul,
He's more than kill'd me.
GOV. Brother!
ANS. I repent the smile
That I bestow'd on destiny? O whore!
I fling thee thus from my believing breast
With all the strength I have; my rage is great,
Although my veins grow beggars; now I sue
To die far from thee; may we never meet.
Were my soul bid to joy's eternal banquet,
And were assur'd to find thee there a guest,
I'd sup with torments, and refuse that feast.
O thou beguiler of man's easy trust!
The serpent's wisdom is in women's lust. [*Dies.*
GOV. Is death so long a-coming to mankind,
It must be met half-way? O cruel speed!
There's few men pay their debts before their day;
If they be ready at their time, 'tis well—
And but a few that are so. What strange haste
Was made among these people! My heart weeps
for't.
Go, bear those bodies to a place more comely.
Brother, I came for thy advice; but I
Find thee so ill a councillor to thyself,
That I repent my pains, and depart sighing.
The body of my love is still at court;
I am not well to think on't; the poor spirit
Was with me once again about it, troth;
And I can put it off no more for shame,

Though I desire to have it haunt me still,
And never to give over, 'tis so pleasing.
I must to court, I've plighted my faith to't;
'T has open'd me the way to the revenge.
Tyrant, I'll run thee on a dangerous shelf,
Though I be forc'd to fly this land myself. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter TYRANT, *with Attendants.*

TYR. In vain my spirit wrastles with my blood ·
Affection will be mistress here on earth.
The house is hers: the soul is but a tenant.
I have task'd myself but with the abstinence
Of one poor hour, yet cannot conquer that.
I cannot keep from sight of her so long;
I starve mine eye too much: go, bring her forth.
As we have caus'd her body to be deck'd
In all the glorious riches of our palace;
Our mind has felt a famine for the time;
All comfort has been dear and scarce with us.
The times are alter'd since—strike on, sweet harmony!

Enter SOLDIERS, *with the* LADY.

[*Music playing.*

A braver world comes towards us.

[*They bring the body in a chair, dressed up in black velvet, which sets out the paleness of the hands and face; and a fair chain of pearl across the breast, and the crucifix above it; he stands silent awhile, letting the music play, beckoning the soldiers that bring her in to make obeisance to her, and he himself makes a low honour to the body, and kisses the hand.*

A Song.

O, what is beauty that's so much adored?
A flattering glass that cosens her beholders,
One night of death makes it look pale and horrid,
The dainty preserv'd flesh how soon it moulders,
To love it living it bewitcheth many,
But after life is seldom heard of any.

1ST SOL. By this hand, mere idolatry; I make courtesy
To my damnation: I have learnt so much,
Though I could never know the meaning yet
Of all my Latin prayers, nor ne'er sought for't.
TYR. How pleasing art thou to us even in death!
I love thee yet above all women living;
I can see nothing to be mended in thee,
But the too constant paleness of thy cheek.
I'd give the kingdom but to purchase there
The breadth of a red rose in natural colours,
And think it the best bargain that ever king made yet,
But fate's my hindrance;
And I must only rest content with art,
And that I'll have in spite on't. Is he come, sir?
2D SOL. Who, my lord?
TYR. Dull! The fellow that we sent
For a picture-drawer;
A lady's forenoon tutor; is he come, sir?
1ST SOL. Not yet return'd, my lord.
TYR. The fool, belike,
Makes his choice carefully, for so we charg'd him,
To fit our close deeds with some private hand.
It is no shame for thee, most silent mistress,
To stand in need of art, when youth
And all thy warm friends have forsook thee!
Women alive are glad to seek her friendship,
To make up the fair number of their graces,

Or else the reckoning would fall short sometimes,
And servants would look out for better wages.

Enter 3D SOLDIER, *with* GOVIANUS *disguised.*

2D SOL. He's come, my lord.
TYR. Depart then: is that he?
3D SOL. The privatest I could get, my lord.
GOV. [*Aside.*] O heaven! marry patience to my spirit!
Give me a sober fury, I beseech thee:
A rage that may not overcharge my blood,
And do myself most hurt! 'tis strange to me
To see thee here at court, and gone from hence.
Didst thou make haste to leave the world for this?
O, who dares play with destiny but he
That wears security so thick upon him,
The thought of death and hell cannot pierce through?
TYR. 'Twas circumspectly carried: leave us, go!
Be nearer, sir: thou'rt much commended to us.
GOV. It is the hand, my lord, commends the workman.
TYR. Thou speak'st both modesty and truth in that:
We need that art that thou art master of.
GOV. My king is master both of that and me.
TYR. Look on yon face, and tell me what it wants.
GOV. Which? that, sir?
TYR. That! what wants it?
GOV. Troth, my lord,
Some thousand years' sleep and a marble pillow.
TYR. What's that? observe it still: all the best arts
Have the most fools and drunkards to their master.
Thy apprehension has too gross a film
To be employed at court; what colour wants she?

GOV. By my troth, all, sir; I see none she has,
Nor none she cares for.
TYR. I am overmatch'd here. [*Aside.*]
GOV. A lower chamber, with less noise, were kindlier
For her, poor woman, whatsoe'er she was.
TYR. But how, if we be pleas'd to have it thus,
And thou well-hired to do what we command?
Is not your work for money?
GOV. Yes, my lord:
I would not trust but few, an' I could choose.
TYR. Let but thy art hide death upon her face,
That now looks fearfully on us, and strive
To give our eye delight in that pale part,
Which draws so many pities from these springs,
And thy reward for't shall outlast thy end,
And reach to thy friend's fortunes and his friend.
GOV. Say you so, my lord? I'll work out my heart then,
But I'll show art enough.
TYR. About it, then:
I never wish'd so seriously for health
After long sickness.
GOV. [*Aside.*] A religious trembling shakes me by the hand,
And bids me put by such unhallow'd business,
But revenge calls for't, and it must go forward,
'Tis time the spirit of my love took rest;
Poor soul! 'tis weary, much abus'd and toil'd.
[GOVIANUS *paints the face of the body.*
TYR. Could I now send for one to renew heat
Within her bosom, that were a fine workman!
I should but too much love him; but, alas!
'Tis as impossible for living fire to take
Hold there, as for dead ashes to burn back again
Into those hard, tough bodies, whence they fell.
Life is removed from her now, as the warmth

Of the bright sun from us, when it makes winter,
And kills with unkind coldness; so is't yonder.
An everlasting frost hangs now upon her,
And in such a season men will force
A heat into their bloods with exercise,
In spite of extreme weather. So shall we
By art force beauty on yon lady's face,
Though death sit frowning on't a storm of hail,
To beat it off—our pleasure shall prevail.

GOV. My lord!

TYR. Hast done so soon?

GOV. That's as your grace
Gives approbation.

TYR. O, she lives again!
She'll presently speak to me, keep her up!
I'll have her swoon no more, there's treachery in't;
Does she not feel warmer to thee?

GOV. Very little, sir.

TYR. The heat wants cherishing then: our arms and lips
Shall labour life into her. Wake, sweet mistress!
'Tis I that call thee at the door of life. [*Kisses the body.*] Ha!
I talk so long to death, I'm sick myself:
Methinks an evil scent still follows me.

GOV. Maybe, 'tis nothing but the colour, sir,
That I laid on.

TYR. Is that so strong?

GOV. Yes, faith, sir,
'Twas the best poison I could get for money.
[*Throws off his disguise.*

TYR. Govianus!

GOV. O thou sacrilegious villain!
Thou thief of rest, robber of monuments!
Cannot the body, after funeral,
Sleep in the grave for thee? must it be rais'd
Only to please the wickedness of thine eye?
Do all things end with death, and not thy lust?

Hast thou devis'd a new way to damnation,
More dreadful than the soul of any sin
Did ever pass yet between earth and hell?
Dost strive to be particularly plagu'd
Above all ghosts beside?
Thou scorn'st a partner in thy torments too!

TYR. What fury gave thee boldness to attempt
This deed, for which I'll doom thee with a death
Beyond the extremest tortures?

GOV. I smile at thee.
Draw all the deaths that ever mankind suffer'd
Unto one head to help thine own invention,
And make my end as rare as this thy sin,
And full as fearful to the eyes of women,
My spirit shall fly singing to his lodging,
In midst of that rough weather. Doom me, tyrant!
Had I fear'd death, I'd never appear'd noble,
To seal this act upon me, which e'en honours me,
Unto my mistress' spirit: it loves me for't.
I told my heart 'twould prove destruction to't,
Who (hearing 'twas for her) charg'd me to do't.

Enter the GHOST, *in the same form as the body in the chair.*

TYR. Thy glories shall be shorten'd, who's within there? [*He sees the* GHOST.
I call'd not thee, thou enemy to firmness,
Mortality's earthquake!

GOV. Welcome to mine eyes,
As is the dayspring from the morning's womb
Unto that wretch, whose nights are tedious!
As liberty to captives, health to labourers,
And life still to old people never weary on't,
So welcome art thou to me! The deed's done,
Thou queen of spirits! he has his end upon him:
Thy body shall return to rise again,

For thy abuser falls, and has no power
To vex thee farther.

GHOST. My truest love!
Live ever-honoured here, and bless'd above,

TYR. O, if there be a hell for flesh and spirit,
'Tis built within this bosom—

Enter NOBLES.

My lords, treason!

GOV. Now, death, I'm for thee; welcome!

TYR. Your king's poison'd!

MEM. The King of heaven be prais'd for it!

TYR. Lay hold on him—
On Govianus!

MEM. E'en with the best loves
And truest hearts that ever subjects owed.

TYR. How's that? I charge you all, lay hands on him.

MEM. Look you, my lord, your will shall be obey'd:
Here comes another, we'll have his hand too.

Enter HELVETIUS.

HEL. You shall have both mine, if that work go forward,
Beside my voice and knee.

TYR. Helvetius!
Then my destruction was confirm'd amongst 'em;
Premeditation wrought it. O my torments!

ALL. Live Govianus long our virtuous king!
[*Flourish.*

TYR. That thunder strikes me dead.

GOV. I cannot better
Reward my joys than with astonish'd silence;
For all the wealth of words is not of power
To make up thanks for you, my honoured lords:
I'm like a man pluck'd up from many waters,

That never look'd for help, and am here placed
Upon this cheerful mountain, where prosperity
Shoots forth her richest beam.

MEM. Long-injured lord!
The tyranny of his actions grew so weighty,
His life so vicious——

HEL. To which this is witness,
Monster in sin!—this, the disquieted body
Of my too resolute child in honour's war.

MEM. That he became as hateful to our minds——

HEL. As death's unwelcome to a house of riches,
Or what can more express it.

GOV. Well, he's gone,
And all the kingdom's evils perish with him!
And since the body of that virtuous lady
Is taken from her rest, in memory
Of her admired mistress, 'tis our will
It receive honour dead, as it took part
With us in all afflictions when it lived;
Here place her in this throne, crown her our queen,[1]
The first and last that ever we make ours.
Her constancy strikes so much firmness in us.
That honour done, let her be solemnly borne
Unto the house of peace, from whence she came,
As queen of silence.

[*The spirit here enters again, and stays to go out with the body, as it were attending it.*

O welcome, bless'd spirit!
Thou need'st not mistrust me, I have a care
As jealous as thine own: we'll see it done,
And not believe report; our zeal is such,
We cannot reverence chastity too much.
Lead on! I would those ladies that fill honour's rooms
Might all be borne so virtuous to their tombs!

[*Solemn music plays them out.*

[1] A similar instance of posthumous coronation is mentioned in Camoëns' "Lusiad," canto iii.

ENGLISHMEN FOR MY MONEY;

OR,

A WOMAN WILL HAVE HER WILL.

EDITIONS.

English-Men for my Money: Or, A Woman will haue her Will. Imprinted at London by W. White, dwelling in Cow-Lane. 1616. 4°. *Woodcut on title.*

English-Men for my Money: Or, A Pleasant Comedy Called, A Woman will haue her Will. As it hath beene diuers times Acted with great Applause. London, Printed by I. N. and are to be sold by Hugh Perry. . . . 1626. 4°.

A Pleasant Comedie Called, A Woman will haue her Will. London, Printed by A. M. and are to be sold by Richard Thrale. . . . 1631. 4°.

[PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION.][1]

THIS old comedy appears to have been extremely popular, and it was three times printed; in 1616, 1626, and 1631; the oldest copy is, as usual, the most correct, but in the following reprint all three have been collated.

It is ascertained from Henslowe's Diary to have been the production of a dramatic poet of the name of William Haughton, who generally wrote in conjunction with Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, John Day, and others, but in this instance he was alone concerned. It is entered by Henslowe under the date of February 1597–8, and he calls it (as the performance was no doubt named when it was then first acted), "A Woman will have her Will." When it was printed in 1616, it seems to have been thought that "Englishmen for my Money" would be more attractive, and "A Woman will have her Will" was sunk into the second title; it therefore runs thus: "Englishmen for my Money, or a pleasant comedy called A Woman will have her Will." [But in the third edition the first part of the title was withdrawn.]

No biographical particulars of William Haughton are known, but that in 1599 he was confined in the Clink in Southwark for debt; and on the 10th March of that year Henslowe advanced ten shillings to enable him to obtain his liberty.

This play is full of comic characters and situations, and the dialogue is generally well sustained. Haughton was probably young, when he produced it, and in Henslowe's Diary he is not unfrequently termed "Young Haughton." His versification was neither very free nor very flowing, and it partakes in some degree of the monotony that distinguished most of the old dramatists who preceded Shakespeare. The old copies are not divided into acts and scenes.

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[1] [Included in the small series called "The Old English Drama," 1830, 3 vols. 12°.]

THE ACTORS' NAMES.

PISARO, *a Portingal.*

LAURENTIA, MARINA, MATHEA, } *his Daughters*

ANTHONY, *a Schoolmaster to them.*

HARVEY, HEIGHAM, WALGRAVE, } *Suitors to Pisaro's daughters.*

DELION, *a Frenchman.*
ALVARO, *an Italian.*
VANDAL, *a Dutchman.* } *also Suitors to them.*

FRISCO, *a Clown; Pisaro's man.*

TOWERSON, *a Merchant.*

BALSARO.

BROWN, *a Clothier.*

A Post, Bellman, Merchants, and Strangers.

Scene, London.

ENGLISHMEN FOR MY MONEY;

OR,

A WOMAN WILL HAVE HER WILL.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter PISARO.

How smug this grey-ey'd morning seems to be!
A pleasant sight; but yet more pleasure have I
To think upon this moist'ning southwest wind,
That drives my laden ships from fertile Spain.
But come what will, no wind can come amiss.
For two and thirty winds that rule the seas,
And blow about this airy region,
Thirty-two ships have I to equal them,
Whose wealthy freights do make Pisaro rich:
Thus every soil to me is natural.
Indeed, by birth I am a Portingal
Who, driven by western winds on English shore,
Here, liking of the soil, I married,
And have three daughters: but impartial death
Long since depriv'd me of her dearest life;
Since whose decease in London I have dwelt,
And by the sweet-lov'd trade of usury,
Letting for interest and on mortgages,
Do I wax rich; though many gentlemen

By my extortion come to misery.
Amongst the rest, three English gentlemen
Have pawned to me their livings and their lands:
Each several hoping, though their hopes are vain,
By marriage of my daughters to possess
Their patrimonies and their lands again.
But gold is sweet, and they deceive themselves;
For though I gild my temples with a smile,
It is but Judas-like to work their ends.
But soft, what noise of footing do I hear? [*Retires.*

Enter LAURENTIA, MARINA, MATHEA, *and* ANTHONY.

LAUR. Now, master, what intend you to read to us?

ANTH. Pisaro, your father, would have me read moral philosophy.

MAR. What's that?

ANTH. First tell me how you like it?

MATH. First tell us what it is.

PIS. They be my daughters and their schoolmaster.
Pisaro, not a word, but list their talk. [*Aside.*

ANTH. Gentlewomen, to paint philosophy,
Is to present youth with so sour a dish,
As their abhorring stomachs nill digest.
When first my mother Oxford (England's pride)
Foster'd me, pupil-like, with her rich store,
My study was to read philosophy;
But since my headstrong youth's unbridled will,
Scorning the leaden fetters of restraint,
Hath prun'd my feathers to a higher pitch.
Gentlewomen, moral philosophy is a kind of art,
The most contrary to your tender sexes;
It teacheth to be grave, and on that brow,
Where beauty in her rarest glory shines,
Plants the sad semblance of decayed age.

Those weeds, that with their riches should adorn
And grace fair nature's curious workmanship,
Must be converted to a black-faced veil,
Grief's livery and sorrow's semblance:
Your food must be your hearts' abundant sighs,
Steep'd in the brinish liquor of your tears:
Daylight as darknight—dark night spent in prayer;
Thoughts your companions, and repentant minds
The recreation of your tired spirits.
Gentlewomen, if you can like this modesty,[1]
Then will I read to you philosophy.

LAUR. Not I.

MAR. Fie upon it.

MATH. Hang up philosophy, I'll none of it.[2]

PIS. A tutor, said I? a tutor for the devil.
[*Aside.*

ANTH. No, gentlewomen, Anthony hath learn'd
To read a letter of more pleasing worth.
Marina, read these lines; young Harvey sent them;
There every line repugns philosophy;
Then love him, for he hates the thing thou hates.
Laurentia, this is thine from Ferdinand;
Think every golden circle that thou seest
The rich unvalued circle of his worth.[3]
Mathea, with these gloves thy Ned salutes thee:
As often as these hide these from the sun,[4]
And wanton steal a kiss from thy fair hand,
Presents his serviceable true heart's zeal,
Which waits upon the censure of thy doom.

[1] [Moderation.]

[2] So Shakespeare, in "Romeo and Juliet," act iii. sc. 3—

> "Hang up philosophy,
> Unless philosophy can make a Juliet!"

[3] This present is a purse, as appears afterwards, with angels in it.

[4] That is, "as often as these *gloves* hide these *hands* from the sun."

What though their lands be mortgag'd to your father,
Yet may your dowries redeem that debt:
Think they are gentlemen, and think they love,
And be that thought their true love's advocate.
Say you should wed for wealth, for to that scope
Your father's greedy disposition tends,
The world would say that you were had for wealth,
And so fair beauty's honour quite extinct.[1]
A mass of wealth being pour'd upon another,
Little augments the show, although the sum;
But being lightly scattered by itself,
It doubles what it seem'd, although but one.
Even so yourselves; for, wedded to the rich,
His style was as it was, a rich man still;
But wedding these, to wed true love is duty,
You make them rich in wealth, but more in beauty.
I need not plead: that smile shows heart's consent;
That kiss show'd love, that on that gift was lent:
And (last) thine eyes, that tears of true joy send,
As comfortable tidings for my friend.

MAR. Have done, have done: what need'st thou more procure,
When long ere this I stoop'd to that fair lure.
"Thy ever-loving Harvey," I delight it;
Marina ever loving shall requite it.
Teach us philosophy! I'll be no nun.
Age scorns delight: I love it being young.[2]
There's not a word of this, not a word's part,
But shall be stamp'd, seal'd, printed on my heart.
On this I'll read, on this my senses ply,
All arts being vain, but this philosophy.

LAUR. Why was I made a maid, but for a man?
And why Laurentia but for Ferdinand?

---

[1] [Old copies, *distinct.*]

[2] *Young* is omitted in the 4° of 1616, and supplied in the two others.

The chastest soul these angels could entice,
Much more himself—an angel of more price.
Wert thyself present, as my heart could wish,
Such usage thou shouldst have as I give this.

ANTH. Then you would kiss him?

LAUR. If I did, how then?

ANTH. Nay, I say nothing to it, but amen.

PIS. The clerk must have his fees: I'll pay you them. [*Aside.*

MATH. Good God, how abject is this single life!
I'll not abide it: father, friends, nor kin,
Shall once dissuade me from affecting him.[1]
A man's a man; and Ned is more than one:
I' faith, I'll have thee, Ned, or I'll have none.
Do what they can, chafe, chide, or storm their fill,
Mathea is resolv'd to have her will.

PIS. I can no longer hold my patience.
[*Coming forward.*
Impudent villain[2] and lascivious girls,
I have o'erheard your vile conversions!
You scorn philosophy! you'll be no nun!
You must needs kiss the purse, because he sent it!
And you, forsooth, you flirtgill, minion,
A brat scant folded in the dozens at most,[3]
You'll have your will, forsooth! What will you have?

MATH. But twelve year old? Nay, father, that's not so;
Our sexton told me I was three years mo.

PIS. I say but twelve: you're best tell me I lie.
What, sirrah Anthony!

ANTH. Here, sir.

PIS. Come here, sir;
And you, light huswives, get you in:
Stare not upon me, move me not to ire.
[*Exeunt sisters.*

---

[1] *Him* has apparently dropped out in the oldest 4°.

[2] The copy of 1616 reads, *impudent villany.*

[3] *i.e.*, As we say now, "scarcely in her *teens.*"

Nay, sirrah, stay you here, I'll talk with you.
Did I retain thee, villain, in my house,
Give thee a stipend, twenty marks by year,
And hast thou thus infected my three girls,
Urging the love of those I most abhorr'd?
Unthrifts [and] beggars—what is worse—
And all because they are your countrymen.

ANTH. Why, sir, I taught them not
To keep a merchant's book, or cast account:
Yet to a word much like that word account——

PIS. A knave past grace is past recovery.
Why, sirrah Frisco, villain, loggerhead!
Where art thou?

Enter FRISCO *the Clown.*

FRIS. Here's a calling indeed! a man were better to live a lord's life and do nothing, than a serving creature, and never be idle. O master, what a mess of brewis stands now upon the point of spoiling by your hastiness. Why, they were able to have got a good stomach with child, even with the sight of them; and for a vapour—O precious vapour! Let but a wench come near them with a painted face, and you should see the paint drop and curdle on her cheeks, like a piece of dry Essex cheese toasted at the fire.

PIS. Well, sirrah, leave this thought, and mind my words.
Give diligence; inquire about
For one that is expert in languages,
A good musician and a Frenchman born,
And bring him hither to instruct my daughters.
I'll ne'er trust more a smooth-fac'd Englishman.

FRIS. What, must I bring one that can speak languages? what an old ass is my master! [*Aside.*] Why, he may speak *flaunte taunte* as well as French, for I cannot understand him.

PIS. If he speak French, thus he will say, *Oui, Oui.*

What, can'st thou remember it?

FRIS. O, I have it now, for I remember my great grandfather's grandmother's sister's cousin told me, that pigs and Frenchmen speak one language, *awee, awee;* I am dog at this. But what must he speak else?

PIS. Dutch.

FRIS. Let's hear it?

PIS. *Haunce butterkin slowpin.*

FRIS. O, this is nothing, for I can speak perfect Dutch when I list.

PIS. Can you? I pray let's hear some.

FRIS. Nay, I must have my mouth full of meat first, and then you shall hear me grumble it forth full-mouth; as, *haunce butterkin slowpin frokin.* O,[1] I am a simple Dutchman. Well, I'll about it.

PIS. Stay, sirrah, you are too hasty; for he must speak one language more.

FRIS. More languages? I trust he shall have tongues enough for one mouth. But what is the third?

PIS. Italian.

FRIS. Why, that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether he have any Italian in him even by looking on him.

PIS. Can you so? as how?

FRIS. Marry, by these three points: a wanton eye, pride in his apparel, and the devil in his countenance. Well, God keep me from the devil in seeking this Frenchman. But do you hear me, master? what shall my fellow Anthony do? it seems he shall serve for nothing but to put Latin into my young mistresses.

PIS. Hence, ass! hence, loggerhead! begone, I say.

---

[1] [Old copies, *No.*]

And now to you that read philosophy. [*Exit* FRISCO.
Pack from my house: I do discharge thy service,
And come not near my doors: for if thou dost,
I'll make thee a public example to the world.

ANTH. Well, crafty fox, you that work by wit,
It may be I may live to fit you yet.
[*Aside. Exit* ANTHONY.

PIS. Ah! sirrah, this trick was spied in time,
For if but two such lectures more they'd heard,
For ever had their honest names been marr'd.
I'll in and rate them; yet that's not best:
The girls are wilful, and severity
May make them careless, mad, or desperate.
What shall I do? O, I have found it now.
There are three wealthy merchants in the town,
All strangers, and my very special friends:
The one of them is an Italian,
A Frenchman and a Dutchman be the other.
These three entirely do affect my daughters,
And therefore mean I they shall have the tongues,
That they may answer in their several language.
But what helps that? they must not stay so long;
For whiles they are a-learning languages,
My English youths both wed and bed them too.
Which to prevent, I'll seek the strangers out.
Let's look; 'tis past eleven; Exchange time full:
There shall I meet them, and confer with them.
This work craves haste, my daughters must be wed;
For one month's stay saith,[1] farewell, maidenhead.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter HARVEY, HEIGHAM, *and* WALGRAVE.

HEIGH. Come, gentlemen, we're almost at the house.

---

[1] The two later quartos both read, *then farewell maidenhead.*

I promise you, this walk o'er Tower-hill,
Of all the places London can afford,
Hath sweetest air, and fitting our desires.
HAR. Good reason so, it leads to Crutched Friars,
Where old Pisaro and his daughters dwell.
Look to your feet: the broad way leads to hell.
They say hell stands below, down in the deep,
I'll down that hell, where such good wenches keep
But, sirrah Ned, what says Mathea to thee?
Wilt fadge?[1] wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?
WAL. A match, say you? a mischief 'twill as soon;
For I can scarce begin to speak to her,
But I am interrupted by her father;
"Ha! what say you?" and then puts o'er his snout.
Able to shadow Paul's, it is so great.[2]
Well, 'tis no matter, sirs, this is his house:
Knock for the churl, bid him bring out his daughter;
Ay, 'sblood,[3] I will, though I be hang'd for it.
HEIGH. Heyday, heyday! nothing with you but up and ride!
You'll be within, ere you can reach the door!
And have the wench, before you compass her.
You are too hasty: Pisaro is a man,
Not to be fed with words, but won with gold.
But who comes here?

Enter ANTHONY.

WAL. Whom? Anthony our friend?

---

[1] *i.e.*, "Will it do," or "Will it suit." As in "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 2, "How will this *fadge!*"

[2] We have here another instance to show that formerly Jews and usurers were furnished with large false noses on the stage.

[3] *I'll, that I will* is the reading of the copies of 1626 and 1631. [All the copies, *I'll*, apparently for *ay*.]

Say, man, how fare our loves? how doth Mathea?
Can she love Ned? how doth she like my suit?
Will old Pisaro take me for his son?
For, I thank God, he kindly takes our lands,
Swearing, "Good gentlemen, you shall not want,
Whilst old Pisaro and his credit hold:"
He will be damn'd, the rogue, before he do't!

HAR. Prythee, talk milder: let but thee alone,
And thou in one bare hour will ask him more
Than he'll remember in a hundred years.
Come from him, Anthony, and say, what news.

ANTH. The news for me is bad; and this it is:
Pisaro hath discharg'd me of his service.

HEIGH. Discharg'd thee of his service! for what cause?

ANTH. Nothing,
But that his daughters learn philosophy.

HAR. Maids should read that; it teacheth modesty.

ANTH. Ay, but I left out mediocrity,
And with effectual reasons urged your loves.

WAL. The fault was small: we three will to thy master,
And beg thy pardon.

ANTH. O, that cannot be:
He hates you far worse than he hates me;
For all the love he shows is for your lands,
Which he hopes, sure, will fall into his hands.
Yet, gentlemen, this comfort take of me,
His daughters to your loves affected be.
Their father is abroad, they three at home.
Go cheerly in, and seize that is your own.
And, for myself, but grace what I intend:
I'll overreach the churl, and help my friend.

HEIGH. Build on our helps, and but devise the means.

ANTH. Pisaro did command Frisco his man
(A simple sot, kept only but for mirth),

To inquire about in London for a man
That were a Frenchman and musician,
To be (as I suppose) his daughters' tutor
Him if you meet, as like enough you shall,
He will inquire of you of his affairs;
Then make him answer, you three came from Paul's,
And in the middle walk one you espied,
Fit for his purpose: then describe this cloak,
This beard and hat; for in this borrowed shape
Must I beguile and overreach the fool.
The maids must be acquainted with this drift.
The door doth ope: I dare not stay reply,
Lest being descried—Gentlemen, adieu,
And help him now, that oft hath helped you.
[*Exit.*

Enter FRISCO.

WAL. How now, sirrah, whither are you going?

FRIS. Whither am I going? how shall I tell you, when I do not know myself, nor understand myself?

HEIGH. What dost thou mean by that?

FRIS. Marry, sir, I am seeking a needle in a bottle of hay; a monster in the likeness of a man: one that, instead of good morrow, asketh what porridge you have to dinner? parley-vous, signior? one that never washes his fingers, but licks them clean with kisses; a clipper of the king's English, and, to conclude, an eternal enemy to all good language.

HAR. What's this? what's this?

FRIS. Do not you smell me? Well, I perceive that wit doth not always dwell in a satin-doublet. Why, 'tis a Frenchman: Basi mon cue, how do you?

HAR. I thank you, sir: but tell me what wouldst thou do with a Frenchman?

FRIS. Nay, faith, I would do nothing with him, unless I set him to teach parrots to speak. Marry, the old ass, my master, would have him to teach his daughters, though I trust the whole world sees that there be such in his house that can serve his daughters' turn as well as the proudest Frenchman. But if you be good lads, tell me where I may find such a man?

HEIGH. We will. Go hie thee straight to Paul's,
There shalt thou find one fitting thy desire:
Thou soon may'st know him, for his beard is black,
And such his raiment:[1] if thou runn'st apace,
Thou canst not miss him, Frisco.

FRIS. Lord, Lord, how shall poor Frisco reward your rich tidings, gentlemen? I am yours till Shrove-Tuesday, for then change I my copy, and look like nothing but red-herring-cobs and stock-fish; yet I'll do somewhat for you in the meantime. My master is abroad, and my young mistresses at home: if you can do any good on them, before the Frenchman come, why so. Ah! gentlemen, do not suffer a litter of languages to spring up amongst us. I must to the walk in Paul's, you to the vestry. Gentlemen, as to myself and so forth.

[*Exit* FRISCO.

HAR. Fools tell the truth, men say, and so may he.
Wenches, we come now; love our conduct be!
Ned, knock at the door.—But soft, forbear!

Enter LAURENTIA, MARINA, *and* MATHEA.

The cloud breaks up, and our three suns appear.
To this I fly. Shine bright, my life's sole stay,
And make grief's night a glorious summer's day.

MAR. Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,

[1] [Old copies, *Such is his raiment.*]

Guess by our looks, for other means by fear
Prevented is. Our father's quick return
Forbids the welcome else we would have done.

WAL. Mathea, how these faithful thoughts obey——

MATH. No more, sweet love, I know what thou wouldst say.

You say you love me, so I wish you still:
Love hath love's hire, being balanc'd with good-will.
But say; come you to us, or come you rather
To pawn more lands for money to our father?
I know 'tis so; i' God's name, spend at large:
What, man, our marriage-day will all discharge.
Our father (by his leave) must pardon us.
Age save of age of nothing can discuss;
But in our loves the proverb we'll fulfil—
Women and maids must always have their will.

HEIGH. Say thou as much, and add life to this corse.

LAUR. Yourself and your good news do more enforce.

How these have set forth love by all their wit;
I swear in heart, I more than double it.
Sisters, be glad, for he hath made it plain,
The means to get our schoolmaster again,[1]
But, gentlemen, for this time cease our loves;
This open street perhaps suspicion moves.
Fain we would stay, bid you walk in more rather,
But that we fear the coming of our father.
Go to th' Exchange, crave gold as you intend:
Pisaro scrapes for us; for us you spend.
We say farewell more sadlier, be bold.
Than would my greedy father to his gold:
We here, you there; ask gold, and gold you shall:
We'll pay the interest and the principal.

[*Exeunt Sisters.*

[1] Laurentia and Heigham have been talking apart.

WAL. That's my good girls, and I'll pay you for all.
HAR. Come to th' Exchange, and when I feel decay,
Send me such wenches, heavens, I still shall pray.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II., SCENE 1.

Enter PISARO, DELION *the Frenchman*, VANDAL *the Dutchman*,[1] *and other Merchants, at several doors.*

PIS. Good morrow, Master Strangers.[2]
STRAN. Good morrow, sir.
PIS. This (loving friends) hath thus emboldened me;
For, knowing the affection and the love,
Master Vandallo, that you bear my daughter.
Likewise, and that with joy, considering too,
You, Monsieur Delion, would fain despatch,
I promise you (methinks, the time did fit,
And does by'r Lady too, in mine advice)
This day to clap a full conclusion up:
And therefore made I bold to call on you,
Meaning (our business done here at the Burse)
That you at mine entreaty should walk home,
And take in worth such viands as I have;
And then we would, and so I hope we shall,
Loosely tie up the knot that you desire,
But for a day or two, and then Church rites
Shall sure conform, confirm, and make all fast.

[1] *Alvaro the Italian* is also mentioned, but he does not enter till some time afterwards.
[2] By *Master Strangers* he means the "other merchants," as he knows Delion and Vandal.

VAN. Seker, mester Pisaro, me do so groterly danck you, dat you mack me so sure of de wench, dat it can niet danck you genough.

DEL. Monsieur Pisaro, mon pere, mon vader! O, de grande joy you give me! ecoute, me sal go home to your house, sal eat your bacon, sal eat your beef, and sal tack de wench, de fine demoisella.

PIS. You shall, and welcome; welcome as my soul.

But were my third son, sweet Alvaro, here,
We would not stay at the Exchange[1] to-day;
But hie us home, and there end our affairs.

Enter MOORE *and* TOWERSON.

MOORE. Good day, Master Pisaro.

PIS. Master Moore, marry, with all my heart, good morrow, sir. What news? What news?

MOORE. This merchant here, my friend, would speak with you.

TOW. Sir, this jolly south-west wind with gentle blast
Hath driven home our long-expected ships,
All laden with the wealth of ample Spain;
And but a day is pass'd, since they arriv'd
Safely at Plymouth, where they yet abide.

[1] According to Heywood's, "If you know not me, you know nobody," Part II., Queen Elizabeth, when she christened the Royal Exchange, after it had been built by Sir T. Gresham, changed its name from the *Burse*, which it had been previously called—

> "Proclaim through every high street of this city,
> This place be no longer called a Burse,
> But since the building's stately, fair, and strange,
> Be it for ever call'd the Royal Exchange."

Sig. H 2. The terms were afterwards often used indifferently, and Pisaro, just before, calls the *Exchange* the *Burse*.

PIS. Thanks is too small a guerdon for such news.
How like you this news, friends? Master Vandal,
Here's somewhat towards for my daughter's dowry:
Here's somewhat more than we did yet expect.
TOW. But hear you, sir; my business is not done:
From these same ships I did receive these lines,
And there enclos'd this same bill of exchange,
To pay at sight, if so you please accept it.
PIS. Accept it, why? What, sir, should I accept?
Have you received letters, and not I?
Where is this lazy villain, this slow post?
What, brings he every man his letters home,
And makes me nobody? does he, does he?
I would not have you bring me counterfeit;
And if you do, assure you I shall smell it:
I know my factor's writing well enough.
TOW. You do, sir; then see your factor's writing.
I scorn as much as you to counterfeit.
PIS. 'Tis well you do, sir.

Enter HARVEY, WALGRAVE, *and* HEIGHAM.

What! Master Walgrave and my other friends,
You are grown strangers to Pisaro's house:
I pray, make bold with me.
WAL. Ay, with your daughters,
You may be sworn, we'll be as bold as may be.
PIS. Would you have aught with me? I pray [*Aside.*
now speak.
HEIGH. Sir, I think you understand our suit,
By the repairing we have had to you:
Gentlemen, you know, must want no coin,
Nor are they slaves unto it, when they have it;
You may perceive our minds; what say you to't?
PIS. Gentlemen all, I love you all: which more

To manifest, this afternoon, between
The hours of two and three, repair to me;
And, were it half the substance that I have,
Whilst it is mine, it is yours to command.
But, gentlemen, as I have regard to you,
So do I wish you'll have respect to me:
You know that all of us are mortal men,
Subject to change and mutability;
You may, or I may, soon pitch o'er the perch,
Or so—or so—have contrary crosses.
Wherefore I deem [it] but mere equity,
That something may betwixt us be to show.

HEIGH. Master Pisaro, within this two months
Without fail we'll repay.

Enter BROWN.

BROWN. God save you, gentlemen.

GENT. Good morrow, sir.

PIS. What, Master Brown! the only man I wish'd for.
Does your price fall? what, shall I have these cloths?
For I would ship them straight away[1] for Stoade.
I do wish you my money 'fore another.

BROWN. Faith, you know my price, sir, if you have them.

PIS. You are too dear in sadness. Master Heigham,
You were about to say somewhat—pray, proceed.

HEIGH. Then this it was: those lands that are not mortgag'd——

Enter POST.

POST. God bless your worship.

PIS. I must crave pardon.—O sirrah, are you come?

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[1] *Away* is omitted in the two last impressions.

WAL. Heyday, heyday! What is the matter now?
Sure, yonder fellow will be torn in pieces.
HAR. What's he, sweet youths, that so they flock about?
What, old Pisaro tainted with this madness?
HEIGH. Upon my life, 'tis somebody brings news.
The court breaks up, and we shall know their council:
Look, look, how busily they fall to reading!
PISA. I am the last: you should have kept it still.
Well, we shall see what news you bring with you—
[*Reads.*

"Our duty premised; and we have sent unto your worship sack, Seville oils, pepper, Barbary sugar, and such other commodities as we thought most requisite. We wanted money, therefore we are fain to take up £200 of Master Towerson's man, which by a bill of exchange, sent to him, we would request your worship pay accordingly."
You shall command, sir, you shall command, sir.
[*Reads again.*

"The news here is, that the English ships, the *Fortune* (your ship), the *Adventure* and *Good Luck* of London, coasting along by Italy towards Turkey, were set upon by two Spanish galleys. What became of them, we know not; but doubt much, by reason of the weather's calmness."
How is't? six to one, the weather calm?
Now, afore God, who would not doubt their safety?
A plague upon these Spanish-galley pirates!
Roaring Charybdis or devouring Scylla
Were[n't] half such terror to the antique world,
As these same antic[1] villains now of late
Have made the Straits 'twixt Spain and Barbary.

[1] [A quibble on *antique* and *antic*.]

TOW. Now, sir, what doth your factor's letters say?

PIS. Marry, he saith these witless, luckless dolts
Have met, and are beset with Spanish galleys,
As they did sail along by Italy!
What a bots made the dolts near Italy?
Could they not keep the coast of Barbary?
Or, having pass'd it, gone for Tripoli,
Being on the other side of Sicily,
As near as where they were unto the Straits?
For by the globe both Tripoli and it
Lie from the Straits some twenty-five degrees,
And each degree makes threescore English miles.

TOW. Very true, sir: but it makes nothing to
My bill of exchange. This dealing fits not one
Of your account.

PIS. And what fits yours? a prating, wrangling tongue,
A woman's ceaseless and incessant babbling,
That sees the world turn'd topsy-turvy[1] with me,
Yet hath not so much wit to stay a while,
Till I bemoan my late excessive loss.

WAL. 'Swounds! 'tis dinner-time, I'll stay no longer.
Hark you a word, sir.

PIS. I tell you, sir, it would have made you whine
Worse than if shoals of luckless croaking ravens
Had seiz'd on you, to feed their famished paunches.

[1] This word seems to have puzzled our dictionary-makers very needlessly. Mr Todd quotes Skinner, who derives it from *top* and *turf*: the etymology is very simple, and will be acknowledged the instant it is stated: *topsy-turvy* is only an abbreviation of *topside t'other way*, or the upper end of anything turned downwards—*i.e.*, bottom upwards. Archdeacon Nares got as far as *top side*, but *turvy*, he acknowledged, set his ingenuity at defiance.

Had you heard news of such a ravenous rout,
Ready to seize on half the wealth you have.
WAL. 'Sblood! you might have kept at home, and be hang'd.
What a pox care I?

Enter a POST.

POST. God save your worship: a little money, and so forth.
PIS. But men are senseless now of others' woe:
This stony age is grown so stony-hearted,
That none respects their neighbours' miseries.
I wish (as poets do) that Saturn's times,
The long outworn world, were in use again,
That men might sail without impediment.
POST. Ay, marry, sir, that were a merry world indeed: I would hope to get more money of your worship in one quarter of a year than I can do now in a whole twelvemonth.

Enter BALSARO.

BAL. Master Pisaro, how I have run about,
How I have toil'd to-day to find you out!
At home, abroad: at this man's house, at that.
Why, I was here an hour ago and more,
Where I was told you were, but could not find you.
PIS. Faith, sir, I was here, but was driven home.
Here's such a common haunt of crack-rope boys,
That what for fear to have m'apparel spoil'd,
Or my ruffs dirtied, or eyes struck out,
I dare not walk where people do expect me.
Well, things (I think) might be better look'd unto:
And such coin, too, which is bestow'd on knaves,
Which should, but do not, see things be reform'd,

Might be employed to many better uses.
But what of beardless boys or such like trash?
The Spanish galleys! O, a vengeance on them!

POST. Mass, this man hath the luck on't: I think I can scarce ever come to him for money, but this "A vengeance on't" and that "A vengeance on't" doth so trouble him, that I can get no coin. Well, a vengeance on't for my part; for he shall fetch the next letters himself.

BROWN. I prythee, when thinkest thou the ships will be come about from Plymouth?

POST. Next week, sir.

HEIGH. Came you, sir, from Spain lately?

POST. Ay, sir: why ask you that?

HAR. Marry, sir, thou seem'st to have been in the hot countries, thy face looks so like a piece of rusty bacon. Had thy host at Plymouth meat enough in the house when thou wert there?

POST. What though he had not, sir? but he had: how then?

HAR. Marry, thank God for it; for otherwise he would doubtless have cut thee out in rashers to have eaten thee: thou look'st as thou wert thorough broiled already.

POST. You have said, sir; but I am no meat for his mowing,[1] nor yours neither. If I had you in place where, you should find me tough enough in digestion, I warrant you.

WAL. What, will you swagger, sirrah? will ye swagger?

BROWN. I beseech you, sir, hold your hand! get home, ye patch![2] cannot you suffer gentlemen jest with you?

POST. I'd teach him a gentle trick, and I had

[1] A proverbial expression. *Mowing* is a corruption of mouthing.

[2] A common term of abuse at that period, derived from the clowns or fools, and in reference to their dress.

him off the Burse; but I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant him.

MOORE. Assure ye, Master Towerson—I cannot blame him.

I warrant you it is no easy loss;
How think you, master stranger? by my faith, sir,
There's twenty merchants will be sorry for it,
That shall be partners with him in his loss.

STRAN. Why, sir, what is the matter?

MOORE. The Spanish galleys have beset our ships,
That lately were bound out for Syria.

STRAN. What not? I promise you, I am sorry for it.

WAL. What an old ass is this to keep us here.
Master Pisaro, pray despatch us hence.

PIS. Master Vandal, I confess I wrong you:
But I'll but talk a word or two with him,
And straight turn to you. [*To* HEIGH.] Ah! sir, and how then, faith?

HEIGH. Turn to us? turn to the gallows, if you will.

HAR. 'Tis midsummer-moon with him: let him alone.

He calls Ned Walgrave Master Vandal.

WAL. Let it be Shrovetide, I'll not stay an inch. Master Pisaro.

PIS. What should you fear? and, as I have vow'd before,
So now again, my daughters shall be yours:
And therefore I beseech you and your friends
Defer your business till dinner-time;
And what you'd say, keep it for table talk.

HAR. Marry, and I shall; a right good motion.
Sirs, old Pisaro is grown kind of late,
And in pure love hath bid us home to dinner.

HEIGH. Good news, in truth. But wherefore art thou sad?

WAL. For fear the slave, ere it be dinner-time,
Remembering what he did, recall his word:
For by his idle speeches you may swear,
His heart was not confederate with his tongue.
HAR. Tut, never doubt; keep stomachs till anon;
And then we shall have cates to feed upon.
PIS. Well, sir, since things do fall so crossly out,
I must dispose myself to patience:
But for your business, do you assure yourself,
At my repairing home from the Exchange,
I'll set a helping hand unto the same.

Enter ALVARO *the Italian.*

ALV. Buon giorno, signor padre: why be de melancholy so much and grave in you? a-wat news make you look so naught?
PIS. Naught is too good an epithet by much
For to distinguish such contrariousness.
Hath not swift fame told you, our slow-sail'd ships
Have been o'ertaken by the swift-sail'd galleys,
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch
Of that same caterpillar brood of Spain.
ALV. Signor, si; how de Spaniola have almost tack de ship dat go for Turkey: my padre, hark you me one word: I have receive one letter from my factor de Venise, dat after one picolo battalion for one half-hour, de come a wind fra de north, and de sea go tumble here, and tumble dere, dat make de galleys run away for fear be almost drowned.
PIS. How, sir?
Did the wind rise at north, and sea wax rough,
And were the galleys therefore glad to fly?
ALV. Signor, si; and de ship go drite on de Isola de Candy.
PIS. Wert thou not my Alvaro, my beloved:
One whom I know does dearly count of me,

Much should I doubt me, that some scoffing Jack
Had sent thee, in the midst of all my griefs,
To tell a feigned tale of happy luck.

ALV. Will you no believe me? See dere den: see de letter.

PIS. What is this world, or what this state of man?
How in a moment curs'd, in a trice bless'd!
But even now my happy state 'gan fade,
And now again my state is happy made.
My goods all safe, my ships all 'scap'd away,
And none to bring me news of such good luck,
But whom the heavens have mark'd to be my son!
Were I a lord as great as Alexander,
None should more willingly be made mine heir,
Than thee, thou golden tongue, thou good-news teller!
Joy stops my mouth—— [*The Exchange bell rings.*

BAL. Master Pisaro, the day is late, the bell doth ring:
Wilt please you hasten to perform this business?

PIS. What business, sir? Gods me, I cry you mercy.
Do it? yes, sir, you shall command me more.

TOW. But, sir, what do you mean? do you intend
To pay this bill, or else to palter with me?

PIS. Marry, God shield, that I should palter with you:
I do accept it, and come when you please,
You shall have money; you shall have your money due.

POST. I beseech your worship to consider me.

PIS. O, you cannot cog! go to, take that.
Pray for my life: pray that I have good luck,
And thou shalt see I will not be thy worst master.

POST. Marry, God bless your worship, I came in happy time. What, a French crown! sure, he

knows not what he does. Well, I'll be gone, lest
he remember himself, and take it from me again.
[*Exit.* POST.

PIS. Come on, my lads! Master Vandal, sweet
son Alvaro.
Come, Don Balsaro, let's be jogging home.
By'r laken,[1] sirs, I think 'tis one o'clock.
[*Exeunt* PISARO, BALSARO, ALVARO, DELION,
and VANDAL.

BROWN. Come, Master Moore, th' Exchange is
waxen thin;
I think it best we get us home to dinner.

MOORE. I know that I am look'd for long ere
this.
Come, Master Towerson, let's walk along.
[*Exeunt* MOORE, BROWN, TOWERSON, *Strangers
and Merchant.*

HEIGH. And if you be so hot upon your dinner,
Your best way is to haste Pisaro on,
For he is cold enough, and slow enough;
He hath so late digested such cold news.

WAL. Marry, and shall. Hear you, Master
Pisaro.

HAR. Many Pisaros here![2] Why, how now, Ned,
Where is your Mat,[3] your welcome, and good cheer?

WAL. Come, let us follow him. Why stay we here?

HEIGH. Nay, prythee, Ned Walgrave, let's be-
think ourselves.
There's no such haste: we may come time enough.
At first Pisaro bad us come to him
'Twixt two or three o'clock at afternoon:

---

[1] *i.e.*, By our Ladykin.

[2] Walgrave, abstracted, does not perceive that Pisaro has gone out, for which Harvey laughs at him, *Many Pisaros here!* In the same sense, in act v., Laurentia says, *Many Balsaros I.*

[3] Meaning Mathea.

Then was he old Pisaro; but since then,
What with his grief for loss and joy for finding,
He quite forgat himself, when he did bid us,
And afterward forgat that he had bad us.

WAL. I care not. I remember it well enough
He bad us home, and I will go, that's flat,
To teach him better wit another time.

HAR. Here'll be a gallant jest, when we come there,
To see how 'maz'd the greedy chuff will look
Upon the nations, sects, and factions,
That now have borne him company to dinner.
But hark you; let's not go to vex the man.
Prythee, sweet Ned, let's tarry: do not go.

WAL. Not go indeed! you may do what you please:
I'll go, that's flat: nay, I am gone already.
Stay you two, and consider further of it.

HEIGH. Nay, all will go, if one. Prythee, stay.
Thou'rt such a rash and giddy-headed youth,
Each stone's a thorn. Heyday! he skips for haste:
Young Harvey did but jest; I know he'll go.

WAL. Nay, he may choose for me. But if he will,
Why does he not? why stands he prating still?
If you'll go, come; if not, farewell.

HAR. Hire a post-horse for him (gentle Frank),
Here's haste, and more haste than a hasty pudding.
You madman, madcap, wild-oats! we are for you,
It boots not stay, when you intend to go.

WAL. Come away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PISARO, ALVARO, DELION, *and* VANDAL.

PIS. A thousand welcomes, friends. Monsieur Delion,

Ten thousand bien-venus unto yourself.
Signor Alvaro, Master Vandal,
Proud am I, that my roof contains such friends.
Why Mall, Larentia, Mat! Where be these girls?

Enter the three Sisters.

Lively, my girls; and bid these strangers welcome.
They are my friends, your friends, and our well-willers.
You cannot tell what good you may have on them.
Gods me! why stir you not? Hark in your ear:
These be the men, the choice of many millions,
That I, your careful father, have provided
To be your husbands; therefore bid them welcome.

MATH. Nay, by my troth, 'tis not the guise of maids
To give a slavering salute to men: [*Aside.*
If these sweet youths have not the wit to do it,
We have the honesty to let them stand.

VAN. Gods sekerlin, dats unfra meskin, Monsieur Delion, dare de grote friester, dare wode ic zene, tis un-fra daughter, dare heb ic so long lovde, dare heb my desire so long gewest.

ALV. Ah! Venice, Roma, Italia, Francia, Angliterra, nor all dis orb can show so much bellezza, veramente de secunda Madonna de grand beauty.

DEL. Certes, me dinck de mine depeteta de little Anglois de me maitresse Pisaro is un nette, un becues, un fra, et un tendra demosella.

PIS. What stocks, what stones, what senseless trunks be these!
When as I bid you speak, you hold your tongue.
When I bid peace, then can you prate and chat,
And gossip. But go to, speak and bid welcome,
Or (as I live) you were as good you did.

MAR. I cannot tell what language I should speak:

If I speak English (as I can none other)
They cannot understand me nor my welcome.

ALV. Bella madonna, dere is no language so dolce; dolce, dat is sweet, as de language dat you sal speak, and de velcome dat you sal say, sal be vel perfectamente.

MAR. Pray, sir, what is all this in English?

ALV. De usa sal vel teash you vat dat is; and if you sal please, I will teash you to parlar Italiano.

PIS. And that, methinks, sir, not without need
And with Italian too a child's obedience,
With such desire to seek to please their parents,
As others far more virtuous than themselves
Do daily strive to do. But 'tis no matter:
I'll shortly pull your haughty stomachs down.
I'll teach you urge your father; make you run
When I bid run, and speak when I bid speak.
What greater cross can careful parents have
[*Knock within.*
Than careless children? Stir, and see who knocks.

Enter HARVEY, WALGRAVE, *and* HEIGHAM.

WAL. Good morrow to my good Mistress Mathea.

MATH. As good a morrow to the morrow-giver.

PIS. A murrain! what make these? what do they here?

HEIGH. You see, Master Pisaro, we are bold guests.
You could have bid no surer men than we.

PIS. Hark you, gentlemen; I did expect you
At afternoon, not before two o'clock.

HAR. Why, sir, if you please, you shall have us here at two o'clock, at three o'clock, at four o'clock; nay, till to-morrow this time; yet I assure you, sir, we came not to your house without inviting.

PIS. Why, gentlemen, I pray, who bad you now?
Whoever did it, sure, hath done you wrong;
For scarcely could you come to worser cheer.
HEIGH. It was your own self bad us to this cheer,
When you were busy with Balsaro talking.
You bad us cease our suits till dinner-time,
And then to use it for our table-talk:
And we, I warrant you, as sure as steel——
PIS. A murrain on yourselves and sureness too!
How am I cross'd! God's me, what shall I do?
This was that ill news of the Spanish pirates,
That so disturb'd me. Well, I must dissemble,
And bid them welcome; but for my daughters,
I'll send them hence; they shall not stand and prate. [*Aside.*]
Well, my masters, gentlemen, and friends,
Though unexpected, yet most heartily welcome—
Welcome with a vengeance [*Aside*]—but for your cheer,
That will be small: yet too-too much for you.
[*Aside.*
Mall, in and get things ready. Laurentia,
Bid Maudlin lay the cloth, take up the meat.
Look, how she stirs; you sullen elf, you callet!
Is this the haste you make?
[*Exeunt* MARINA *and* LAURENTIA.
ALV. Signor Pisaro, ne soit so malcontento: de gentlewoman your figliola dit parla but a litella to de gentlehomo our grande amico.
PIS. But that grande amico is your grande inimico:
One, if they be suffered to parlar,
Will poll you, ay, and pill you of your wife.
They love together, and the other two
Love her two sisters: but 'tis only you
Shall crop the flower that they esteem so much.

ALV. Do dey so? Vel let me lone, sal see me give dem de such grand mock, sal be shame of demselves.

PIS. Do, sir,
I pray you do: set lustily upon them,
And I'll be ready still to second you.

WAL. But, Mat, art thou so mad as to turn French?

MATH. Yes, marry, when two Sundays come together.
Think you I'll learn to speak this gibberish,[1]
Or the pig's language? Why, if I fall sick,
They'll say the French *et cætera* infected me.

PIS. Why, how now, minion! what, is this your service?
Your other sisters busy are employ'd,
And you stand idle: get you in, or——

WAL. If you chide her, chide me, Master Pisaro;
For but for me she had gone in long since.

PIS. I think she had; for ye[2] are sprites to scare her;
But, ere't be long, I'll drive that humour from her.

ALV. Signor, me thincks you soud no make de wench so hardy, so disobedient, to de padre as dit madonna Mat.

WAL. Signor, methinks you should learn to speak before you should be so foolhardy, as to woo such a maiden as that Madonna Mat.

DEL. Warrant you, monsieur, he sal parle, wen you sal stand out de door.

HAR. Hark you, monsieur, you would wish

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[1] *Gibberish* is no doubt derived from *gibber*, and it means idle nonsense. Whether *gibber* comes from *geber*, as Dr Johnson contends, must remain in doubt.

[2] [Old copies, *we*.]

yourself half-hanged, you were as sure to be let in as he.

VAN. Mack no doubt, de Signor Alvaro sal do vel enough.

HEIGH. Perhaps so; but methinks your best way were to ship yourself for Stoade, and there to barter yourself for a commodity, for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

PIS. The worst perhaps dislike him, but the best Esteem him best.

HAR. But by your patience, sir,
Methinks none should know better who is lord,
Than the lady.

ALV. Den de lady? vat lady?

HAR. Marry, sir, the lady Let-her-alone: one that means
To let you alone for fear of trouble.

PIS. Every man as he may: yet sometimes the blind may catch a hare.

HEIGH. Ay, sir, but he will first eat many a fly.[1] You know it must be a wonder if a crab catch a fowl.

VAN. Maer hort ens; if he and ic and Monsieur Delion be de crab, we sal kash de fowl well genough, I warrant you.

WAL. Ay, and the fowl well enough, I warrant you; and much good may it do ye.

ALV. Me dinck such a picolo man as you be sal have no de such grande luck, ma dere.

DEL. Non da monsieur, and he be so granda amorous op de damosella, hec sal have Maudlin, de wit wench in de kichin, by Maitre Pisaro's leave.

[1] "The blind eats many a fly," was proverbial, and, according to Henslowe's Diary, formed the title of a play by Thomas Heywood, under date of November 1602. [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 359.]

WAL. By Master Pisaro's leave, monsieur, I'll mumble you,
Except you learn to know whom you speak to:
I tell thee, François, I'll have (maugre thy teeth)
Her that shall make thee gnash thy teeth to want.

PIS. Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an ace of his wish. But, gentlemen, every man as his luck serves, and so agree we. I would not have you fall out in my house. Come, come, all this was in jest: now let's to't in earnest—I mean with our teeth, and try who's the best trencherman. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter FRISCO.

FRIS. Ah, sirrah, now I know what manner of thing Paul's is; I did so mar'l[1] afore what it was, out of all count; for my master would say, would I had Paul's full of gold; my young mistress and Grimkin Taylor would wish they had Paul's full of needles. I once asked my master half a yard of frieze to make me a coat, and he cried, Whoop holiday! it was big enough to make Paul's a night-gown. I have been told that Duke Humfrey dwells here, and that he keeps open house, and that a brave sort of Cameleers[2] dine with him every day: now if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I would set in a foot. But the best is, as the ancient English Roman orator saith, Solame-men, misers, housewives, and so forth.[3] The best is, that I have great store of company, that do nothing but go up and down, and go

[1] *i.e.*, Marvel. [2] Meaning Cavaliers.
[3] *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

up and down, and make a grumbling together, that the meat is so long making ready. Well, if I could meet this scurvy Frenchman, they should stay me, for I would be gone home.

Enter ANTHONY.

ANTH. I beseech you, monsieur, give me audience.

FRIS. What would you have? What should I give you?

ANTH. Pardon, sir, mine uncivil and presumptuous intrusion, who endeavour nothing less, than to provoke or exasperate you against me.

FRIS. They say, a word to the wise is enough, so by this little French that he speaks, I see he is the very man I seek for. Sir, I pray, what is your name?

ANTH. I am nominated Monsieur La Mouche, and rest at your bon service.

FRIS. I understand him partly yea, and partly nay. Can you speak French? Content pour vous, monsieur, madame.

ANTH. If I could not, sir, I should ill-understand you; you speak the best French that ever trod upon shoe of leather.

FRIS. Nay, I can speak more languages than that:
This is Italian, is it not—Nelle slurde curtezana?

ANTH. Yes, sir, and you speak it like a very natural.

FRIS. I believe you well. Now for Dutch—
Ducky de do, wat heb ye gebrought?

ANTH. I pray stop your mouth, for I never heard such Dutch before broached.

FRIS. Nay, I think you have not met with no peasant. Hear you, Master Mouse (so your name is, I take it), I have considered of your learning in

these aforesaid languages, and find you reasonable so, so. Now this is the matter: can you take the ease to teach these tongues to two or three gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will see you paid for your labour.

ANTH. Yes, sir, and that most willingly.

FRIS. Why then, Master Mouse, to their use I entertain ye, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that I myself have no leisure to show my skill. Well, sir, if you'll please to walk with me, I'll bring you to them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LAURENTIA, MARINA, *and* MATHEA.

LAU. Sit till dinner's done? not I, I swear:
Shall I stay, till he belch into mine ears
Those rustic phrases and those Dutch-French terms,
Stammering half-sentences, dogbolt eloquence?
And when he hath no love, forsooth, why then
He tells me cloth is dear at Antwerp, and the men
Of Amsterdam have lately made a law,
That none but Dutch, as he, may traffic there.
Then stands he still, and studies what to say;
And after some half-hour, because the ass
Hopes (as he thinks) I shall not contradict him,
He tells me, that my father brought him to me,
And that I must perform my father's will.
Well, good-man goose-cap, when thou woo'st again,
Thou shalt have simple ease for thy love's pain.

MATH. Alas! poor wench, I sorrow for thy hap,
To see how thou art clogg'd with such a dunce.
Forsooth, my sire hath fitted me far better:
My Frenchman comes upon me with the Sa, sa, sa:
Sweet madame, pardonnez moi, I pray:

And then out goes his hand, down goes his head,
Swallows his spittle, frizzles his beard, and then
to me :
" Pardonnez moi, mistress Mathea,
If I be bold to mack so bold met you,
Think it go will dat spur me dus up you :
Dan cast neit off so good and true lover,
Madame Celestura de la (I know not what)
Do oft pray to God dat me would love her :"
And then he reckons a catalogue of names,
Of such as love him, and yet cannot get him.

MAR. Nay, but your monsieur's but a mouse in
cheese,
Compared with my signor. He can tell
Of lady Venus and her son blind Cupid ;
Of the fair Scilla, that was lov'd of Glaucus ;[1]
And yet scorn'd Glaucus, and yet lov'd King
Minos ;
Yet Minos hated her, and yet she holp him.
And yet he scorn'd her ; yet she kill'd her father
To do him good ; yet he could not abide her.
Nay, he'll be bawdy, too, in his discourse,
And when he is so, he will take my hand.
And tickle the palm, wink with his one eye,
Gape with his mouth, and——

LAU. And, hold thy tongue, I prythee : here's
my father.

Enter PISARO, ALVARO, VANDAL, DELION, HARVEY,
WALGRAVE, *and* HEIGHAM.

PIS. Unmannerly, untaught, unnurtur'd girls !
Do I bring gentlemen, my very friends,
To feast with me, to revel at my house,
That their good likings may be set on you,

[1] This story had become familiar in consequence of T. Lodge's "Scilla's Metamorphosis," printed in 1589.

And you, like misbehav'd and sullen girls,
Turn tail to such as may advance your states?
I shall remember't, when you think I do not.
I am sorry, gentlemen, your cheer's no better;
But what did want at board, excuse me for,
And you shall have amends be made in bed.
To them, friends, to them; they are none but yours:
For you I bred them, for you brought them up,[1]
For you I kept them, and you shall have them:
I hate all others that resort to them.
Then rouse your bloods, be bold with what's your own,
For I and mine (my friends) be yours or none.

Enter FRISCO *and* ANTHONY.

FRIS. Gi' ye[2] good-morrow, sir. I have brought you monsieur Mouse here, to teach my young mistresses: I assure you (forsooth) he is a brave Frenchman.

PIS. Welcome, friend, welcome. My man (I think)
Hath at the full resolv'd thee of my will.
Monsieur Delion, I pray question him:
I tell you, sir, 'tis only for your sake
That I do mean to entertain this fellow.

ANTH. A bots of all ill luck! how came these here?
Now am I pos'd, except the wenches help me:
I have no French to flap them in the mouth.

HAR. To see the luck of a good fellow: poor Anthony
Could ne'er have sorted out a worser time.

[1] The copies of 1626 and 1631 read this line—*For you I bred them, for you I brought them up;* but the pronoun *I* is redundant both for sense and measure.

[2] [Old copies, *God-ye.*]

Now will the pack of all our sly devices
Be quite laid ope, as one undoes an oyster,
Frank Heigham and mad Ned, fall to your meuses,[1]
To help poor Anthony now at a pinch,
Or all our market will be spoil'd and marr'd.

WAL. Tut, man, let us alone: I warrant you.

DEL. Monsieur, vous estes tres bien-venu: de quelle pais estes vous?

ANTH. Vous, that's you; sure he says, how do men call you. Monsieur la Mouche?

MAR. Sister, help, sister! that's honest Anthony. And he answers your wooer cujus contrarium.

DEL. Monsieur, vous n'entends pas: je ne demande point vostre nom.

MATH. Monsieur Delion, he that made your shoes, made them not in fashion; they should have been cut square at the toe.

DEL. Madame, my shoe met de square toe, vat be dat?

PIS. Why, sauce-box! how now, you unreverent minx!
Why, in whose stable hast thou been brought up,
To interrupt a man in midst of speech?
Monsieur Delion, disquiet not yourself,
But as you have begun, I pray proceed
To question with this countryman of yours.

DEL. Dat me sal do tres bien, but de bella madonna, de jeune gentlewoman, do monstre somesing of amour to speak lot me, et pour ce, monsieur, mee sal say but two tree four five word to dis Francois: or sus, monsieur La Mouche, en quelle partie de France etiez vous nè?

HAR. Francis.[2]

HEIGH. Ned.

WAL. What, let me come.
Master Pisaro, we have occasion of affairs,

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[1] [Inventions.]

[2] [Old copies, *Fraunce.*]

Which calls us hence with speed; wherefore, I pray,
Defer this business till some fitter time,
And to perform what at the Exchange we spoke of.

ANTH. A blessing on that tongue, saith Anthony. [*Aside.*

PIS. Yes, marry, gentlemen, I will, I will.
Alvaro, to your task: fall to your task!
I'll bear away those three who, being here,
Would set my daughters on a merry pin:
Then cheerly try your lucks. But speak and speed;
For you alone, say I, shall do the deed.

[*Exeunt* PISARO, HARVEY, WALGRAVE, *and* HEIGHAM.

FRIS. Hear you, master Mouse, did you dine to-day at Paul's with the rest of the gentlemen there?

ANTH. No, sir, I am yet undined.

FRIS. Methinks you should have a reasonable good stomach then by this time: as for me, I can feel[1] nothing within me from my mouth to my cod-piece, but all empty: wherefore I think it a piece of wisdom to go in and see what Maudlin hath provided for our dinner. Master Mouse, will you go in?

ANTH. With as good a stomach and desire as yourself.

FRIS. Let's pass in then.

[*Exeunt* FRISCO *and* ANTHONY.

VAN. Han seg you, dochtor, vor vat cause, vor why bed also much grooterly strange, ic seg you wat, if dat ghy speak to me, is dat ghy love me?

LAU. Is't that I care not for you? Is't that your breath stinks? If that your breath stinks

[1] All the copies read *sell* for *feel*; but it was an easy misprint.

not, you must learn sweeter English, or I shall never understand your suit.

DEL. Pardonnez moi, madame.

MATH. With all my heart, so you offend no more.

DEL. Is dat an offence to be amorous de one belle gentlewoman?

MATH. Ay, sir, see: your belle gentlewoman cannot be amorous of you.

MAR. Then if I were as that belle gentlewoman's lover, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

ALV. Madonna, yet de bellezza of de face, beauty, de form of all de corpo may be such, dat no periculo, nor all de mal shance, can make him leave her dolce visage.

LAUR. But, signor Alvaro, if the periculo or malshance were such, that she should love and live with another, then the dolce visage must be left in spite of the lover's teeth, whilst he may whine at his own ill-fortune.

VAN. Dat's war, maitresse, for it is untrue, saying, dey wint he taught dey verleift lie scrat sin gat.

MATH. And I think, too, you are like to scratch there, but never to claw any of my sister's love away.

VAN. Dan sal your sistre do gainst her vader's will, for your vader segt dat ic sal heb har vor mine wife.

LAUR. I think not so, sir, for I never heard him say so; but I'll go in and ask him if his meaning be so.

MAR. Hark, sister; signor Alvaro saith, that I am the fairest of all us three.

LAUR. Believe him not, for he'll tell any lie,
If so he thinks thou may's be pleas'd thereby.
Come, go with me, and ne'er stand prating here,
I have a jest to tell thee in thine ear

Shall make you laugh. Come, let your signor stand:
I know there's not a wench in all this town
Scoffs at him more, or loves him less than thou.
Master Vandal, as much I say for you;
If needs you marry with an English lass,
Woo her in English, or she'll call you ass.

MATH. Tut, that's a French cog; sure, I think,
There's ne'er a wench in France not half so fond
To woo and sue so for your monsieurship.

DEL. Par ma foi, madame, she does tink dare is no wench so dure as you: for de fille was créé dolce, tendre, and amorous for me to love her. Now me tink dat I, being such a fine man, you should lova me.

MATH. So think not I, sir.

DEL. But so tink esh oder demoisella.

MATH. Nay, I'll lay my love to your command, That my sisters think not so. How say you, sister Mall?
Why how now, gentlemen, is this your talk?
What, beaten in plain field! Where be your maids?
Nay, then I see their loving humour fades,
And they resign their interest up to me;
And yet I cannot serve for all you three:
But lest two should be mad, that I love one,
You shall be all alike, and I'll love none.
The world is scant, when so many jackdaws
Hover about one corse with greedy paws.
If needs you'll have me, stay till I am dead;
Carrion for crows, Mathea for her Ned;
And so farewell. We sisters do agree
To have our wills, but ne'er to have you three.
[*Exeunt.*

DEL. Madame, attendez, madame—is she allé? Do she mocque de vous in such sort?

VAN. O de pestilence! O, if dat ic can neit de

se Englese sprek vel, ic sel her fader seg how is to pass gecomen.

Enter PISARO.

ALV. Ne parlate: see here, signors, de father.

PIS. Now, friends, now, gentlemen, how speeds your work?
Have you not found them shrewd, unhappy girls?

VAN. Master Pisaro, de dochter Maistris Laurentia, call de dyel, den ass, for dat ic can neit English spreken.

ALV. And dat we sal no parlar, dat we sal no havar dem for de wive.

PIS. Are they so lusty? Dare they be so proud?
Well, I shall find a time to meet with them:[1]
In the mean season, pray, frequent my house.

Enter FRISCO, *running.*

Ho! now, sirrah, whither are you running?

FRIS. About a little tiny business.

PIS. What business, ass?

FRIS. Indeed I was not sent to you, and yet I was sent after the three gen'men that dined here, to bid them come to our house at ten o'clock at night, when you were abed.

PIS, Ha! what is this? Can this be true?
What, art thou sure the wenches bad them come?

FRIS. So they said, unless their minds be changed since; for a woman is like a weathercock, they say, and I am sure of no more than I am certain of. But I'll go in and bid them send you word, whether they shall come or no.

PIS. No, sirrah, stay you here. But one word more:

[1] To be even with them.

Did they appoint them come one by one, or else
Altogether?

FRIS. Altogether! Lord, that such a young man as you should have no more wit! Why, if they should come together, one could not make room for them; but coming one by one, they'll stand there, if there were twenty of them.

PIS. How this news glads me, and revives my soul!
How say you, sirs? What, will you have a jest
Worth the telling; nay, worth the acting?
I have it, gentlemen—I have it, friends.

ALV. Signor Pisaro, I pray de gratia wat manner sal we have? wat will the parlar? what bon do you know, Signor Pisaro, diche di noi, Signor Pisaro?

PIS. O, that youth so sweet
So soon should turn to age! Were I as you,
Why, this were sport alone for me to do.
Hark ye, hark ye. Here my man
Saith that the girls have sent for Master Heigham
And his two friends: I know they love them dear,
And therefore wish them late at night be here,
To revel with them. Will you have a jest,
To work my will and give your longings rest?
Why then Master Vandal and you two
Shall soon at midnight come, as they should do,
And court the wenches; and to be unknown,
And taken for the men whom they alone
So much affect, each one shall change his name:
Master Vandal, you shall take Heigham, and you
Young Harvey, and Monsieur Delion, Ned,
And under shadows be of substance sped.
How like you this device? how think you of it?

DEL. O de brave, de galliard devise: me sal come by de nite and contrefaire de Anglois gentlehommes—dites-nous ainsi, Monsieur Pisaro?

PIS. You are in the right, sir.

ALV. And I sal name me de Signor Harvey, and Monsieur Delion sal be de piccolo Signor Ned, and when Madonna Laurentia sal say, who be dare? Monsieur Vandal sal say, O my sout lady, hier be your love Maestro Heigham. Is no dis de bravissime, Master Vandal?

VAN. Slaet up den tromele, van ick sal come up to de camerken, wan my new wineken slaet up den tromele, van ick sal come.

PIS. Ha, ha, ha, Master Vandal!
I trow you will be merry soon at night,
When you shall do indeed what now you hope of.

VAN. I sal you seg, vader, ic sal teash your daughter such a ting make her laugh too.

PIS. Well, my sons all (for so I count you shall)
What we have here devised, provide me for;
But above all, do not (I pray) forget
To come but one by one, as they did wish.

VAN. Mar, hortens vader, ic veit neit de way to your hous, hortens sal Master Frisco your maniken come to call de me, and bring me to your house.

PIS. Yes, marry, shall he. See that you be ready,
And at the hour of eleven soon at night,
Hie you to Bucklersbury to his chamber,
And so direct him straight unto my house.
My son Alvaro and Monsieur Delion
I know do know the way exceeding well.
Well, we'll to the Rose in Barking for an hour:
And, sirrah Frisco, see you prove no blab.

[*Exeunt* PISARO, ALVARO, DELION, *and* VANDAL.

SCENE III.

FRIS. O monstrous! who would think my master had so much wit in his old rotten budget? and yet, i' faith he is not much troubled with it neither.

Why, what wise man in a kingdom would send me for the Dutchman? Does he think I'll not cozen him? O fine, I'll have the bravest sport! O brave, I'll have the gallantest sport! O, come now, if I can hold behind, while I may laugh a while, I care not. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter ANTHONY.

ANTH. Why, how now, Frisco; why laughest thou so heartily?

FRIS. Laugh, Master Mouse, laugh! Ha, ha, ha!

ANTH. Laugh! why should I laugh? or why art thou so merry?

FRIS. O Master Mouse, Master Mouse! it would make any mouse, rat, cat, or dog laugh, to think what sport we shall have at our house soon at night. I'll tell you all: my young mistress sent me after Master Heigham and his friends to pray them come to our house, after my old master was abed. Now I went, and I went; and I run, and I went; and whom should I meet but my master Pisaro[1] and the strangers; so my master very worshipfully (I must needs say) examined me whither I went. Now, I durst not tell him an untruth, for fear of lying; but told him plainly and honestly mine errand. Now, who would think my master had such a monstrous plaguy wit? he was as glad as could be; out of all Scotch-and-notch glad; out of all count glad: and so, sirrah, he bid the three uplandishmen come in their steads, and woo my young mistresses. Now it made me so laugh to think how they would be cozened, that I could not follow my master. But I'll follow

[1] The old copies read, *Whom should I meet but my master and M. Pisaro.*

him: I know he has gone to the tavern in his merry humour. Now, if you will keep this as secret as I have done hitherto, we shall have the bravest sport soon, as can be. I must be gone: say nothing. [*Exit.*

ANTH. Well, it is so;
And we will have good sport, or it shall go hard:
This must the wenches know, or all is marr'd.

Enter the three Sisters.

Hark you, Miss Mall, Miss Laurentia, Miss Mat:
I have such news (my girls) will make you smile.

MAR. What be they, master? how I long to hear it!

ANTH. A woman right, still longing and with child
For everything they hear or light upon.
Well, if you be mad wenches, hear it now.
Now may your knaveries give the deadliest blow
To night-walkers, eavesdroppers, or outlandlish love,
That e'er was stricken.

MATH. Anthony La Mouche,
Move but the matter—tell us but the jest;
And if you find us slack to execute,
Never give credence, or believe us more.

ANTH. Then know, the strangers, your outlandish loves,
Appointed by your father, come this night
Instead of Harvey, Heigham, and young Ned,
Under their shadows to get to your bed;
For Frisco simply told him why he went.
I need not to instruct—you can conceive—
You are not stocks nor stones, but have some store
Of wit and knavery too.

MATH. Anthony, thanks
Is too-too small a guerdon for this news.

You must be English! Well, Sir Signor Sowse,[1]
I'll teach you tricks for coming to our house.
LAUR. Are you so crafty? O, that night were come!
That I might hear my Dutchman, how he'd swear
In his own mother-language that he loves me.
Well, if I quit him not, I here pray God
I may lead apes in hell, and die a maid,[2]
And that were worser to me than a hanging.
ANTH. Well said, old honest huddles. Here's a heap
Of merry lasses! Well, for myself,
I'll hie me to your lovers, bid them mask
With us at night, and in some corner stay
Near to our house, where they may make some play
Upon your rivals; and when they are gone,
Come to your windows.
MAR. Do so, good master.
ANTH. Peace! begone.
For this our sport somebody soon will mourn.
[*Exeunt Sisters.* *Manet* ANTHONY.[3]

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[1] She addresses herself to her absent outlandish love, who is to pretend to be English.

[2] This proverb occurs twice in Shakespeare, in "Much Ado about Nothing," and in "The Taming of the Shrew," and Malone and Steevens laboured in vain to discover its applicability. It is also to be met with in H. Chettle's "Patient Grissel," 1603, where Farnese observes to Julia, "Then I perceive you mean to *lead apes in hell*," and she replies, "That spiteful proverb was proclaimed against them that are married upon earth, for to be married is to live in a kind of hell. . . . Your wife is your ape, and that heavy burden wedlock, your jack-an-ape's clog: therefore I'll not be tied to't." This does not throw any new light upon the matter, nor explain why old maids are destined in the infernal regions to this duty. If old bachelors were supposed to be transformed there into apes, it would be very intelligible.

[3] The stage direction in the old copy is only *Exeunt;* but Anthony remains.

Enter PISARO.

PIS. How favourable heaven and earth is seen
To grace the mirthful complot that is laid!
Night's candles burn obscure, and the pale moon,
Favouring our drift, lies buried in a cloud.
I can but smile to see the simple girls,
Hoping to have their sweethearts here to-night,
Tickled with extreme joy, laugh in my face;
But when they find the strangers in their steads,
They'll change their note, and sing another song.
Where be these girls here? what! to bed, to bed!
Maudlin, make fast the doors, rake up the fire.

Enter the three Sisters.[1]

God's me! 'tis nine o'clock! hark, Bow-bell rings.
Some look down below, and see who knocks.
[*Knocking.*
And hark you, girls, settle your hearts at rest,
And full resolve you, that to-morrow morn
You must be wed to such as I prefer;
I mean Alvaro and his other friends.
Let me no more be troubled with your nays:
You shall do what I'll have, and so resolve.

Enter MOORE.

Welcome, Master Moore, welcome.
What wind, a God's name, drives you forth so late?
MOORE. Faith, sir, I am come to trouble you:
My wife this present night is brought to bed.
PIS. To bed? and what hath God sent you?
MOORE. A jolly girl, sir.

[1] The re-entrance of the Sisters is not marked in the oldest edition.

PIS. And God bless her. But what's your will, sir?

MOORE. Faith, sir, my house being full of friends,
Such as (I thank them) came to see my wife,
I would request you, that for this one night
My daughter Susan might be lodged here.

PIS. Lodge in my house? welcome, with all my heart.
Mat, hark you, she shall lie with you:
Trust me, she could not come in fitter time.
For (hear you, sir) to-morrow in the morning
All my three daughters must be married.
Good Master Moore, let's have your company;
What say you, sir?

Enter a Servant.

Welcome, honest friend.

MOORE. How now, sirrah, what's the news with you?

PIS. Mouche, hear you: stir betimes to-morrow,
For then I mean your scholars shall be wed.
What news, what news, man, that you look so sad?

MOORE. He brings me word my wife is new fall'n sick,
And that my daughter cannot come to-night;
Or if she does, it will be very late.

PIS. Believe me, I am then more sorry for it.
But for your daughter, come she soon or late,
Some of us will be up to let her in,
For here be three mean not to sleep to-night.
Well, you must be gone: commend me to your wife.
Take heed how you go down: the stairs are bad.
Bring here a light.

MOORE. 'Tis well, I thank you, sir. [*Exit.*

PIS. Good night, Master Moore: farewell, honest friend.

Come, come—to bed, to bed: 'tis nine and past.
Do not stand prating here to make me fetch you,
But get you to your chambers. [*Exit* PISARO.

ANTH. By'r Lady, here's short work! hark you, girls,
Will you to-morrow marry with the strangers?

MAR. I' faith, sir, no. I'll first leap out at window,
Before Marina marry with a stranger.

ANTH. Yes, but your father swears you shall have one.

MATH. Yes, but his daughters swear they shall have none.
These whoreson cannibals, these Philistines,
These tango-mongoes shall not rule o'er me.
I'll have my will and Ned, or I'll have none.

ANTH. How will you get him? how will you get him?
I know no other way except it be this,
That when your father's in his soundest sleep,
You ope the door, and run away with them.

ALL SISTERS. So we will, rather than miss of them.

ANTH. 'Tis well-resolved, i' faith, and like yourselves.
But hear you! to your chambers presently,
Lest that your father do descry our drift.
[*Exeunt* SISTERS.
Mistress Susan should come, but she cannot;
Nor perhaps shall not, yet perhaps she shall.
Might not a man conceit a pretty jest,
And make as mad a riddle as this is?
If all things fadge now,[1] as all things should do,
We shall be sped; faith, Mat shall have her due.

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[1] [Old copies, *not*.]

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter VANDAL *and* FRISCO.

VAN. Where be you, Master Frisco.

FRIS. Here, sir, here, sir. Now if I could cozen him. [*Aside.*]
Take heed, sir, here's a post.

VAN. Ic be so groterly hot, dat ic swet. O, when sal we come dere.

FRIS. Be you so hot, sir? let me carry your cloak; I assure you it will ease you much.

VAN. Dere, here, dere, 'tis so dark I can neit see.

FRIS. Ay, so, so. Now you may travel in your hose and doublet. Now look I as like the Dutchman as if I were spit out of his mouth.[1] I'll straight home, and speak groot and brood, and toot and gibberish; and in the dark I'll have a fling at the wenches. Well, I say no more. Farewell, Master Mendal, I must go seek my fortune.
[*Exit* FRISCO.

VAN. Mester Frisco, Mester Frisco! what sal you no speak? make you de fool? Why, Mester Frisco! O de skellum, he be ga met de cloak! me sal seg his mester. Ha! Mester Frisco, waer seed-e Mester Frisco? [*Exit* VANDAL.

Enter HARVEY, HEIGHAM, *and* WALGRAVE.

HAR. Goes the case so well, Signor Bottle-nose?
It may be we shall overreach your drift.
This is the time the wenches sent us word
Our bombast Dutchman and his mates will come.
Well, neat Italian, you must don my shape:
Play your part well, or I may 'haps pay you.

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[1] Frisco puts on Vandal's cloak.

What, speechless, Ned? faith, whereon musest thou?
'Tis on your French corrival, for my life.
He comes *et vostre*, and so forth,
Till he hath foisted in a brat or two.
How then, how then?

WAL. Nay, I'll geld him first,
Ere that infestious losel revel there.
Well, Mat, I think thou know'st what Ned can do:
Shouldst thou change Ned for Noddy, me for him.
Thou didst not know thy loss, i' faith thou didst not.

HEIGH. Come, leave this idle chat, and let provide
Which of us shall be scarecrow to these fools,
And set them out the way?

WAL. Why, that will I.

HAR. Then put a sword into a madman's hand.
Thou art so hasty that, but cross thy humour,
And thou'lt be ready cross them o'er the pates:
Therefore, for this time, I'll supply the room.

HEIGH. And so we shall be sure of chat enough.
You'll hold them with your flouts and gulls so long,
That all the night will scarcely be enough
To put in practice what we have devised:
Come, come, I'll be the man shall do the deed.

HAR. Well, I am content to save your longing.
But soft, where are we? Ha! here's the house.
Come, let us take our stands: Frank, stand you there,
And Ned and I will cross [to] t'other side.

HEIGH. Do so; but hush! I hear one passing hither.

Enter ALVARO.

ALV. O de favourable aspect of de heaven! 'tis so obscure, so dark, so black, dat no mortal creature can know me: I pray a Dio I sal have de right wench. Ah si, I be recht: here be de huis of

Signor Pisaro; I sal have de Madonna Marina, and darvor I sal knock to de door. [*He knocks.*

HEIGH. What a pox! are you mad or drunk? What do you mean to break my glasses?[1]

ALV. Wat be dar glasses? What drunk? what mad?

HEIGH. What glasses, sir? why, my glasses: and if you be so crank, I'll call the constable. You will not enter into a man's house, I hope, in spite of him?

HAR. Nor durst you be so bold as to stand there, If once the master of the house did know it.

ALV. Is dis your house? be you de signor of dis casa?

HEIGH. Signor me no signors, nor casa me no casas: but get you hence, or you are like to taste of the bastinado.

HAR. Do, do, good Ferdinand; pummell the loggerhead.

ALV. Is this neit the house of Mester Pisaro?

HEIGH. Yes, marry, when? can you tell? how do you? I thank you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

ALV. What be dat?

HEIGH. Marry, that you are an ass and a loggerhead, to seek Master Pisaro's house here.

ALV. I pray de gratia, what be dis plashe? What do ye call dis street?

HEIGH. What, sir? why, Leadenhall. Could you not see the four spouts as you came along?

ALV. Certamente, Leadenhall, I hit my head by de way; der may be do voer spouts. I pray de gratia, wish be de way to Croche Friars?

HEIGH. How, to Crutched Friars? Marry, you must go along till you come to the pump, and then turn on your right hand.

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[1] Heigham pretends that he is a dealer in glasses.

ALV. Signor, a Dio. [*Exit* ALVARO.
HEIGH. Farewell, and be hang'd, signor!
Now, for your fellow, if the ass would come.

Enter DELION.

DEL. By my trot, me do so mush tinck of dit gentlewoman, de fine wensh, dat me tinck esh hour ten day, and esh day ten years, till I come to her. Here be de huis of sin vader, sal aller and knock. [*He knocks.*
HEIGH. What a bots ails you, are you mad? Will you run over me, and break my glasses?
DEL. Glasses! wat glasses? Pray, is Monsieur Pisaro to de maison?
HAR. Hark, Ned, there's thy substance. [*Aside.*
WAL. Nay, by the mass, the substance is here, The shadow's but an ass. [*Aside.*
HEIGH. What Master Pisaro? Loggerhead! here is none of your Pisaros?
DEL. Yes, but dit is de huis of Mester Pisaro.
WAL. Will not this Monsieur Motley[1] take his answer? I'll go and knock the ass about the pate.
HAR. Nay, by your leave, sir, but I'll hold your worship.
This stir we should have had, had you stood there.
WAL. Why, would it not vex one to hear the ass
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?
HAR. One of thy mettle, Ned, would surely do it.
But peace, and hark to the rest.
DEL. Do no de fine gentlewoman Maitresse Mathe dwell in this plashe?
HEIGH. No, sir; here dwells none of your fine

[1] Another name for a clown or fool.

gentlewomen: 'twere a good deed, sirrah, to see who you are. You come hither to steal my glasses, and then counterfeit you are going to your quean's.

DEL. I be deceve dis dark night. Here be no wensh, I be no in de right plashe. I pray, monsieur, wat be name dis street, and wish be de way to Croche Friars?

HEIGH. Marry, this is Fenchurch Street, and the best way to Crutched Friars is to follow your nose.

DEL. Vanshe Street! How shance me come to Vanshe Street? Vel, monsieur, we must aller to Croche Friars. [*Exit* DELION.

WAL. Farewell, fortypence,[1] go seek you, signor. I hope you'll find yourselves two dolts anon. Hush, Ferdinand, I hear the last come stamping hither.

Enter FRISCO.

FRIS. Ha! sirrah, I have left my fat Dutchman, and run myself almost out of breath too. Now to my young mistresses go I; somebody cast an old shoe after me.[2] But soft: how shall I do to counterfeit the Dutchman, because I speak English so like a natural? Tush, take you no thought for that; let me alone for *squintum squantum*. Soft, here's my master's house.

HEIGH. Who's there?

FRIS. Who's there, why, sir, here is—nay, that's too good English. Why, here be the growte Dutchman.

HEIGH. Then, there's not only a growte head, but an ass also.

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[1] [A proverbial expression, of which this appears to be the earliest occurrence in print. Its import is not particularly clear; but see Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 128.]

[2] *i.e.*, For luck in his undertaking.

FRIS. What be you? you be an English ox to call a gentilemoan ass.

HAR. Hark, Ned; yonder's good greeting.

FRIS. But you, and you be Master Mouse that dwell here, tell your Matressa Laurentia dat her sweetheart, Master Vandal, would speak with her.

HEIGH. Master Mendall, get you gone, lest you get a broken pate, and so mar all. Here's no entrance for Mistress Laurentia's sweetheart.

FRIS. God's sacren, wat is de luck now? Shall not I come to my friend Master Pisar hoose?

HEIGH. Yes, and to Master Pisaro's shoes too,[1] if he or they were here.

FRIS. Why, my growte friend, Master Pisaro, doth dwell here.

HEIGH. Sirrah, you lie; here dwells nobody but I, that have dwelt here this one and forty years, and sold glasses.

WAL. Lie farther: one and fifty at the least. [*Aside.*]

FRIS. Hoo, hoo, hoo? Do you give the gentleman the lie?

HAR. Ay, sir, and will give you a lick of my cudgel, if ye stay long and trouble the whole street with your bawling. Hence, dolt, and go seek Master Pisaro's house.

FRIS. Go seek Master Pisaro's house! Where shall I go seek it?

HEIGH. Why, you shall go seek it where it is.

FRIS. That is here, in Crutched Friars?

HEIGH. How, loggerhead, is Crutched Friars here? I thought you were some such drunken ass, that come to seek Crutched Friars in Tower Street. But get you along on your left hand, and be hanged! You have kept me out of my bed with

[1] Playing upon the words *hose* and *shoes*.

your bangling a good while longer than I would have been.

FRIS. Ah, ah! How is this? Is not this Crutched Friars? Tell me. I'll hold a crown they gave me so much wine at the tavern, that I am drunk, and know not on't. [*Aside.*

HAR. My Dutchman's out his compass and his card;
He's reck'ning what wind hath drove him hither.
I'll swear he thinks never to see Pisaro's.

FRIS. Nay, 'tis so; I am sure drunk. Soft, let me see, what was I about? O, now I have it: I must go to my master's house and counterfeit the Dutchman, and get my young mistress. Well, and I must turn on my left hand, for I have forgot the way quite and clean. [*Aside.*] Fare de well, good friend; I am a simple Dutchman, I. [*Exit* FRISCO.

HEIGH. Fair weather after you: and now, my lads,
Have I not played my part as I should do?

HAR. 'Twas well, 'twas well. But now, let's cast about,
To set these woodcocks farther from the house,
And afterwards return unto our girls.

WAL. Content, content. Come, come, make haste. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALVARO.

ALV. I go and turn, and dan I come to dis plashe, I can no tell waer, and sal do I can no tell wat. Turn by the pump? I pump it fair.

Enter DELION.

DEL. Me aller, end aller, and can no come to Croche Friars.

Enter FRISCO.

FRIS. O miserable black pudding! If I can tell which is the way to my master's house, I am a red herring, and no honest gentleman.

ALV. Who parlato daer?

DEL. Who be der? Who aller der?

FRIS. How's this? For my life, here are the strangers! O, that I had the Dutchman's hose, that I might creep into the pockets! they'll three fall upon me, and beat me.

ALV. Who go der ander?

DEL. Ami.

FRIS. O, brave! 'Tis nobody but Master Alvaro and the Frenchman going to our house, on my life. Well, I'll have some sport with them, if the watch hinder me not. Who goes there?

DEL. Who parle der? In wat plashe, in wat street be you?

FRIS. Why, sir, I can tell where I am. I am in Tower Street: where a devil be you?

DEL. I be here in Leadenhall.

FRIS. In Leadenhall? I trow I shall meet with you anon. In Leadenhall? What a simple ass is this Frenchman! Some more of this. [*Aside.*] Where are you, sir?

ALV. Moi? I be here in Vanshe Street.

FRIS. This is excellent, i' faith; as fit as a fiddle! I in Tower Street, you in Leadenhall, and the third in Fenchurch Street; and yet all three hear one another, and all three speak together. Either we must be all three in Leadenhall, or all three in Tower Street, or all three in Fenchurch Street, or all three fools.

ALV. Monsieur gentlehomme, can you well teash de way to Cruche Friars?

FRIS. How, to Crutched Friars? Ay, ay, ay, sir, passing well, if you will follow me.

DEL. Ay, dat me sal, monsieur gentlehomme, and give you tanks.

FRIS. And, Monsieur Alvaro, I shall lead you such a jaunt that you shall scarce give me thanks for. [*Aside.*] Come, sirs, follow me. Now for a dirty puddle, the pissing conduit, or a great post, that might turn these two from asses to oxen by knocking their horns to their foreheads.

ALV. Where be de now, signor?

FRIS. Even where you will, signor, for I know not. Soft, I smell: O pure nose!

DEL. What do you smell?

FRIS. I have the scent of London stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch Lane of mother Wall's pasties. Sirs, feel about: I smell London stone.

ALV. What be dis?

FRIS. Soft, let me see; feel, I should say, for I cannot see. O lads, pray for my life, for we are almost at Crutched Friars.

DEL. Dat's good: but what be dis post?

FRIS. This post? why, 'tis the Maypole on Ivy Bridge going to Westminster.

DEL. Ho[w,] Westminster! how come we to Westminster?

FRIS. Why, on your legs, fools: how should you go? Soft, here's another; O, now I know indeed where I am. We are now at the farthest end of Shoreditch; for this is the Maypole.

DEL. Shoreditch? O Dio! dere be some naughty ting, some spirit do lead us.

FRIS. You say true, sir, for I am afeard your French spirit is up so far already, that you brought me this way, because you would find a charm for it at the Blue Boar in the spital. But soft, who comes here?

Enter a BELLMAN.

BEL. Maids in your smocks,

Look well to your locks;
Your fire and light;
And God give you good night!

DEL. Monsieur gentlehomme, I pray parlez one, two, three, four words vor us to dis oul man.

FRIS. Yes, marry, shall I, sir. I pray, honest fellow, in what street be we?

BEL. Ho, Frisco! whither frisk you at this time of night?

DEL. What, Monsieur Frisco?

ALV. Signor Frisco?

FRIS. The same, the same. Hark ye, honesty; methinks you might do well to have an M under your girdle,[1] considering how Signor Pisaro and this other monsieur do hold of me.

BEL. O sir, I cry your mercy: pardon this fault, and I'll do as much for you the next time.

FRIS. Well, passing over superfluical talk, I pray, what street is this? for it is so dark, I know not where I am.

BEL. Why, art thou drunk? Dost thou not know Fenchurch Street?

FRIS. Ay, sir, a good fellow may sometimes be overseen among friends. I was drinking with my master and these gentlemen, and therefore no marvel, though I be none of the wisest at this present. But I pray thee, good-man Butterick, bring me to my master's house.

BEL. Why, I will, I will: push! that you are so

[1] A common expression in old writers, indicating that some party has not been treated with sufficient respect. M is short for Master, and Frisco addresses himself to the Bellman, who had merely called him Frisco. Thus, in "Eastward Ho!" act iv. sc. 1, Quicksilver asks, "Must Golding sit upon us?" To which the constable replies, "You might carry an M under your girdle."

strange nowadays; but it is an old-said saw, honours change manners.

FRIS. Good-man Butterick, will you walk afore? Come, honest friends, will you go to our house?

DEL. Oui, Monsieur Frisco.

ALV. Si, Signor Frisco.

SCENE II.

Enter VANDAL.

VAN. O de skellum Frisco, ic weit neit waer ic be, ic go and hit my nose op dit post, and ic go and hit my nose op dandern post. O de villain! Well, waer ben ic now? Haw laet sein is dut neit Croche Friar, ya seker so ist and dit Mester Pisaro's huis. O de good shaunce! well, ic sal now have de wenche. Laurentia, Mestris Laurentia!

Enter LAURENTIA, MARINA, MATHEA, *above.*

MAR. Who's there? Master Harvey?

MATH. Master Walgrave?

LAUR. Master Heigham?

VAN. Ya, my love, here be Mester Heigham, your groot frind.

MAR. How, Master Heigham, my groot frinde? Out, alas! here's one of the strangers.

LAUR. Peace, you mammet! let's see which it is. We may chance teach him a strange trick for his learning. Master Heigham, what wind drives you to our house so late?

VAN. O my lief meskin, de love tol you be so groot, dat it bring me out my bed voor you.

MATH. Ha, ha! we know the ass by his ears: it is the Dutchman. What shall we do with him?

LAUR. Peace! let him not know that you are here. Master Heigham, if you will stay awhile, that I may see if my father be asleep, and I'll make means we may come together.

VAN. Dat sal ic, my loove. Is dit no well counterfet? I speak so like Mester Heigham, as 'tis possible.

LAUR. Well, what shall we do with this lubber—Lover, I should say?

MATH. What shall we do with him?
Why, crown him with a——

MAR. Fie, slut! No, we'll use him cleanlier. You know we have never a sign at the door: would not the jest prove current to make the Dutchman supply that want.

LAUR. Nay, the fool will cry out, and so wake my father.

MATH. Why, then we'll cut the rope and cast him down.

LAUR. And so jest out a hanging. Let's rather draw him up in the basket, and so starve him to death this frosty night.

MAR. In sadness, well-advised. Sister, do you hold him in talk, and we'll provide it the whilst.

LAUR. Go to, then. Master Heigham, O sweet Master Heigham!
Doth my father think that his unkindness
Can part you and poor Laurentia? No, no,
I have found a drift to bring you to my chamber,
If you have but the heart to venture it.

VAN. Ventre? sal ic go to de sea, and be de sea, and o'er de sea, and in de sea, voor my sweet love.

LAUR. Then you dare go into a basket? for I know no other means to enjoy your company than so, for my father hath the keys of the door.

VAN. Sal ic climb up tot you? sal ic fly up tot you? sal ic? what sedgy?

MATH. Bid him do it, sister; we shall see his cunning.

LAUR. O, no; so you[1] may catch a fall. There, Master Heigham, put yourself into that basket, and I will draw you up. But no words, I pray you, for fear my sisters hear you.

VAN. No, no, no word. O de sout wench! Ic come, ic come!

LAUR. Are you ready, Master Heigham?

VAN. Ya ic, my sout lady.

MAR. Merrily then, my wenches.

LAUR. How heavy the ass is! Master Heigham, is there any in the basket but yourself?

VAN. Neit, neit; dare be no man.

LAUR. Are you up, sir?

VAN. Neit, neit.

MAR. Nor never are you like to climb more higher.

Sisters, the woodcock's caught, the fool is cag'd!

VAN. My sout lady, I be noc neit up; pull me tot you.

MATH. When, can you tell? what, Master Vandal?

A weather-beaten soldier, an old wencher,
Thus to be overreach'd by three young girls!
Ah! sirrah, now we'll brag with Mistress Moore,
To have as fine a parrot as she hath.
Look, sisters, what a pretty fool it is!
What a green, greasy, shining coat he hath.
An almond for parrot! a rope for parrot![2]

[1] The copy of 1616 has it as it is here reprinted, but the two later editions read, *O no, so he may catch a fall*, as if replying to Mathea.

[2] This expression seems to be proverbial, and Nash or Lilly (for the authorship is disputed) used it as the title to one of the Mar Martin tracts. Skelton, in his poem, "Speak Parrot," has the expression, "Parrot must have an almond." It is met with in Middleton's "Spanish Gipsy,"

VAN. Do you mocque me? seger, seger, I sal seg your vader.

LAUR. Do, and you dare: you see here is your fortune.

Disquiet not my father; if you do,
I'll send you with a vengeance to the ground.
Well, we must confess we trouble you,
And over-watching makes a wise man mad,
Much more a fool: there's a cushion for you.

MATH. To bore you through the nose.[1] [*Aside.*

LAUR. To lay your head on.
Couch in your kennel, sleep, and fall to rest,
And so good night; for London maids scorn still,
A Dutchman should be seen to curb their will.

VAN. Hort ye, daughter, hort ye, God's sekerkin? will ye no let me come tot you? ic bid you let me come tot you. Wat sal ic don? ic would neit vor un hundred pound Alvaro and Delion should see me op dit manner. Well, wat sal ic don? ic mout neit call, vor de wenshes will cut de rope and break my neck. Ic sal here bleiven til de morning, and dan ic sal call to Mester Pisaro, and make him shafe and shite his dauctors. O de skellum Frisco! O dese cruel hores!

Enter PISARO.

PIS. I'll put the light out, lest I be espied;
For closely I have stolen me forth a-doors,
That I might know how my three sons have sped.

---

act ii. sc. 1; in Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady," act v. sc. 5; in Dekker's "Fortunatus," act i. sc. 1, and various other plays. The lines from Butler are in point with reference to the latter part of the line, *a rope for parrot.*

> Could tell what subtlest parrots mean;
> What member 'tis of whom they talk,
> When they cry "*rope*" and "walk, knava, walk."

[1] [A play on the double meaning of the word *cushion.*]

Now, afore God, my heart is passing light,
That I have overreach'd the Englishmen.
Ha, ha! Master Vandal, many such nights
Will 'suage your big-swoll'n bulk, and make it lank.
When I was young—yet though my hairs be grey,
I have a young man's spirit to the death,
And can as nimbly trip it with a girl
As those which fold the spring-tide in their beards.
Lord, how the very thought of former times
Supples these near-dried limbs with activeness!
Well, thoughts are shadows, sooner lost than seen.
Now to my daughters and their merry night.
I hope Alvaro and his company
Have read to them moral philosophy,
And they are full with it. Here I'll stay,
And tarry, till my gallant youths come forth.

Enter HARVEY, WALGRAVE, and HEIGHAM.

HEIGH. You madman, wild-oats, madcap! where art thou?
WAL. Here afore.
HAR. O, 'ware what love is! Ned hath found the scent;
And if the coney chance to miss her borough,
She's overborne, i' faith; she cannot stand it.
PIS. I know that voice, or I am much deceived.
HEIGH. Come, why loiter we? this is the door.
But soft; here's one asleep.
WAL. Come, let me feel.
O, 'tis some rogue or other: spurn him, spurn him.
HAR. Be not so wilful, prythee: let him lie.
HEIGH. Come back, come back; for we are past the house:
Yonder's Mathea's chamber with the light.
PIS. Well, fare a head, or I had been descried.
God's me! what makes the youngsters here so late?

I am "a rogue, and spurn him:" well, Jack-sauce,
The rogue is waking yet to spoil your sport. [*Aside.*

WAL. Mat, Mistress Mathea! where be these girls?

Enter MATHEA *alone above.*

MAT. Who's there below?

WAL. Thy Ned, kind Ned, thine honest trusty Ned.

MAT. No, no, it is the Frenchman in his stead,
That Monsieur Motleycoat, that can dissemble.
Hear you, Frenchman, pack to your whores in France:
Though I am Portingal by the father's side,
And therefore should be lustful, wanton, light;
Yet, good-man Goosecap, I will let you know
That I have so much English by the mother,
That no base, slavering French shall make me stoop:
And so, Sir Dandelion, fare you well.

HEIGH. What, speechless? not a word? why, how now, Ned?[1]

HAR. The wench hath ta'en him down, he hangs his head.

WAL. You Dandelion, you that talk so well,
Hark you a word or two, good Mistress Mat:
Did you appoint your friends to meet you here,
And being come, tell us of whores in France,
A Spanish jennet and an English mare,
A mongrel, half a dog and half a bitch,
With trandido, dildido, and I know not what?
Hear you, if you'll run away with Ned,
And be content to take me as you find me,
Why so—la, I am yours: if otherwise,
You'll change your Ned to be a Frenchman's trull!
Why then, Madame Delion, je vous laisserai a Dieu et la bonne fortune.

[1] In all the quartos this line is given to Walgrave: it appears to belong to Heigham, as Harvey speaks next.

MATH. That voice assures me that it is my love.
Say truly, art thou my Ned? art thou my love?
WAL. 'Swounds! who should I be but Ned?
You make me swear.

Enter above MARINA.

MAR. Who speak you to? Mathea, who's below?
HAR. Marina.
MAR. Young Master Harvey? for that voice saith so.

Enter LAURENTIA.

LAUR. Speak, sister Mat, is not my true love there?
MATH. Ned is.
LAUR. Not Master Heigham?
HEIGH. Laurentia! here.
LAUR. I' faith, thou art welcome.
HEIGH. Better cannot fall.
MATH. Sweet, so art thou.
MAR. As much to mine.
LAUR. Nay, gentles, welcome all.
PIS. Here's cunning harlotries! They feed these off
With welcome and kind words, whilst other lads
Revel in that delight they should possess.
Good girls, I promise you, I like you well. [*Aside.*
MAR. Say, Master Harvey: saw you, as you came,
That lecher, which my sire appoints my man?
I mean that wanton, base Italian,
That Spanish-leather spruce companion,
That antique ape, trick'd up in fashion?
Had the ass come, I'd learn him difference been
Betwixt an English gentleman and him.
HEIGH. How would you use him, sweet, if he should come?

MAR. Nay nothing, sweet, but only wash his crown.
Why, the ass wooes in such an amorous key,
That he presumes no wench should say him nay:
He slavers on[1] his fingers, wipes his bill,
And swears, "in faith you shall," "in faith I will;"
That I am almost mad to bide his wooing.

HEIGH. Look, what he said in word, I'll act in doing.

WAL. Leave thought of him—for day steals on apace—
And to our loves. Will you perform your words?
All things are ready, and the parson stands,
To join our[2] hearts in hearts, our hands in hands.
Night favours us, the thing is quickly done;
Then truss up bag and baggage, and begone;
And ere the morning, to augment your joys,
We'll make you mothers of six goodly boys.

HEIGH. Promise them three, good Ned, and say no more.

WAL. But I'll get three, and if I get not four.

PIS. There's a sound card at maw[3]—a lusty lad!
Your father thought him well, when one he had.

HEIGH. What say you, sweets? will you perform your words?

MATH. Love to true love no lesser meed affords.
We say we love you, and that love's fair breath
Shall lead us with you round about the earth:
And that our loves, vows, words, may all prove true,
Prepare your arms; for thus we fly to you.

[*They embrace.*[4]

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[1] [Old copies, *not.*]

[2] [Old copies, *join, as.*]

[3] Maw is a game at cards, frequently mentioned in old writers. [Probably the four was the best card.]

[4] Of course, coming down upon the stage first, as the preceding dialogue takes place while the lovers are below and the ladies above.

WAL. This works like wax. Now, ere to-morrow day,
If you two ply it but as well as I,
We'll work our lands out of Pisaro's daughters,
And cancel all our bonds in their great bellies.
When the slave knows it, how the rogue will curse!
MATH. Sweetheart.
WAL. Mat.
MATH. Where art thou?
PIS. Here.
MATH. O Jesus! here's our father.
WAL. The devil he is!
HAR. Master Pisaro, twenty times good morrow,
PIS. Good-morrow? now, I tell you, gentlemen,
You wrong and move my patience overmuch.
What, will you rob me, kill me, cut my throat,
And set mine own blood here against me too?
You huswives, baggages, or what is worse.
Wilful, stubborn, [and] disobedient!
Use it not, gentlemen; abuse me not,
Newgate hath room, there's law enough in England.
HEIGH. Be not so testy; hear what we can say.
PIS. Will you be wiv'd? first learn to keep a wife:
Learn to be thrifty, learn to keep your lands,
And learn to pay your debts too, I advise, else——
WAL. What else? what lands? what debts? what will you do?
Have you our land in mortgage for your money?
Nay, since 'tis so, we owe you not a penny.
Fret not, fume not, never bend the brow:
You take ten in the hundred more than law.
We can complain—extortion—simony—
Newgate hath room, there's law enough in England.
HEIGH. Prythee, have done.

WAL. Prythee me no prythees.
Here is my wife! 'sblood, touch her, if thou dar'st.
Hear'st thou, I'll lie with her before thy face
Against the Cross in Cheap—here—anywhere,
What, you old crafty fox, you——
HEIGH. Ned, stop there.
PIS. Nay, nay, speak out; bear witness, gentlemen.
Where's Mouche? charge my musket! bring me my bill!
For here are some that mean to rob thy master.

Enter ANTHONY.

I am a fox with you; well, Jack-sauce,
Beware, lest for a goose I prey on you.
[*Exeunt* PISARO *and daughters.*
In, baggages! Mouche, make fast the door.
WAL. A vengeance on ill luck!
ANTH. What, never storm,
But bridle anger with wise government.
HEIGH. Whom? Anthony, our friend! Ah, now our hopes
Are found too light to balance our ill-haps.
ANTH. Tut, ne'er say so, for Anthony
Is not devoid of means to help his friends.
WAL. 'Swounds! what a devil made he forth so late?
I'll lay my life, 'twas he that feigned to sleep,
And we, all unsuspicious, term'd a rogue.
O God! had I but known him, if I had,
I would have writ such letters with my sword
Upon the bald skin of his parching pate,
That he should ne'er have liv'd to cross us more.
ANTH. These menaces are vain, and helpeth nought;
But I have, in the depth of my conceit,
Found out a more material stratagem.

Hark, Master Walgrave, your's craves quick despatch,
About it straight, stay not to say farewell.
[*Exit* WALGRAVE.
You, Master Heigham, hie you to your chamber,
And stir not forth: my shadow, or myself,
Will in the morning early visit you.
Build on my promise, sir, and so good night.
[*Exit* HEIGHAM.
Last, yet as great in love as to the first,
If you remember, once I told a jest
How, feigning to be sick, a friend of mine
Possess'd the happy issue of his love.
That counterfeited humour must you play;
I need not to instruct, you can conceive,
Use Master Brown, your host, as chief in this:
But first, to make the matter seem more true,
Sickly and sadly bid the churl good night.
I hear him at the window: there he is.

Enter PISARO *above.*

Now for a trick to overreach the devil.
I tell you, sir, you wrong my master much,
And then to make amends, you give hard words:
H' hath been a friend to you; nay, more, a father.
I promise you, 'tis most ungently done.
PIS. Ay, well said, Mouche; now I see thy love,
And thou shalt see mine one day, if I live.—
None but my daughter, sir, hangs for your tooth:
[*Aside.*
I'd rather see them hang'd first, ere you get them.
HAR. Master Pisaro, hear a dead man speak,
Who sings the woful accents of his end.
I do confess I love; then, let not love
Prove the sad engine of my life's remove.
Marina's rich possession was my bliss:
Then in her loss all joy eclipsed is.

As every plant takes virtue of the sun,
So from her eyes this life and being sprung;
But now, debarred of those clear-shining rays,
Death for earth gapes, and earth to death obeys.
Each word thou spak'st (O, speak not so again)
Bore death's true image on the word engraven;
Which as it flew, mix'd with heaven's airy breath,
Summon'd the dreadful sessions of my death.
I leave thee to thy wish, and may th' event
Prove equal to thy hope and heart's content.
Marina to that hap that happiest is!
My body to the grave, my soul to bliss.—
Have I done well? [*Exit* HARVEY.

ANTH. Excellent well, in troth.

PIS. Ay, go, ay, go: your words move me as much,
As doth a stone being cast against the air,
But soft, what light is that? What folks be those?
O, 'tis Alvaro and his other friends,
I'll down and let them in. [*Exit.*

Enter BELLMAN, FRISCO, VANDAL, DELION, *and* ALVARO.

FRIS. Where are we now, gaffer Butterick?

BEL. Why, know you not Crutched Friars? where be your wits?

ALV. What be this Croshe Friars? vedte padre dare; tack you dat; me sal troble you no far.

BEL. I thank you, gentlemen, good night:
Good night, Frisco. [*Exit* BELLMAN.

FRIS. Farewell, Butterick: what a clown it is.
Come on, my masters, merrily: I'll knock at the door.

ANTH. Who's there? Our three wise wooers?
Blockhead our man?
Had he not been, they might have hang'd themselves,

For any wenches they had hit upon.
Good morrow or good den,[1] I know not whether.

DEL. Monsieur La Mouche, what mack you out de huis so late?

Enter PISARO *below.*

PIS. What, what, young men and sluggards? fie for shame!
You trifle time at home about vain toys,
Whilst others in the meantime steal your brides.
I tell you, sir, the English gentlemen
Had well-nigh mated you and me, and all.
The doors were open, and the girls abroad:
Their sweethearts ready to receive them, too;
And gone, forsooth, they had been, had not I
(I think by revelation) stopp'd their flight.
But I have coop'd them up, and so will keep them.
But, sirrah Frisco, where's the man I sent for?
Whose cloak have you got there? How now?
Where's Vandal?

FRIS. Forsooth, he is not here: Master Mendall, you mean, do you not?

PIS. Why, loggerhead, him I sent for; where is he?
Where hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time?
Did I not send thee to my son Vandal?

FRIS. Ay, Monsieur Mendall. Why, forsooth, I was at his chamber, and we were coming hitherward, and he was very hot, and bad me carry his cloak; and I no sooner had it, but he (being very light) firks me down on the left hand, and I turn'd down on the left hand, and so lost him.

PIS. Why, then you turn'd together, ass?

FRIS. No, sir, we never saw one another since.

[1] [Even.]

PIS. Why, turn'd you not both on the left hand?

FRIS. No, forsooth: we turned both on the left hand.

PIS. Heyday! Why, yet you went both together.

FRIS. Ah, no! we went clean contrary, one from another.

PIS. Why, dolt—why, patch—why, ass, on which hand turned ye?

FRIS. Alas, alas! I cannot tell, forsooth: it was so dark I could not see on which hand we turned; but I am sure we turned one way.

PIS. Was ever creature plagued with such a dolt?
My son Vandal now hath lost himself,
And shall all night go straying 'bout the town;
Or meet with some strange watch that knows him not,
And all by such an arrant ass as this!

ANTH. No, no, you may soon smell the Dutchman's lodging.
Now for a figure—Out, alas! what's yonder?

PIS. Where?

FRIS. Heyday! heyday! a basket? It turns, ho!

PIS. Peace, ye villain, and let's see who's there?
Go, look about the house! Where are our weapons?
What might this mean?

FRIS. Look, look, look! There's one in it; he peeps out.
Is there ne'er a stone here to hurl at his nose?

PISA. What, wouldst thou break my windows with a stone?
How now, who's there? who are you, sir?

FRIS. Look, he peeps out again! O, it's Monsieur Mendall, it's Monsieur Mendall. How got he up thither?

PIS. What, my son Vandal! how comes this to pass?

ALV. Signor Vandal, wat, do yo go to de wensh in dit little basket.

VAN. O vader, vader! here be sush cruel dochterkins, ic ben all so weary, all so weary, all so cold, for be in dit little basket. Ic pray help de me.

FRIS. He looks like the sign of the Mouth without Bishopsgate gaping: a great face and a great head, and no body.

PIS. Why, how now, son! What, have your adamants
Drawn you up so far, and there left you hanging
'Twixt heaven and earth, like Mahomet's sepulchre?

ANTH. They did unkindly, whosoe'er they were,
That plagued him here, like Tantalus in hell,
To touch his lips like the desired fruit,
And then to snatch it from his gaping chaps.

ALV. A little farder, Signor Vandal, and den may put you head into de window, and cash de wensh.

VAN. Ic pray, vader, dat you help de me; ic pray, goody vader.

PIS. Help you, but how?

FRIS. Cut the rope.

ANTH. Sir, I'll go in and see.
And if I can, I'll let him down to you.
[*Exit* ANTHONY.

PIS. Do, gentle Mouche. Why, but here's a jest.
They say, high climbers have the greatest falls.
If you should fall, as how you'll do, I know not,
By'r Lady, I should doubt me of my son.
Pray to the rope to hold. Art thou there, Mouche?

Enter ANTHONY *above.*

ANTH. Yes, sir. Now, you may choose whether you'll stay till I let him down, or whether I shall cut him down?

FRIS. Cut him down, Master Mouse; cut him down, and let's see how he'll tumble.

PIS. Why, sauce, who ask'd your counsel! let him down.

What, with a cushion too? why you provided
To lead your life as did Diogenes;
And for a tub to creep into a basket.

VAN. Ic sal seg you, vader, ic came here to your huis, and spreak tol de dochterkin.

FRIS. Master Mendall, you are welcome out of the basket. I smell a rat: it was not for nothing that you lost me.

VAN. O skellum! you run away from me.

PIS. I thought so, sirrah; you gave him the slip.

FRIS. Faugh! no, forsooth, I'll tell you how it was. When we came from Bucklersbury into Cornhill, and I had taken the cloak, then you should have turned down on your left hand, and so have gone right forward, and so turned up again, and so have crossed the street; and you, like an ass——

PIS. Why, how now, rascal, is your manners such?

You ass! you dolt! why led you him through Cornhill?
Your way had been to come through Canning Street.[1]

FRIS. Why, so I did, sir.

PIS. Why, thou sayest ye were in Cornhill?

FRIS. Indeed, sir, there were three faults: the night was dark, Master Mendall drunk, and I sleepy, that we could not tell very well which way we went.

PIS. Sirrah, I owe for this a cudgelling.
But, gentlemen, sith things have fallen out so,
And for I see Vandal quakes for cold,
This night accept your lodgings in my house,

[1] Now called Cannon Street.

And in the morning forward with your marriage.
Come on, my sons; sirrah, fetch up more wood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter the three Sisters.

LAUR. Nay, never weep, Marina, for the matter;
Tears are but signs of sorrow, helping not.
MAR. Would it not mad one to be crossed as I,
Being in the very height of my desire?
The strangers frustrate all; our true loves come,
Nay more, even at the door, and Harvey's arms
Spread as a rainbow, ready to receive me,
And then my father meet us. O God! O God!
MATH. Weep who that list for me, i' faith, not I,
Though I am youngest, yet my stomach's great.
Nor 'tis not father, friends, nor any one,
Shall make me wed the man I cannot love.
I'll have my will in faith; i' faith, I will.
LAUR. Let us determine, sisters, what to do.
My father means to wed us in the morning,
And therefore something must be thought upon.
MAR. We'll to our father, and so know his mind,
Ay, and his reason too: we are no fools,
Or babies neither, to be fed with words.
LAUR. Agreed, agreed: but who shall speak for all?
MATH. I will.
MAR. No, I.
LAUR. Thou wilt not speak for crying.
MAR. Yes, yes, I warrant you; that humour's left.
Be I but mov'd a little, I shall speak,
And anger him, I fear, ere I have done.

Enter ANTHONY.

ALL. Whom? Anthony, our friend, our schoolmaster?
Now help us, gentle Anthony, or never.
ANTH. What! is your hasty running chang'd to prayer?
Say, where were you going?
LAUR. Even to our father,
To know what he intends to do with us.
ANTH. 'Tis bootless, trust me; for he is resolv'd
To marry you to——
MAR. The strangers?
ANTH. I' faith, he is.
MATH. Faith, he shall not.
Frenchman, be sure we'll pluck a crow together,
Before you force me give my hand at church.
MAR. Come to our father: speech this comfort finds,
That we may scold out grief, and ease our minds.
ANTH. Stay, stay, Marina, and advise you better.
It is not force, but policy must serve.
The doors are lock'd: your father keeps the key;
Wherefore unpossible to 'scape away:
Yet have I plotted, and devis'd a drift
To frustrate your intended marriages,
And give you full possession of your joys.
Laurentia, ere the morning's light appear,
You must play Anthony in my disguise.
MATH. } Anthony, what of us? What shall we
MAR. } wear?
ANTH. Soft, soft, you are too forward, girls, I swear,
For you some other drift devis'd must be:
One shadow for a substance; this is she,—
Nay, weep not, sweets, repose upon my care,
For all alike, or good or bad, shall share.
You will have Harvey, you Heigham, and you Ned.

You shall have all your wish, or be I dead;
For sooner may one day the sea lie still,
Than once restrain a woman of her will.

ALL. Sweet Anthony, how shall we 'quite thy hire?

ANTH. Not gifts, but your contentments I desire:
To help my countrymen I cast about,
For strangers' loves blaze fresh, but soon burn out.
Sweet rest dwell here, and frightful fear abjure:
These eyes shall wake to make your rest secure;
For ere again dull night the dull eyes charms,
Each one shall fold her husband in her arms;
Which if it chance, we may avouch it still,
Women and maids will always have their will.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PISARO *and* FRISCO.

PIS. Are wood and coals brought up to make a fire?
Is the meat spitted, ready to lie down?
For bake-meats I'll have none, the world's too hard.
There's geese, too, now I remember me;
Bid Maudlin lay the giblets in paste.
Here's nothing thought upon, but what I do.
Stay, Frisco, see who rings: look to the door,
Let none come in, I charge, were he my father.

[*Exit* FRISCO.

I'll keep them, whilst I have them. Frisco, who is it? [*Re-enter* FRISCO.

FRIS. She is come, in faith.

PIS. Who is come?

FRIS. Mistress Sushance, Mistress Moore's daughter.

PIS. Mistress Susan, ass? O, she must come in.
FRIS. Hang him, if he keep out a wench:
If the wench keep not out him, so it is.

Enter WALGRAVE *in woman's attire.*

PIS. Welcome, Mistress Susan, welcome.
I little thought you would have come to-night;
But welcome (trust me) are you to my house.
What, doth your mother mend? doth she recover?
I promise you, I am sorry for her sickness.
WAL. She's better than she was, I thank God for it.
PIS. Now, afore God, she is a sweet, smug girl!
One might do good on her; the flesh is frail,
Man hath infirmity, and such a bride
Were able to change age to hot desire.
Hark you, sweetheart:
To-morrow are my daughters to be wed,
I pray you, take the pains to go with them.
WAL. If, sir, you'll give me leave, I'll wait on them.
PIS. Yes, marry, shall you, and a thousand thanks:
Such company as you my daughters want;
Maids must grace maids when they are married.
Is't not a merry life, think'st thou, to wed,
For to embrace, and to be embrac'd abed.
WAL. I know not what you mean, sir.
Here's an old ferret, pole-cat. [*Aside.*
PIS. You may do, if you'll follow mine advice.
I tell thee, mouse, I knew a wench as nice.
Well, she's at rest, poor soul, I mean my wife:
That thought (alas! good heart) love was a toy,
Until—well, that time is gone and pass'd away—
But why speak I of this? Hark ye, sweeting,
There's more in wedlock than the name can show;
And now (by'r Lady) you are ripe in years.

And yet take heed, wench, there lies a pad in straw;

WAL. Old fornicator! had I my dagger,
I'd break his costard. [*Aside.*

PIS. Young men are slippery, fickle, wavering;
Constant abiding graceth none but age;
Then maids should now wax wise, and [should] do so,
As to choose constant men, let fickle go.
Youth's unregarded and unhonoured:
An ancient man doth make a maid a matron,
And is not that an honour, how say you?
How say you?

WAL. Yes, forsooth.
O old lust, will you never let me go. [*Aside.*

PIS. You say right well; and do but think thereon,
How husband's honour'd years, long car'd-for wealth,
Wise stayedness, experienc'd government,
Doth grace the maid, that thus is made a wife,
And you will wish yourself such, on my life.

WAL. I think I must turn womankind altogether, and scratch out his eyes; for as long as he can see me, he'll ne'er let me go. [*Aside.*

PIS. But go, sweetheart, to bed: I do thee wrong.
The lateness now makes all our talk seem long.
[*Exit.*

Enter ANTHONY.

How now, Mouche, be the girls abed?

ANTH. Mathea, and it like you, fain would sleep,
But only tarrieth for her bed-fellow.

PIS. Ha! say you well: come, light her to her chamber.
Good rest wish I to thee. Wish so to me;
Then Susan and Pisaro shall agree.

Think but what joy is near your bed-fellow:
Such may be yours. Take counsel of your pillow:
To-morrow we'll talk more; and so good night,
Think what is said may be, if all hit right.

WAL. What, have I pass'd the pikes? knows he not Ned?

I think I have deserved his daughter's bed.

ANTH. 'Tis well, 'tis well: but this let me request,
You keep unknown, till you be laid to rest:
And then a good hand speed you.

WAL. Tut, ne'er fear me,
We two abed shall never disagree.

[*Exeunt* ANTHONY *and* WALGRAVE.

FRIS. I have stood still all this while, and could not speak for laughing. Lord! what a dialogue hath there been between age and youth. You do good on her? even as much as my Dutchman will do on my young mistress. Master, follow my counsel, then; send for Master Heigham to help him, for I'll lay my cap to twopence that he will be asleep to-morrow at night, when he should go to bed to her. Marry, for the Italian, he is of another humour, for there will be no dealings with him till midnight; for he must slaver all the wenches in the house at parting, or he is nobody. He hath been but a little while at our house, yet in that small time he hath licked more grease from our Maudlin's lips than would have served London kitchenstuff this twelvemonth. Yet, for my money, well fare the Frenchman! O, he is a forward lad, for he'll no sooner come from the church but he'll fly to the chamber; why, he'll read his lesson so often in the daytime, that at night, like an apt scholar, he'll be ready to sell his old book to buy him a new. O, the generations of languages that our house will bring forth! why, every bed will have a proper speech to himself, and have the

founder's name written upon it in fair capital letters, "Here lay," and so forth. [*Aside.*

PIS. You'll be a villain still. Look, who's at door. [*Exit.*

FRIS. Nay, by the mass, you are Master Porter, for I'll be hanged if you lose that office, having so pretty a morsel under your keeping. Ay, go, old huddle, for the best nose at smelling out a penfold that I know. Well, take heed, you may 'haps pick up worms so long, that at length some of them get into your nose, and never out after. But what an ass am I to think so, considering all the lodgings are taken up already, and there's not a dog-kennel empty for a strange worm to breed in. [*Aside.*

SCENE III.

Enter ANTHONY.

ANTH. The day is broke. Mathea and young Ned,
By this time, are so surely link'd together,
That none in London can forbid the banns.
Laurentia, she is near provided for;
So that if Harvey's policy but hold,
Elsewhere the strangers may go seek them wives.
But here they come.

Enter PISARO *and* BROWN.

PIS. Six o'clock, say you? Trust me, forward days.
Hark you, Mouche, hie you to church,
Bid Master Bewford be in readiness.
Where go you? that way?
ANTH. For my cloak, sir,
PIS. O, 'tis well. And, Master Brown,

Trust me, your early stirring makes me muse,
Is it to me your business?
BROWN. Even to yourself.
I come, I think, to bring you welcome news.
PIS. And welcome news more welcome makes the bringer.
Speak, speak, good Master Brown, I long to hear them.
BROWN. Then this it is. Young Harvey, late last night,
Full weak and sickly came unto his lodging.
From whence this sudden malady proceeds
'Tis all uncertain; the doctors and his friends
Affirm his health is unrecoverable.
Young Heigham and Ned Walgrave lately left him,
And I came hither to inform you of it.
PIS. Young Master Harvey sick? Now, afore God,
The news bites near the bone; for, should he die,
His living mortgaged would be redeem'd,
For not these three months doth the bond bear date!
Die now? Marry, God in heaven defend it!
O my sweet lands, lose thee? nay, lose my life!
And which is worst, I dare not ask mine own,
For I take two-and-twenty in the hundred,
When the law gives but ten. But should he live,
He careless would have left the debt unpaid,
Then had the lands been mine, Pisaro's own:
Mine, mine own land, mine own possession!
BROWN. Nay, hear me out.
PIS. You're out too much already,
Unless you give him life, and me his land.
BROWN. Whether 'tis love to you, or to your daughter,
I know not certain; but the gentleman
Hath made a deed of gift of all his lands
Unto your beauteous daughter, fair Marina.
PIS. Ha! say that word again, say it again!

A good thing cannot be too often spoken.
Marina, say you, are you sure 'twas she?
Or Mary, Margery, or some other maid?
BROWN. To none but [to] your daughter, fair Marina.
And for the gift might be more forcible,
Your neighbour Master Moore advised us
(Who is a witness of young Harvey's will),
Sick as he is, to bring him to your house.
I know they are not far, but do attend,
That they may know what welcome they shall have.
PIS. What welcome, sir? as welcome as new life
Given to the poor condemned prisoner!
Return, good Master Brown, assure their welcome:
Say it, nay, swear it: for they're welcome truly;
For welcome are they to me which bring gold.
See down who knocks?[1] It may be there they are.
Frisco, call down my sons: bid the girls rise!
Where's Mouche? What, is he gone or no?

Enter LAURENTIA *in Anthony's attire.*

O, hear you, sirrah: bring along with you
Master Balsaro, the Spanish merchant.
LAUR. Many Balsaros I. I'll to my love,
And thanks to Anthony for this escape. [*Aside.*]
PIS. Stay, take us with you. Hark, they knock again.
Come, my soul's comfort, thou good-news-bringer!
I must needs hug thee, even for pure affection.

Enter HARVEY, *brought in a chair*, MOORE, BROWN, ALVARO, VANDAL, DELION, *and* FRISCO.

PIS. Lift softly, good my friends, for hurting him.
Look cheerly, sir, you're welcome to my house.

[1] [This is supposed to be spoken from an upper chamber.]

Hark, Monsieur Vandal and my other sons,
Seem to be sad, as grieving for his sickness,
But inwardly rejoice. [*Aside.*] Monsieur Vandal,
Signor Alvaro, Monsieur Delion,
Bid my friend welcome, pray, bid him welcome.
Take a good heart; I doubt not, by God's leave,
You shall recover and do well enough.
If I should think so, I should hang myself. [*Aside.*
Frisco, go bid Marina come to me. [*Exit* FRISCO.
You are a witness, sir, of this man's will:
What think you, Master Moore, what say you to't?

MOORE. Master Pisaro, follow mine advice:
You see the gentleman cannot escape,
Then let him straight be wedded to your daughter;
So, during lifetime, she shall hold his land,
When now (being not kith nor kin to him)
For all the deed of gift that he hath seal'd,
His younger brother will enjoy the land.[1]

PIS. Marry my daughter! No, by'r Lady!
Hear you, Alvaro, my friend counsels me,
Seeing young Master Harvey is so sick,
To marry him incontinent to my daughter,
Or else the gift he hath bestow'd is vain.
Marry, and he recover? No, my son,
I will not lose thy love for all his land.

ALV. Hear you, padre, do no lose his lands, his hundred pond per anno, 'tis wort to avar; let him have de Maitress Marina in de marriage, 'tis but vor me to attendre one day more. If he will no die, I sal give him sush a drinck, sush a potion, sal mak him give de bonos noches to all de world. [*Aside.*

PIS. Alvaro, here's my keys; take all I have,
My money, plate, wealth, jewels, daughter too.
Now, God be thanked, that I have a daughter

[1] There is generally a considerable difference between stage law and statute law.

Worthy to be Alvaro's bed-fellow.
O, how I do admire and praise thy wit!
I'll straight about it. Hear you, Master Moore?

Enter MARINA *and* FRISCO.

FRIS. Nay, faith, he's sick; therefore, though he be come, yet he can do you no good. There's no remedy, but even to put yourself into the hands of the Italian, that by that time that he hath pass'd his growth, young Harvey will be in case to come upon it with a sise of fresh force. [*Exit.*

MAR. Is my love come, and sick? Ay, now thou lov'st me,
How my heart joys! O God! get I my will,
I'll drive away that sickness with a kiss.
I need not feign, for I could weep for joy. [*Aside.*

PIS. It shall be so. Come hither, daughter.
Master Harvey, that you may see my love
Comes from a single heart unfeignedly,
See here my daughter: her I make thine own.
Nay, look not strange: before these gentlemen
I freely yield Marina for thy wife.

HAR. Stay, stay, good sir! forbear this idle work!
My soul is labouring for a higher place
Than this vain, transitory world can yield:
What, would you wed your daughter to a grave?
For this is but death's model in man's shape.[1]
You and Alvaro happy live together.
Happy were I to see you live together!

PIS. Come, sir, I trust you shall do well again.
Here, here, it must be so. God give you joy,
And bless you—[*Aside.*] not a day to live together.

VAN. Hort ye, broder! will ye let den ander heb your wife? nempt her, nempt her, yourself?

[1] The two latest editions spoil the line by reading—
"For this is death's model in man's shape."

ALV. No, no; tush, you be de fool, here be dat sal spoil marriage of him. You have deceive me of de fine wensh, Signor Harvey, but I sal deceive you of de mush land. [*Aside.*

HAR. Are all things sure, father? is all despatched?

PIS. What interest we have, we yield it you.
Are you now satisfied, or rests there aught?

HAR. Nay, father, nothing doth remain but thanks:
Thanks to yourself first that, disdaining me,
Yet lov'd my lands, and for them gave a wife.
But next unto Alvaro let me turn,
To courteous, gentle, loving, kind Alvaro!
That rather than to see me die for love—
For very love—would lose his beauteous love.

VAN. Ha, ha, ha!

DEL. Signor Alvaro, give him de ting quickly sal make him die, autrement you sal lose de fine wensh.

ALV. Oyme! che havesse al hora appressata la mano al mio coro, O suem curato ate, I che longo sei tu avinato, O cieli! O terra!

PIS. Am I awake, or do deluding dreams
Make that seem true which most my soul did fear?

HAR. Nay, faith, father, it's very certain true,
I am as well as any man on earth.
Am I sick, sirs? Look here, is Harvey sick?

PIS. What shall I do? what shall I say?
Did not you counsel me to wed my child?
What potion? Where's your help, your remedy?

HAR. I hope more happy stars will reign to-day,
And don Alvaro have more company.

Enter ANTHONY.

ANTH. Now, Anthony, this cottons as it should,
And everything sorts to his wish'd effect.

Harvey joys Mall: my Dutchman and the French,
Thinking all sure, laugh at Alvaro's hap;
But quickly I shall mar that merry vein,
And make your fortunes equal with your friends.

PIS. Sirrah Mouche, what answer brought you back!
Will Master Balsaro come as I requested?

ANTH. Master Balsaro? I know not who you mean.

PIS. Know you not, ass? did not I send thee for him?
Did I not bid thee bring him with the parson?
What answer made he? will he come or no?

ANTH. Sent me for him? why, sir, you sent not me,
I neither went for him, nor for the parson.
I am glad to see your worship is so merry.
[*Knocking.*

PIS. Hence, you forgetful dolt! Look down who knocks.[1] [*Exit* ANTHONY.

Enter FRISCO.

FRIS. O master, hang yourself! nay, never stay for a sessions. Master Vandal, confess yourself! desire the people to pray for you, for your bride she is gone: Laurentia is run away.

VAN. O de diabolo, de mal-fortune! is Maitresse Laurentia gan awech.

PIS. First tell me that I am a lifeless corse!
Tell me of doomsday, tell me what you will,
Before you say Laurentia is gone!

MAR. Master Vandal, how do you feel yourself?
What, hang the head? fie, man! for shame, I say:
Look not so heavy on your marriage-day.

HAR. O, blame him not: his grief is quickly spied,
That is a bridegroom, and yet wants his bride.

[1] [See note at p. 556.]

Enter HEIGHAM, LAURENTIA, BALSARO, *and* ANTHONY.

BAL. Master Pisaro and gentlemen, good day to all.
According, sir, as you requested me,
This morn I made repair unto the Tower,
Whereas Laurentia now was married:
And, sir, I did expect your coming thither;
Yet in your absence we perform'd the rites
Therefore, I pray, sir, bid God give them joy.

HEIGH. He tells you true; Laurentia is my wife.
Who, knowing that her sisters must be wed,
Presuming also that you'll bid her welcome,
Are come to bear them company to church.

HAR. You come too late: the marriage rites are done:
Yet welcome twenty-fold unto the feast.
How say you, sirs, did I not tell you true,
These wenches would have us, and none of you?

LAUR. I cannot say for these; but on my life
This loves a cushion better than a wife.

MAR. And reason, too; that cushion fell out right,
Else hard had been his lodging all last night.

BAL. Master Pisaro, why stand you speechless thus?

PIS. Anger and extreme grief enforceth me.
Pray, sir, who bad you meet me at the Tower?

BAL. Who, sir? your man, sir—Mouche—here he is.

ANTH. Who? I, sir? mean you me? you are a jesting man.

PIS. Thou art a villain, a dissembling wretch,
Worser than Anthony, whom I kept last!
Fetch me an officer! I'll hamper you,
And make you sing at Bridewell for this trick.
For well he hath deserv'd it, that would swear
He went not forth a-doors at my appointment.

ANTH. So swear I still: I went not forth to-day.
BAL. Why, arrant liar, wert thou not with me?
PIS. How say you, Master Brown? wént he not forth?
BROWN. He, or his likeness did, I know not whether.
PIS. What likeness can there be besides himself?
LAUR. Myself, forsooth, that took his shape upon me.
I was that Mouche that you sent from home;
And that same Mouche that deceived you,
Effected to possess this gentleman;
Which to attain, I thus beguil'd you all.
FRIS. This is excellent; this is as fine as a fiddle! you, Master Heigham, got the wench in Mouche's apparel; now let Mouche put on her apparel, and be married to the Dutchman! How think you, is it not a good vice?
MOORE. Master Pisaro, shake off melancholy:
When things are helpless, patience must be used.
PIS. Talk of patience? I'll not bear these wrongs?
Go call down Mat and Mistress Susan Moore,
'Tis well that of all three we have one sure.
MOORE. Mistress Susan Moore! who do you mean, sir?
PIS. Whom should I mean, sir, but your daughter?
MOORE. You're very pleasant, sir; but tell me this,
When did you see her, that you speak of her?
PIS. I? late yesternight, when she came here to bed.
MOORE. You are deceived; my daughter lay not here,
But watch'd with her sick mother all last night.
PIS. I am glad you are so pleasant, Master Moore;

You're loth that Susan should be held a sluggard.
What, man, 'twas late before she went to bed,
And therefore time enough to rise again.

MOORE. Master Pisaro, do you flout your friends?
I well perceive, if I had troubled you,
I should have had it in my dish ere now.
Susan lie here? I'm sure when I came forth,
I left her fast asleep in bed at home.
'Tis more than neighbourhood to use me thus.

PIS. Abed at your house? tell me I am mad.
Did not I let her in a-doors myself,
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canvass'd with her?
And yet she lay not here! What say you, sirrah?

ANTH. She did, she did: I brought her to her chamber.

MOORE. I say he lies, that saith so, in his throat.

ANTH. Mass, now I remember me, I lie indeed.

PIS. O, how this frets me! Frisco, what say you?

FRIS. What say I? Marry, I say, if she lay not here, there was a familiar in her likeness; for I am sure my master and she were so familiar together, that he had almost shot the gout out of his toes' ends to make the wench believe he had one trick of youth in him. Yet now I remember me, she did not lie here; and the reason is, because she doth lie here, and is now abed with Mistress Mathea: witness whereof I have set to my hand and seal, and mean presently to fetch her.

[*Exit* FRISCO.

PIS. Do so, Frisco. Gentlemen and friends,
Now shall you see how I am wrong'd by him.
Lay she not here? I think the world's grown wise:
Plain folks, as I, shall not know how to live.

Enter FRISCO.

FRIS. She comes, she comes! a hall, a hall!

Enter MATHEA *and* WALGRAVE *in woman's attire.*

WAL. Nay, blush not, wench; fear not, look cheerfully.
Good morrow, father; good morrow, gentlemen.
Nay, stare not, look you here: no monster I,
But even plain Ned, and here stands Mat my wife.
Know you her, Frenchman? But she knows me better.
Father! pray, father, let me have your blessing,
For I have bless'd you with a goodly son.
'Tis breeding here: i' faith, a jolly boy.

PIS. I am undone! a reprobate, a slave!
A scorn, a laughter, and a jesting-stock!
Give me my child, give me my daughter from you!

MOORE. Master Pisaro, 'tis in vain to fret,
And fume, and storm: it little now avails:
These gentlemen have, with your daughters' help,
Outstripp'd you in your subtle enterprises;
And therefore, seeing they are well-descended,
Turn hate to love, and let them have their loves.

PIS. Is it even so? Why, then I see that still,
Do what we can, women will have their will.
Gentlemen, you have outreach'd me now,
Which ne'er before you any yet could do:
You, that I thought should be my sons indeed,
Must be content, since there's no hope to speed:
Others have got what you did think to gain;
And yet, believe me, they have took some pain.
Well, take them: there: and with them God give joy,
And, gentlemen, I do entreat to-morrow,
That you will feast with me for all this sorrow:
Though you are wedded, yet the feast's not made.
Come, let us in, for all the storms are past,
And heaps of joy will follow on as fast.

FINIS.